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Cruise Around the World

Interesting Letters From Hon. George J. LaBar and Wife.*

On Board the Steamer "Cleveland,"
Thursday, Oct. 28, 1909.

DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME:—

We are passing Sardenia, on the north; weather fine, sea very quiet.—At 4:30 p. m., we are meeting and passing the "Hamburg" on her trip west. The bands are playing, while the passengers are saluting each other. Oct. 29th, at 7:00 a. m., we are near Ischio, a small Island, not far from Naples. At 9:00 a. m., we are entering the Bay of Naples, getting ready to land and see the sights.

We arrived at Naples, Oct. 29th.—Had seven hours to see the sights, which was all the time we cared for, unless we had a week and a good guide to take us out in the country and see the farmers, as we would call them.—We do not see the fields of waving grain and corn that a traveller could see in our country. I wish I could describe Naples, as we see it. Such a hurrying, bustling throng; the streets are filled with many carts and carriages, and venders of everything in their line, and last, but not least, the beggars on every side of you, from first to last. In some countries, I do not remember which ones, they call Americans money bags. One of our passengers says it is because the women try to shop when they do not know what they want. The people of Naples must have thought we wanted postcards, for they were so persistent that they had to be driven away.

We were met at the warf with carriages and a guide for every four or five wagons and driven to the acquarian, where we saw some strange water animals and fish. Some looked like flowers, opening and closing. We cannot imagine the existence of strange life without looking at them moving in the water. Next we are driven to the museum, where we are shown the various articles, too numerous to mention, such as statuary, water jars, and many ornamental as well as useful articles, all taken from the ruins of Pompei, mostly in good state of preservation; then the works of art from the same ruins. We were then driven to the Cathedral and the King's Palace, then to the great Bazaar, where we were told we could do shopping, but found it quite difficult. Our guide having been dismissed, we could not understand them, or they us. But, we can purchase all we want of their wares, for they come on board our ship as soon as possible and remain until we sail. If you offer them one-third the price they ask they are only too glad to get that. Unless one is sure of the value of the article we fear it may be dear at any price, but we allowed them to swindle us some.

We started for the warf to board the ship and found we had some more time to spare, so we did some more exploring and found another ship being loaded with emigrants for New York. It certainly was a motly crowd--a sight we never before saw and one to leave an impression on one's mind—men, women and children hurrying on board to sail for a strange land they had heard of beyond the sea, to found a new home in America, the haven of rest for the down-trodden of the world.

Well, it is about time for the great ship to start on her way to bear us over more seas, farther east, so we go on board and in a few minutes we are steaming out of the beautiful Bay of Naples—flags flying and bands playing—every one tired but happy. Soon we are once more on our way across the Mediterranean. At 7:40 p. m., we are passing the Island of Capri on the east of us. We are now going nearly south. After a good night's rest, we are up at five, viewing and passing the volcanic Island of Stramboli and as it has been an active volcano for 300 years, we thought we would see it in active operation, but it must have been taking its morning nap, for not a thing did we see but one little light burning at its base—some mother, perhaps, up with a sick child or getting breakfast for an early rising husband, which I think very doubtful, from what I have seen of the people here.

After a hearty breakfast we are on deck again, to see what may be seen and enjoy the invigorating air, but it soon began raining and kept at it all day. But, it did not bother us much, for we could not go down town any way. This was the first rain since we left New York, two weeks ago.

We are passing through the Straits of Messina, Sicily on the right and Italy on the left. Now, at 8:30, we are laying in the harbor, looking at the ruined city of Messina, we read so much about, destroyed by the terrible earthquake, less than a year ago. The Capt. stopped the ship twenty minutes to give us a look at it.

Soon on our way again. At 9:30, we are passing Gegio, located not far from Messina, but on the opposite side of the Strait. This place was also badly shaken up by the quake.

Now, Sunday, 31st, went to church in the morning and heard a very good practical sermon; song service in the evening. Then we went out on deck and took a run around before retiring. If you could see the bunch of people, all over the ship, singing and enjoying themselves, you would think, as we do, that the American people know how to enjoy themselves and be happy.

Monday morning, Nov. 1st, with fine weather, and the good ship nearly as steady as a house, we are on our way to Cario, our first port in Egypt, which we will reach about 9:00 a. m, on Tuesday, and remain for three days. We land at Port Said and take the cars to Cario.

Respectfully,
MR AND MRS. GEO J. LABAR.

***

November 12th, 1909.

DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME:

We will try to tell something we saw at Cario, which city we left Nov. 5th. When we arrived at Port Said we were met by small lighters and taken to the R. R. Station, immediately embarking in two special trains, arriving there at three p. m, after passing through a desolate, sandy desert most of the way, with now and then a small town, at some of which we stopped for a short time and then sped on through the desert; at Cario at three p. m, tired, dusty and hungry. (How about the "bath," Judge?—H. H. M.) We took up our quarters at the Grand Continental, while others were assigned to the Shepherd House. These are the largest and finest hotels in Cario and where opened at this time for our especial benefit, we arrived five or six weeks before the season opens. We learned that the day before we arrived the papers published the report that 650 American millionaires would be in the city the next day and you would have thought they had fully prepared for us by the number of fakirs, who were eager to sell all sorts of articles and at big prices. But, the Yankees caught on and offered them about one-third or one-half the price asked and usually got the wares.

We were up bright and early next morning, ready for sight seeing. At six o'clock, after an early breakfast, we went across the road and visited a very fine park and saw some very large banyan trees, the finest we ever saw. By nine a. m., we were in carriages to see the city and the management said they had hired practically every carriage in the city. We visited a number of Mosques, were we were not allowed to enter until we had put on slippers, over our shoes, of which they seemed to have a plentiful supply. Of course we had to give up some "bocksheeh" to men and boys who were so gracious as to tie them on. Not being tied on very firmly they would occasionally come off, but we failed to see any of our party worry about or take the trouble to put them back on. We visited a number of tombs of ancient kings and other great men, but do not think it necessry to describe them. We next visited the Museum in which are exhibited the old statuary and other things that have been excavated at Pompeii in recent years—some of it ancient and very interesting. Saw the mummies of Pharao and Exodus. We were then driven through the residence portion of the town, "Old Cario." There we entered the house in which Joseph and Mary stopped when they fled into Egypt with the infant Jesus; also the crib in which he laid. Seeing the filth and squallor of the ages that have accumulated, we will not dipute the assertion. Families living in rooms 8x10, streets six to eight feet wide, with what a motly crowd are they filled, and all begging for "bocksheeh." We finally returned to our hotel for dinner and a night's rest.

Well, we are up again to see more sights and took carriages to drive to and across the Nile, over eight miles of as fine a road as I ever drove over, flanked on both sides with fine trees, which the hot Egyptian sun could not penetrate. We arrived at the Pyramids and what a heap of stone. I will not attempt to describe it, for every school girl or boy has seen the picture which is very natural.

We found our team too light to pull us up the hill, so we got out and walked up. This proving too hard a task for some of the ladies, they patronized the donkey and camel line--of course there were quite a number. The Mrs. travelling with me was persuaded to try a donkey. Well, I made a bargain with the Arab, that he should have one shilling (English). He done his part well, but when the time came to get off and settle I found two other lads had worked into the game, one saying he must get what the other said and got, for they had "watched and taken care of the lady." All wanted "Bocksheeh." As the guide could talk the better to them than me, I gave him two shillings and told him to settle. It cost me eight piasters (we call it plasters) instead of five.

We visited and stood before the Sphinx that has stood guard so long over that part of Egypt, also some more tombs of great men, in which are placed granite blocks 8x8 and sixty feet high, all conveyed from a distant land. After purchasing some memen toes, we started on our return to the city. Stopped at the Zoo Gardens; very fine place but nothing better than we see in good old America.

In the late afternoon, we started out to go to the Bazaar. The old guide who had been with us all day, insisted on going along and we were soon glad he did, for such narrow streets, filled full of camels, donkeys, carts, men, women and children; such a crowd.—Still, no one seemed to touch his neighbors, all went wriggling and squirming along. Now and then we would stop and take a look. They do not have rooms for stores, only little square holes, from six to ten feet square, full of the finest goods. Finally, our guide turned into a small passage-way, down steps, around a corner, in at a door and behold! we enter as fine a store as you would wish to see, filled full of fine, expensive ware. Not finding just what we wanted, we went out again, in search of another store and found it again away back in a dark alley, behind a lot of small shops, but fine when you found it. Having purchased what we desired, returned to the hotel for dinner and again to bed for rest and slumber.

November 5th, 8 a. m.

Took train again, traveling through the endless desert of sand, which is Ezypt, only where it is watered by the Nile and since the English occupation they have constructed many new canals and reclaimed more of the desert. All it wants is water to bring four crops a year.

At 2:30 p. m., the dusty ride is at an end and we are once more "at home" on the "Cleveland" and soon steaming out on the Red Sea, leaving Cario behind us as a memory.

Nov. 6th.—Still on the Red Sea, nothing to see but shoals, dolphins and flying fish darting in and out of the water as the ship speeds on with hardly a tremor.

Nov. 8th.—Passed some dry, desolate islands. We wonder why there is nothing green to be seen until we are told that it has not rained here for forty years. We passed one groupe of twelve islands, called the Twelve Apostles, all as dry looking as the rest.—Passed through the Straits of Babel Mandel and then into the Gulf of Aden with Arabia in sight in the distance.—On the 9th, at 10:00 a. m., we passed Aden, a small island that England has fortified and have a supply station for the ships of the world. The Red Sea is over 1300 miles long and Aden is the only spot we have seen life.

On Nov. 6th, we met a steamer and the Capt. sent us the following message:

From Commander of S. S. Mantua, P & O. Co., Red Sea, Nov. 6th, 1909, to Com. S. S. Cleveland, Clark's Cruise Around the World:

Commander and passengers send greetings to Commander and passengers. Hoping they will enjoy themselves during their visit to India and that their tour around the world will prove both interesting and delightful. We have had fine weather all around and hope you may enjoy the same.

Commander S. S. Mantua.

We replied,

F. & O. S. S. Mantua: Commander and passengers of S. S. Cleveland have great pleasure in receiving your telegram, which was read to all passengers, who thank the Commander and passengers of the Mantua for their best wishes and greetings, which they return most heartilly.

Com S. S. Cleveland.

Nov. 12th.—We are now crossing the Arablan Gulf on our way to Bombay, (where we hope the Judge may find Rhinehart's fortune) which we expect to reach on Sunday, 14th. Will mail this letter, which you should receive about Xmas time, so we will wish you all a Merry Christmas and stop scribbling.

MR. AND MRS GEO. J. LABAR

[The interesting letters from Judge and Mrs. LaBar, published exclusively in the PRESS, are eagerly watched for by their many friends, in fact we receive requests, from other towns, for extra copies. Another letter, from has just arrived and will be published in our next issue. THE PRESS is sent to them every week and we hope they ve it.]—EDITOR.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

DIXON.

WILLIAM DIXON, aged 82 years, three months and five days, died on Saturday, Dec. 18th, 1909, after a long and painful illness, at the residence of his son, W. L. Dixon, East Emporium. Deceased was a faithful father and was left thirty-six years ago with a large family of children, upon the death of his wife. He heroically battled and reared his children. His troubles are over; he fought a good fight and is now at rest. His funeral took place Tuesday afternoon from the residence of his son, Rev. J. F. Anderson officiating.

[Jesus keep us here below so that when death's dark valley shuts the world from our view, Lord may we see our earthly parents and greet them on that peace adiding shore.

Father, thou hast left us and gone with Jesus to dwell may our father guide us to that peaceful shore, there to dwell for evermore.

Jesus, blessed Jesus, guide us through the trials and cares of life. Keep us, father, by thy side, so that when we cross the rolling Jordan we can rest in peace with thee.]—W. L. D.

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SEIBENDRIFT.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Seibendrift, of Sixth street, lost an infant child by death the first of the week. The funeral was held on Wednesay afternoon. Rev. J. M. Robertson, rector of Emmanuel Episcopal Church officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Seibenbrift are indeed sorely afflicted as this is the fourth child they have laid away in the Newton Cemetery. The bereaved parents have the sincere sympathy of the PRESS.

An Agreeable Caller.

The PRESS was pleased to receive a call from Mr. W. H. Bagley, the new proprietor of The New Alpine, at Sterling Run, lately conducted so successfully by Mrs. B. A. Furlong. Mr. Bagley is an agreeable gentleman and its not surprising that he makes a popular landlord. See his card in another column. When any of our readers visit Sterling walk into the Alpine and Mr. Bagley will extend the glad hand of welcome.

24 PAGES

THE WEATHER.

FRIDAY, Fair.
SATURDAY, Fair.
SUNDAY, Fair.

ASSETS
First National Bank,
EMPORIUM, PA.

At the close of business, Dec. 22, 1909.
$862,587.45.

WISHING YOU
A MERRY CHRISTMAS.
WE BEG TO ANNOUNCE
THAT THIS BANK WILL
BE CLOSED ON THAT DAY.

$1.00 Starts an Account.

3% INTEREST PAID ON SAVING BOOK ACCOUNTS AND CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT.

DR. LEON REX FELT,
DENTIST.
Rockwell Block, Emporium, Pa.

DR. H. W. MITCHELL,
DENTIST,
(Successor to Dr. A. B Mead.)
Office over A. F. Vogt's Shoe Store
Emporium, Pa 12y

E. O. BARDWELL, M. D.,
Rockwell Block, Emporium, Pa.
Hours: 8:00 a. m., 1:00 to 3:00 and 7:00 to 8 p. m

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

All Announcements under this head must be signed by the candidate and paid in advance to insure publication.

FOR CONGRESS.

Editor Press:—

We are authorized to announce the name of HON CHARLES F. BARCLAY, of Cameron county, as a candidate for Congress, upon the Republican ticket, in the 21st Congressional District, subject to the decision of the voters as expressed at the Primary Election, to be held in June of 1910.

Editor Press:—

You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Congress, for the 21st Congressional District, composed of the counties of Clearfield, McKean, Centre and Cameron, subject to the Rules of the Republican Party.—Primary Election, June 4th, 1910.

Yours truly,
CHAS. E. PATTEN.
Curwensville, Clearfield Co., Pa.,
November 30th, 1909 —t. p.

Effective Work.

Last Saturday morning, about 8:30 o'clock, fire was discovered in the Eagle social rooms, over the hardware store of Dininny, Burnside and Co. The origin of the fire is unknown unless it was caused by a hot stove pipe which runs up through the floor from the store. A few men responded and got the Mountaineer chemical wagon into action and in a short time had the fire under control. Once again this valuable purchase of the Mountaineer Hose Company has rendered good service.

Tragic Death of Hon. T. V. Cooper.

Representative Thos. V. Cooper, of Media, Pa., met with a tragic death at his home last Sunday morning. While sitting in a room at his home, smoking a cigar, his bath robe caught fire, burning his face almost beyond recognition. He was dead when found. His age was 74. Years ago, deceased was a power in the political field, but of late years contented himself by representing his county in either Senate or House.

B. Frank Wright Dead.

Our readers, at least very many of them, will be pained to hear of the death of B. Frank Wright, at his residence at Smethport, on Sunday last, in his 76th year. Capt Wright, who was a prominent Bucktail, visited this county many times during the past few years, and was held in high regard by all.

Nearing Warmer Climate.

Ye editor acknowledges the receipt of a post-card from W. H. Cramer and family, who are taking in the sights at New Orleans. They will locate at Los Angeles for the winter. They report, "all well."

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor.

Published Every Thursday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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ADVERTISING RATES:

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year, or for six or three months, are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square three times or less, $2; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business cards, five lines or less, $5 per year; over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

The Ideal Life.

We are like to him with whom there is no past and future, when we live with large, bright, spiritual eyes, doing our work in the great present, leaving both past and future to him to whom they are ever present, and fearing nothing because he is in our future as much as he is in our past—partakers thus of the divine nature resting in that perfect all in all.—George MacDonald.

Wanted to Be Shown.

A St. Louis paper printed this story in its editorial column as a pointed suggestion that the public required action of municipal officers. "Are you a Quaker?" demanded the small boy of the man with the wide-brimmed hat. "Yes, friend," was the reply. "A shaking Quaker?" pursued the boy. "Yes, friend," came the second reply. "Well, then," said the small boy, "do it!"

Microscopic Mechanism.

Mymecides, an ancient carver, was so proficient in microscopic mechanism that he made an ivory ship, with all its decks, masts, yards, rigging and sails, in so small a compass that it might have been hidden under the wing of a fly. He also made a chariot with four wheels and as many harnessed horses, which took up scarcely more room than the ship.

Centenarian's Jest.

During the reception tendered to Reuben Burnham in honor of his one hundredth birthday, one of the guests asked him how it seemed to be old, and Mr. Burnham replied: "I feel fine and I don't even worry about death, because I know that very few men die at the age of 100."—Boston Record.

Nature Is Truest Guide.

When Cicero consulted the oracle at Delphos concerning what course of studies he should pursue the answer was, "Follow nature." A French writer truly said: "We are never rendered so ridiculous by qualities which we have as by those which we aim at or affect to have."

Take Your Choice.

Near Fergus, Ont., lives a farmer named Benson who has named a daughter Susan Jane Betty Sarah Bell Mary Hannah Emeline Nancy Jennie Prudence Benson. When you speak to her you can call her by all her names or simply by one.

Welcoming Her.

"I'm glad you've dropped in, Mrs. Irons," said Mrs. Lapsling, cordially greeting the visitor. "This has been a dreary day for me and a call from a friend is like an Osiris in the desert."

Possibly a Scheme.

"A New York broker is said to be so stingy that he buys his coal by the peck." "Perhaps that's precaution, not stinginess. It may be that he doesn't want to start a bull market."—Washington Herald.

Hydrophobia in Germany.

Though hydrophobia has been stamped out of Britain, it is still rampant in Germany, where every year over 2,500 dogs and cats afflicted with the disease are destroyed.

Presence of Mind.

"Look, the fire's under control, yet there is a foolish man going to throw a crayon portrait out of the window!" "Why not? That's his only chance to get rid of it."—Milwaukee Journal.

Think It Over.

Fuddy—"What a happy world this would be if more of us got what we wanted." Duddy—"Yes; or else fewer of us get what we deserved."—Exchange.

All Have Right to Share.

Inventions and discoveries are not the property of one nation, but ought to be utilized and developed for the common good of mankind.—Lord Alverstone.

Incontestable Truth.

This world is a hospital of incurables. At least, I never knew anyone to go out of it alive.—Father Bernard Vaughan.

Thrift.

Tourist (as he falls down a precipice and sticks)—How it, if only I could give up my room for to-night.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

OCTOPUS HARD HIT

TOO EARLY, HOWEVER, TO HERALD ITS DEATH.

Standard Oil Has Yet to Have a Hearing in the Supreme Court, Though Its Chances Seem Slim.

No decision of the courts since the famous Landis $30,000,000 fine has covered anything like the range of the decision of the United States circuit court at St. Louis declaring the parent oil company is in violation of the law and ordering the abatement of its activities. No decision could have been more sweeping, as it embraces most of the subsidiary companies named as defendants, the exceptions being unimportant. These concerns are directed not to pay dividends to the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, and not again to form any combination looking to a monopoly of the oil business. The parent concern is likewise enjoined not any longer to vote the stock of the minor companies. While the Standard Oil Company, as such, is not dissolved, the decision takes away the powers without which it cannot have continued existence.

It would be too early to herald the death of the octopus, however, as appeal will unquestionably be taken to the supreme court, where the claim of the company that its form of organization is in behest to the laws of modern society, and that it does not violate the principle of industrial activity, will have a final hearing. The public has become accustomed to reversals of startling decisions of the lower courts, and while these are taken as presaging a close oversight of industry by the general government, they are not held to establish the victory of sentiment for the destruction of monopolies. The setting aside of the Landis fine upon grounds that evoked the approval of a large body of public opinion is held in mind, and it is not assumed that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is dead because it has had administered to it a blow that would do credit to a modern St. George.

Nothing in the annals of industry approaches in intensity of interest the testimony secured by the master appointed for the case that has just closed. The methods of coercion and the procedure of suppression and extinction of competition followed, according to the evidence submitted, make a record of autocratic assertion of supremacy over a great industry that has no counterpart, although it has served as a model for imitation by other trust concerns. For a decade the fight against this great trust has been carried on, not, indeed, always in the courts, but in the court of public judgment, and the Standard Oil Company has been condemned, drawn and quartered in many magazine articles and in many state legislatures and congressional debates.

Judge Lurton.

In the 120 years since the foundation of the supreme court of the United States, justices named from New York have sat for 105 years upon that august bench. New York furnished the first chief justice, John Jay, and Associate Justices Livingston, Thompson, Nelson, Hunt and Blatchford, all from New York, have been men of note. For reasons of local pride the Empire state would have been glad to see a successor to the late Justice Peckham appointed from within its boundaries.

Yet there will be little criticism of President Taft for turning to Tennessee and selecting Circuit Judge Horace H. Lurton for the vacant post. What the country wants is a good judge, and Mr. Taft as a former associate of Judge Lurton in the Sixth circuit has personal knowledge of his high qualifications.

Judge Lurton has filled his present important post 16 years, and previous to his appointment there he held the highest place on the bench of his state. He is 65 years old, but the supreme court has never yet been constituted, upon the Osler theory, of snappy young justices. John Marshall sat upon its bench at 80 and Roger B. Taney at 87. Of the present court Justice Brewer is 72, and Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Harlan are 76.

Judge Lurton's appointment sustains the high repute of the most powerful judicial tribunal known to history.—N. Y. World (Dem.).

Deserved Tribute to the Marine.

The men who are found on board ship in all ports of the world, ready to enter upon any detail and to push their way into any spot, even, if need be, into the palace of an eastern potentate in order to make the mandate of Uncle Sam respected and the lives of his citizens sacred, count for more than any other factor in the respect in which the flag is held abroad, and especially in those trouble spots of the world where conditions are like a powder magazine. Let the American people hail and respect this sea soldier, do him honor and pay him tribute. He is a splendid product of the martial system of the country—the fearless, intrepid marine!—Baltimore American.

"A Democrat is one who believes in Democratic principles and is ready to fight for them whenever he has an opportunity to do so," avers the St. Louis Republic. Good enough, if some one will settle the important question, what are Democratic principles. On the tariff, for instance, is it tariff for revenue only, free raw material or a share of the swag?

NO CHANCE FOR CONTENTION

Congress Should Deal at Once with Question of Conservation of Resources.

The secretary of the interior in his report asks congress for legislation which he believes would enable the government to conserve scientifically and effectively the natural resources of the public domain. He would have authority given his department to make an intelligent classification of public lands according to their greatest apparent use and to change the classification when fuller knowledge makes it expedient.

As regards coal deposits, which the secretary says should be preserved as a public utility, he suggests that the inducements for much of the crime and fraud perpetrated in the past would disappear if the right to mine were separated from the title to the soil. Whether the deposits should be utilized through a leasing system or through their sale, in either case with restrictions designed to protect the public, is left to congress to determine.

Manifestly the legislation recommended by the secretary would enable him and his successors to protect the interests of the government and the people more effectively than is possible now. If congress has due regard to those interests it will enact that legislation. It would be unable to defend itself against unfriendly criticism if it were to fail to do so. The attention of congress will be invited to many subjects, but that of the conservation of natural resources is not a contentious one. Nobody says those resources should not be conserved. Therefore legislation to that end ought to encounter no obstacles. If there be any they will take the form of the underhanded opposition of some private interests which seek to despoil the public domain.

Provision for American Ambassadors.

The American Embassy association has sent representatives to the west to overcome a prejudice which it thinks is lurking there. It is in that quarter that the association looks for opposition to the cause it is supporting. It would have the United States build or buy and maintain suitable office and residence buildings for its representatives at foreign capitals.

The subject has been discussed for several years. The need of some provision of the kind has been explained so fully and forcibly that it is a question whether there is any popular opposition to the proposal. Probably congressmen are aware of that, but when it comes to spending money they are slow about spending it abroad. They prefer to spend it within the country where it will help a particular district or its representative.

The controlling argument for the housing by the United States of its ambassadors and ministers is not that it will eke out their inadequate salaries, but that it will strengthen the diplomatic service and thereby benefit the country. It will widen the field of choice of foreign representatives. It will enable the government to utilize the ability of men whose private means are limited. The present system imposes a tax on ambassadors and ministers which, as far as some countries are concerned, only the wealthy can afford to pay. It is a tax which is hurtful to the country and should be got rid of.

Support Collector Loeb.

A most instructive illustration of the methods the tariff dodgers employ is seen in the discreditable war that has been made on Collector Loeb for enforcing the customs law on returning travelers, and also for his rewarding of inspectors who helped uncover the sugar frauds. These spasms of virtuous indignation over Mr. Loeb's lack of judgment are by-products of the immense propaganda maintained by the importers directly and also indirectly through the free trade newspapers with which they so closely affiliate in effort to break down the customs service and the tariff law. It is for President Taft to choose whether he will be made a tool of by these agencies of lawlessness and corruption, or rally the best citizenship of the country enthusiastically behind him by supporting Collector Loeb to the limit and giving no quarter to the perpetrators of these customs frauds.

Work Before Congress.

The first duty of congress this winter will be to busy itself with the progressive legislation which President Taft has recommended to it.

If it has any spare energy and wishes to do some investigating on its own account it can easily find fresh subjects. Many of the members of the two houses might draw on their own inner consciousness for tips. The land laws, for example, have needed honest congressional inquiry for years. Because of the lack of such inquiry the whole series of problems concerning the conservation of national resources has become acute. Let congress investigate in this field with a special view to wise and comprehensive conservation legislation, and it will be certain of making itself tremendously useful.

Must First Establish "Potency."

Says Harper's Weekly:

"The old slogan of tariff reform never had more potency than it would have to-day if the party would take it up with the old heartiness."

Old things have passed away, however. There are now two Democratic tariff reform slogans, and before either can be of any general use it friends will have to establish it "potency" over the broken heads o the friends of the other.

NEWS OF A WEEK IN CONDENSED FORM

RECORD OF MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS TOLD IN BRIEFEST MANNER POSSIBLE.

AT HOME AND ABROAD

Happenings That Are Making History —Information Gathered from All Quarters of the Globe and Given in a Few Lines.

PERSONAL.

Gen. W. W. Dudley of Indiana, formerly commissioner of pensions, died at Washington of Bright's disease.

John E. Berwynd, the millionaire coal man, has given $100,000 in New York for the care of poor women about to become mothers and the treatment of infants during the first weeks of their lives.

Emmett Delton Williams, a direct descendant of Roger Williams, founder of Rhode Island, died at his home at Kansas City, Mo., aged 54. He was president of a paint company.

Charles N. Crittenton, founder of rescue missions in many cities, left an estate of $3,000,000 to $5,000,000 at New York. Half of his wealth is bequeathed to the missions.

President Taft nominated Judge Horace Harmon Lurton of Tennessee to be an associate judge of the supreme court of the United States, and George A. Carpenter of Chicago for United States district judge in the northern district of Illinois to succeed Judge Bethea, deceased.

Gen. Howland J. Hamlin, former attorney general of Illinois, died from Bright's disease followed by pneumonia at Shelbyville, Ill. He had been ill a week. He was 59 years old.

Dr. N. D. Hillis of Brooklyn would rather be a preacher than a millionaire. Recently he discovered a rich coal vein in a ranch he owned in British Columbia. He sold the property to western men at a profit of $75,000. Now the coal is said to be worth $5,000,000.

GENERAL NEWS.

Sensational charges of manipulation of funds and the reckless expenditure of money of the Federal Life Insurance Company, an Illinois old line concern, are made in an affidavit filed in the circuit court at Chicago by Burton O. Smith, a stockholder and former director of the company. Isaac Hamilton Miller, president of the company, is accused of borrowing from its funds, using dummies in securing other loans and in using money of the company to finance other companies he is interested in.

The death of King Leopold is imminent. He had a serious relapse and is being kept alive through artificial means. Court circles have practically no hope of the patient's recovery.

Speaking in support of his resolution authorizing the president of the United States to apprehend President Zelaya of Nicaragua, and bring him to trial on a charge of the murder of Groce and Cannon, the two American citizens recently executed in Nicaragua, Senator Rayner of Maryland addressed the senate at length. His speech, stirring and denunciatory in tone and characterized by dramatic fervor, was an unsparing arraignment of President Zelaya, whom he designated as one of the criminals of the age.

A report on steerage conditions, based on information obtained by special agents of the immigration commission, traveling as steerage passengers on different trans-Atlantic steamers, was made public at Washington through presentation to the senate with recommendations for legislation to better conditions. Conditions found in many of these vessels are described as appalling.

Barnett Greenberg, 40 years old, a pawnbroker, was shot and instantly killed in his place of business, 843 South Halsted street, by a highwayman who entered the store on the pretense of wanting to purchase some jewelry.

A telephone message from Dillsboro, N. C., received at Asheville states that a woman named Belle Frizzle was killed and her companion, Cole Bard, seriously wounded by Elijah Children with a shotgun.

With three rousing meetings, one in the afternoon to inaugurate total abstinence in the army and navy and two at night, at which prominent men spoke in favor of temperance, the reformers' conclave got under way at Washington.

Gen. Estrada's troops had a sharp encounter with the Zelayan forces at Rama. Reports sent out by the government claim a sweeping victory, but this is doubted in some quarters, as the Zelaya partisans control all the telegraph lines and confirmation is next to impossible.

A feat in engineering is the construction of a siphon 14 feet in diameter under the Colorado river to carry water for 14 miles and irrigate 55,000 acres in the Yuma valley.

A loss of $200,000 was caused by a fire that burned the Grand opera house building in Peoria, Ill.

A plot of ground bought by the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian church at New York 50 years ago for $45,000 has been sold for $660,000.

The navy department has asked congress for $100,000 for the equipment of the training station at North Chicago.

Local passenger train on the Southern railway, known as the Richmond and Atlanta train, was wrecked at Reedy Fork trestle, ten miles north of Greensboro, N. C., and 12 bodies were removed from the wreckage. Twenty-five injured are in the hospital at Greensboro. George J. Gould, who with his son Jay, was in one of the Pullmans when the train jumped the tracks, escaped uninjured.

The National Geographic society publicly acclaimed Commander Robert E. Peary the discoverer of the north pole, and in recognition therefor presented to him a gold medal. In presenting the trophy Prof. Willis L. Moore, president of the society, phrased his sentences to refer to Commander Peary as "the man" who had won the prize. There was no reference to the claims of Dr. Frederick A. Cook.

During 1908 the United States contributed more than half of the world's total production of copper, the exports of copper from this country being 618,613,842 pounds, the largest amount recorded, according to the United States geological survey.

Mrs. Caroline W. Martin, mother of Ocey W. N. Snead, the East Orange (N. J.) bathtub victim, was arrested in New York, formally charged with murder.

Senor Enrique Creel, carrying credentials as the special diplomatic agent of President Diaz of Mexico, called at the state department and presented a plan to prevent threatened hostilities between the United States and Nicaragua. Senor Creel was given to understand that the Nicaraguan situation was one which did not entitle Mexico to interfere as one of the signatories to the so-called Central American treaty of peace under the Root pact.

Grandview, the Lawrence C. Phipps residence in Pittsburg, including 12 acres of land in the East end, was sold to Walter P. Fraser for $575,000. This is the largest real estate transfer involving a residence closed in Greater Pittsburg in years.

The statement of a high official of the Lake Shore Railroad Company that "somebody blundered" indicates that the collision between the St. Louis section of the Twentieth Century Limited and east-bound passenger train No. 10 at North East, Pa., 16 miles from this city, might have been avoided. Three persons were killed and 40 injured.

King Leopold underwent a most serious operation for relief of obstructions of the intestines and astounded science by the manner in which he withstood it. His remarkable recuperative powers manifested themselves directly he regained consciousness, and the optimistic spirit which he has shown throughout the course of his illness returned to him.

Representative Hobson of Alabama in an extended speech in favor of a more liberal naval policy explained that the entire Pacific coast, Hawaii and the Philippines were at the mercy of Japan in the event of hostilities, and that haste must be made in building up the navy to an equality with the navy of England and other possible foes on the other side of the Atlantic.

In a coasting accident at Lafayette, Ind., one boy was killed and six others injured. A heavy rack containing 16 boys collided at a street crossing with a Wabash passenger train.

The people of Managua, Nicaragua, are in open revolt against Zelaya, without check from the police. They crowded the streets and gave vent to unrestrained denunciation of the administration. The whole country is in a ferment. Zelaya is denounced on every hand, but he is master of the situation, and the people fear a wholesale execution of political prisoners as a parting shot.

President Taft spoke on foreign missions before the closing meeting of the Methodist African jubilee in Carnegie hall, New York.

It is learned at Bluefields, Nicaragua, from an authoritative source that a reign of terror is being maintained in Managua and that not less than 500 persons, identified with political affairs, are in chains in the prisons. A Catholic society has been ordered to cease sending food to the prisoners, and these are in a fair way to starve to death, as they are allowed only two cents a day for food.

Extension of American citizenship to Porto Ricans for those who desire, and without forcing it upon those who do not; is recommended for Porto Ricans by Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, chief of the bureau of insular affairs, in his annual report to the secretary of war.

The big plant of the Racine (Wis.) Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of automobile tops and piano stools, the Dania Brotherhood hall, the Mitchell wagon works and several residences, were destroyed by fire, entailing a loss estimated at $650,000. All but $50,000 of this is borne by the Racine Manufacturing Company's plant.

Julius Gillemo, a Swiss, while riding on a west-bound train near Reno, Nev., became suddenly insane and made a headlong plunge through a window while the train was going 40 miles an hour.

Dr. Reininger, mayor of Marienbad, Austria, has sent to President Taft a Christmas present of an album bound in morocco, containing pictures of Marienbad. Herr Emil Baruch, now in New York, will present the gift.

The steamer Jesse Spalding is safe at Harbor Beach, Mich., where it sought shelter from the storm. It was feared the vessel had gone down.

With diamonds, securities and insurance policies worth several thousand dollars in a handbag, a woman, believed to be Mrs. Ina L. Cummings of St. Louis, was found ill on the street at Monterey, Cal.

TO ASK FOR MORE PAY

DEMANDS WILL BE PRESENTED TO EASTERN RAILROADS.

Conductors and Trainmen Vote to Have Wages Increased and Changes in Working Rules.

Chicago, Ill.—Conductors and trainmen of a great majority of the railroad lines in the east have voted to ask for an increase in wages ranging from 10 to 30 per cent and changes in working rules. The vote has been canvassed by Presidents A. B. Garretson of the Order of Railroad Conductors and W. G. Lee of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

The demands will be presented to the railroad officials early in January. Nearly 40 railroads will be affected. The campaign of the conductors and trainmen is for a standard rate of pay on eastern lines similar to that in force in the west. The wages paid eastern conductors and trainmen are different on nearly every road. The votes on the various lines was practically unanimous.

The demands to be presented to the railroad officials cover 15 different divisions with many sub-divisions. The first nine cover the rates of pay paid freight and passenger conductors, brakemen, baggagemen and flagmen. The increase will amount to more on some roads than on others, as the object is to bring all of them up to a certain standard. A ten-hour day will be demanded after which overtime shall be paid.

SIX PERISH IN FIERCE BLAZE

Five Girls and One Fireman Die in Burning Philadelphia Factory Building.

Philadelphia, Pa.—All doubt as to the fate of the five girls who were reported missing after the fire at Shrack & Sherwood's factory was removed when the five bodies were found on the third floor of the damaged building.

The charred and dismembered remains were discovered under a mass of debris near the rear of the factory, thus showing that the girls had evidently endeavored to reach the rear fire escape when overtaken by the flames. The bodies were so terribly charred by the intense heat that it was impossible for the half crazed and frantic parents, who had followed the dead wagon to the morgue, to identify them except by pieces of jewelry worn. Including Fireman Joseph Toner, who was suffocated, six persons are known to have perished.

SUGAR MEN FOUND GUILTY

Five Are Convicted of Frauds, but Former Cashier of Company Goes Free.

New York City.—The jury has found guilty five of the six employes of the American Sugar Refining Co. who have been on trial for the past three weeks charged with criminal conspiracy to defraud the government of customs dues on imported raw sugar. In the case of James F. Bendernagle, a former cashier of the company's Williamsburg plant, the jury disagreed. Mercy is recommended for all those found guilty. The jury was out ten hours. Under the indictment, Oliver Spitzer, a dock superintendent; John R. Coyle, Thomas Kehoe, Edward A. Boyle and Patrick J. Hennesy, checkers, may be punished for the commission of two overt acts, the maximum penalty for each of which is two years' imprisonment and $5,000 fine.

SLAYER TRAMPLED BY MOB

Batters Beyond Chance of Recovery Man Who Shot Pedestrian on Crowded Street.

New York City.—An East Side mob didn't take time formally to lynch its victim. Instead it kicked and mauled Louis Ferroni almost to death. He was taken to a hospital unconscious, battered almost out of semblance of humanity, and, the physicians said, beyond a chance of recovery.

Ferroni quarreled with Angelo Compugo and shot him on a crowded corner. A howling mob pursued him as he fled. Officers who joined the chase sent their bullets after him and he returned their fire, but nothing could halt the mob. Compugo will die.

The Trade Outlook.

New York City.—Bradstreet's says: The retail and holiday trade has been helped by seasonable weather and the approach of Christmas, and makes good comparisons with preceding years, a few markets, in fact, reporting a record turnover for the season. Industrial operations are still very active on old orders, examples of this being furnished by manufacturers of crude and finished iron and steel, machine and toolmakers.

Save Children from Tuberculosis.

Chicago, Ill.—The municipal courts have started a crusade to force tubercular fathers and mothers to guard against subjecting their children to the disease. Nine fathers who have disregarded warnings will be prosecuted. Harry E. Smoot of the juvenile protective association, at the head of the work, says he will demand positive jail sentences. In the case of Stanley Burns, the first to be prosecuted, there are five children. Four of the children have incipient tuberculosis, the father cannot live long.

CHRISTMAS A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW

VISITING GRANDMA CHRISTMAS MORNING AT HER HOME 245 STORIES ABOVE THE GROUND
THE MECHANICAL TOYS OF 2009 WILL BE MARVELS OF PERFECTION

CHRISTMAS a hundred years from now will be the same old Christmas, no doubt, but it will be celebrated under such vastly different conditio that if you should go to slee now and wake up a century later you would think you were in a different world.

The Christmas spirit will be the same. But whether it is a hundred years from now or a thousand we may be sure that when the Christmas season comes the world will be full of the Christmas spirit. Little children and grown men and women still will be made happy by giving and receiving, grudges and grouches will be forgotten, enemies forgiven and good will will prevail. Nothing can kill that. The golden motto: "Peace on earth, good will to men," will be just as sacred and as new to the hearts of men as it was nineteen hundred years ago. Everybody will give everybody else a present—but the presents will be different.

Little Johnny will not covet a railroad train. Real cars on a real track, pulled by a real locomotive that makes smoke will not seem a wonderful thing to him, as it does to the little Johnny of to-day. The lad of the next century will want a model of the latest airship in his Christmas stocking. He will expect a working model, too—one that will sail through the flat like a live bird, and perhaps carry his own weight.

Within the last hundred years steam and electricity have been developed and it is entirely reasonable to imagine that within the coming century men will travel through the air as commonly as they now travel over the land. The automobile, the trolley car, the railroad train, and the horse as a draft animal—all will be gone. Men will use the earth, as the birds do, for a resting place for their homes and the principal source of food supply; but when they want to move from one place to another, they will mount into the ether, even as the birds do, and flay swiftly and safely to their destination.

It is probable that there will not be a wheeled vehicle of any kind on the streets of a great city on Christmas day, in the year 2009. Our tunnel system will have developed until the vast subterranean net work of bores, chutes and pneumatic tubes will carry on the heavy traffic of the city without noise or confusion. The streets will be given up to pedestrians—to those who walk for pleasure or wish to travel short distances. The sidewalk as it is now will be no more, but the entire width of the street will be given up to foot passengers. There will be neither car tracks nor moving vehicles to annoy.

The suburbanite who does not fly to work in 2009 will be shot through a pneumatic tube, traveling the five, ten, or fifty miles of distance in a space of time that may be only a few seconds, and certainly cannot be more than a few minutes. It may be that few people will walk anywhere in the year 2009. When man learns to fly he will scorn walking as too slow a means of progress. Perhaps our great-great-grandchildren, who no doubt will live in immense apartment buildings towering a half mile from the ground, may go for weeks at a time without setting foot to the earth.

With the passing of the Christmas sleigh there will be no longer any need for reindeers for Santa Claus. He, too, will travel by airship, and while the old Santa Claus will be a myth, the new Santa Claus will be as real as the bewhiskered and befurred boys who now entertain the children in the department stores.

It is not hard to imagine that the big stores will develop the Santa Claus idea to the point that Christmas purchases will be delivered on Christmas eve by an airship driver made up to impersonate Santa Claus. A hundred years from now, if you want to avoid the rush and do your Christmas shopping in your own apartments, the scientists probably will have provided for you a combination of telescope and moving picture machine by means of which you can connect your room with the toy department and see the display by wire—or perhaps by wireless—and at the same time you get prices and leave your order with the clerk by telephone.

But perhaps the woman of 2009 will enjoy the mad rush of the shops as much as she does to-day during the holiday season, and then she will go to the big store and order her toys and presents. The store could deliver them through the pneumatic package tubes which will go to all parts of the city, but it will be more poetic to have them delivered by Santa Claus.

Christmas eve a score or a hundred Santa Clauses will set out from the various shops with their airships laden with Christmas gifts to be delivered at the various addresses. It will no longer be necessary to "deliver all goods in the rear" of the big apartment building, but whether you live on the twentieth or two hundred and twentieth story of the big house you will have your own private airship landing, and while the family is gathered at the door to receive Santa Claus the airship will settle on the landing and the cheerful "Merry Christmas" of the aeronaut will greet you as he hands in the packages.

The Christmas tree of a hundred years from now will be an electrical marvel. Festoons and wreaths of rainbow colored lights and "chasers" will scintillate from its green branches. But the presents that hang on it will be even more wonderful.

There will be dolls as large as the little girls who will receive them. There will be dolls that can walk and with the improved phonographic arrangements of another century there will be dolls that can talk and others that can sing beautiful songs. Some of them, no doubt, will be able to dance gracefully and to do tricks that would seem miraculous if performed by an automaton to-day.

The mechanical toys of 2009 will be marvels of perfection. The most imaginative man cannot possibly conceive of the new things that will be invented in the way of machinery, but it is safe to assume that the wireless transmission of power will be perfected. Wheels will spin without any visible motive power. Power may be taken from the sun's rays or wireless power stations may be operated by the waves, the waterfalls, or even the winds. Before the coal supply is exhausted the need for coal, either for warmth or power, will have passed away.

And whatever triumphs men make in the industrial world they impart to their games and recreation. So it is certain that the Teddy bear and the toy dog of the coming century will be mechanical marvels. The "Rover" dog that the little boy gets will be life size. He will prance about on his four furry legs and lie down and roll over at the bidding of his master.

Perhaps the most wonderful feature of all in our Christmas in 2009 will be the changed methods in our daily life. The housekeeping arrangements of that time would seem incomprehensible to the woman of to-day if she could picture them in her mind. The lack of comforts and the inconvenience of life in a cottage, it is possible, will drive most of the city dwellers into the apartment buildings, which will grow bigger and taller as the years pass until they will be literally "skyscrapers" within a century.

In one of these big buildings, while the machinery will be out of sight, domestic affairs will be so mechanical, even automatic, that you can get almost anything the family needs simply by turning on a switch or pressing a button.

The flat dweller of that distant day will not be bothered with servants or the servant problem. By pressing a button the Christmas dinner will come up noiselessly from the kitchen on the mechanical waiter or perhaps in a pneumatic tube.

After your Christmas dinner is over the dishes will disappear as silently and swiftly as you could wish. Some sort of mechanical dish washer in the kitchen will take care of them—or, what is more likely, they will be made of a cheap composition and will be destroyed by burning after they are used once. The antiseptic precautions of the modern surgeon will be common to the kitchens of the next century and hygiene will be a real science.

When you have eaten your Christmas dinner, if you want to go out for the evening you can press a button and an aerocab will come to the landing at your door. Or, if you prefer it, you may drop down the pneumatic elevator to some point 50 or 100 feet below the surface of the earth and be whirled through the pneumatic subway at a dizzy rate of speed to your destination. Only the speed will not make you dizzy. You will not be able to feel it. You may sit in your cushioned car, well lighted and warmed and ventilated by some process yet to be discovered, and before you realize it the miles will speed away and you step out to the opera or the play.

If you prefer to remain at your apartments the telautoscope attached to your telephone may be connected to any theater you desire, and you can sit in your easy chair and smoke while you see the play projected on the wall like the most perfect moving picture. All the stage settings will be there to make the play seem real, and the improved telephone will bring every shade and subtle inflection of the actor's voice to your ear.

It seems certain that this telautoscope arrangement—the exact word to describe it will be coined after the process is discovered—will be one of the triumphs of the coming century. It will enable you to see the person you are talking to over a telephone.

The flight of the coming airship probably will be so rapid that the business man and even the salaried worker, if he loves the country, can have a villa or a cottage at a great distance from the city and go to work in his own airship at slight cost.

On Christmas day in the good century to come this flight in the air will be the means of many family reunions that are impossible now. A few hours will take one to the most distant part of the country, and the practical cessation of business during the holiday week will leave all free to forgather with the loved ones and pay deferred visits

The Place to Buy Cheap
—IS AT—
J. F. PARSONS'

5 DROPS
TRADE MARK
CURES
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO, SCIATICA
NEURALGIA and
KIDNEY TROUBLE

"5-DROPS" taken internally, rids the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct causes of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

DR. S. D. BLAND
Of Brewton, Ga., writes:
"I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief obtained from "5-DROPS." I shall prescribe it in my practice for rheumatism and kindred diseases."

FREE

If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "5-DROPS," and test it yourself.

"5-DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a "drug habit," as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients.

Large Size Bottle, "5-DROPS" (800 Doses) $1.00. For Sale by Druggists.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY,
Dept. 80. 160 Lake Street, Chicago.

If you are a business man, did you ever think of the field of opportunity that advertising opens to you? There is almost no limit to the possibilities of your business if you study how to turn trade into your store. If you are not getting your share of the business of your community *there's a reason*. People go where they are attracted — where they *know* what they can get and how much it is sold for. If you make direct statements in your advertising see to it that you are able to fulfill every promise you make. You will add to your business reputation and hold your customers. It will not cost as much to run your ad in this paper as you think. It is the persistent advertiser who gets there. Have something in the paper every issue, no matter how small. We will be pleased to quote you our advertising rates, particularly on the year's business.

MAKE YOUR APPEAL

to the public through the columns of this paper. With every issue it carries its message into the homes and lives of the people. Your competitor has his store news in this issue. Why don't you have yours? Don't blame the people for flocking to his store. They know what he has.

The Home Paper Gives you the reading matter in which you have the greatest interest—the home news. Its every issue will prove a welcome visitor to every member of the family. It should head your list of newspaper and periodical subscriptions.

C. G. SCHMIDT'S,
HEADQUARTERS FOR
Popular Bakery,
FRESH BREAD,
PIES,
FANCY CAKES,
ICE CREAM,
NUT
CONFECTIONERY
Daily Delivery.
All orders given prompt and skillful attention.

Enlarging Your Business

If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of business; whether a 10, 20 or 30 per cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business.

If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something from your store.

We will be pleased to have you call on us, and we will take pleasure in explaining our annual contract for so many inches, and how it can be used in whatever amount that seems necessary to you.

If you can sell goods over the counter we can also show you why this paper will best serve your interests when you want to reach the people of this community.

JOB PRINTING We can do the finest class of printing, and we can do that class just a little cheaper than the other fellow. Wedding invitations, letter heads, bill heads, sale bills, statements, dodgers, cards, etc., all receive the same careful treatment—just a little better than seems necessary. Prompt delivery always.

151106

Our Monster Holiday Issues.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertising columns of the Illustrated Holiday Issue of THE PRESS, comprising 28 pages, including a handsome cover. This is not a cheaply gotten up publication, but expense has not been spared, believing that when the advertising pages are increased it is right and justice to our patronage to give the attractive and interesting matter, suitable for the occasion. We hope this issue will please all. Our workmen, having an abundance of all the latest and up-to-date type faces, borders, rules, etc., certainly have put up a line of advertisements that will stand comparison with any crack city work. Our reputation in this line has long since been highly complimented by competent authorities and is very gratifying to us.

The steady advancement of the PRESS, in every branch, has warranted and demanded many improvements to meet our increasing business. Our entire force of workmen have labored early and late to meet the demands and when it is taken into consideration the fact that this large amount of composition did not have to be torn down in order to print any part of it, thereby demonstrating to the practical mind the capacity of our work rooms, and material, the completeness of which few, if any, plants in the larger towns can excel. We court a comparison of our production, consisting of the VERY BEST we could procure. We might have saved considerable money by securing ordinary illustrations but THE PRESS always has given its readers THE BEST and we shall continue to do so in the future. Covering as we do, every section of the county, wth the news of their locality, has wonderfully increased our circulation, thereby adding to its value as an advertising medium, obliging us to run ordinarily from 62 to 72 twenty inch columns every week—this issue measuring the surprising total of 3,360 inches of composition. We know of no other paper in Northwestern Pennsylvania that excells us. And this the prodct of the smallest county in tuis state.

We thank you friends, from the bottom of our heart, for your consideration and loyal patronage. We shall continue to unselfishly labor in the future, as we have done these 42 years now about passed, for the advancement of Emporium and Cameron county. We are now comfortably located in our own home, corner of Fourth and Wood street, almost opposite the opera house, where we invite any of our patrons to call and see us. We shall soon be in apple pie order, unless the demands upon our establishment continue as it has during the past month. But, we hope to "catch up" before Jan. 1st.

Wishing our readers a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, we bid you adieu until Jan. 6th, 1910.

The "poor ye always have with ye." Let us all lend a helping hand to make some one happy. God will repay us.

HENRY H. MULLIN.

Dec. 22, 1909.

STERLING RUN.

Mrs. A. L. Barr left on Monday for Renovo to stay awhile with her daughter, Mrs. John Floyd.

Miss Neva Summerson, of Hicks Run, was guest of her sister, Mrs. C. G. Howlet, a few days last week.

Quite a number of relatives attended the funeral of J. Henry Johnson, at Huntley.

Miss Gladys Nefcey, of Driftwood, was the guest of Miss Frankie Barr, last week.

Mrs. Dr. Wright, of Erie, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. M. F. Herrick.

The Lady Maccabees held a quilting recently, in their lodge room.

Mrs. Ethel Swartz and children, after a week's visit with her parents, W. E. Devling and wife, returned to their home at Sinnamahoning.

Mr. Buchannan, of Chambersburg, has been here looking after the bridge construction of the county bridge at this place. It will have a concrete floor and piers.

J. G. Mason is home for a short visit.

BLUE BELL.

WANTED—Lady distributor and solicitor in Emporium. Dr. W. S. Burkhart, Cincinnatti, O.

THE POWER OF ONE EGGNOG.

"TALK about the trials of a woman whose husband is late for dinner or doesn't come when he is expected," says the woman who has had experiences; "it is annoying enough at any time, but it is nothing in a civilized country to what it is when you are off in the wilds somewhere and dinner and dinner getting are two of the most important things in life.

"When Mr. Blank took me and the baby some years ago to try life on a Texas sheep ranch we found there were a good many things in the world that we had no conception of before, and life took on a different aspect. It was a happy life, but it was not an easy one. I had to do all kinds of housework, the hardest kind of housework, and cooking in a house situated in a Texas chaparral is not cooking as it is done even in a New York flat. We lived chiefly on game which Mr. Blank shot as we needed it. Our vegetables were all canned—peas, corn and a certain number of things we kept always on hand.

"I suppose I made myself a great deal more work than was necessary and did twice as much cooking, but I was used to everything in eastern style, and it did not occur to me that I could have things in any other way. We always had dessert every day for dinner. I made cake, and practically we lived in the wilds of Texas exactly as we could here.

"Well, the day when Mr. Blank did not come home to dinner was New Year's. There was not so much difference between the days—they were all working days—but I had prepared a special dinner. Mr. Blank was going off to the dipping vats, but he was to be back at 2 o'clock for dinner, and I prepared a good one. It was rabbit, I think, that day. Our nearest neighbors were a family of Alsatians whom we knew very well and who had been very kind to us. That morning before breakfast Mr. Blank had ridden over there on business of some kind. They had made eggnog to celebrate the day, and of course he must accept their hospitality and take a glass.

"Now, a good strong eggnog is not exactly a before breakfast drink for a man who is not accustomed to taking it at that hour in the morning, and the eggnog was a strong one. It was New Year's day, and eggnog ingredients can be found in Texas when potatoes cannot. When Mr. Blank came home he

HE MANAGED TO CRAWL UP.

could not eat his breakfast and only took a few swallows of coffee and mounted his horse and rode away.

"I went to work and cooked dinner in my best style. I had a little oil stove, for it was always warm where we were, except when a norther came up. Everything was done to perfection and ready to put on the table at 2 o'clock, but Mr. Blank did not come. I looked out, but he was nowhere in sight. Two o'clock passed, 2:30, 3 o'clock, and still he did not come.

"Any one would have supposed that I would have been frightened and think something had happened to him, for he is one of the most considerate of men and this was a most unusual occurrence. But I was not frightened. If anything had happened probably the men would have brought me word. I had a good dinner prepared, and he did not come, and on New Year's day. I grew more and more angry as the time passed, until by night I was hardly in a condition to speak. By and by he rode up. He seemed to feel my mood. Anyway, his first words were:

"'I suppose you are provoked.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I am.'

"He was angry then, and he went off to stake out his horse without another word. It didn't last long, however, and we came to an understanding.

"It seems that that eggnog, taken the first thing in the morning, had been too much for him. He had hardly left the house before he was overcome with an irresistible desire to sleep. He says he never knew how he reached the dipping vats, for he slept most of the way on his horse's back. When he got there he found working was simply an impossibility. The men had a little shanty, and he managed to crawl up there, throw himself on the floor, and there he slept all day long without stirring until night, when he had slept off the effects of the eggnog.

"I do not look upon eggnog now as such an innocuous drink as I did at one time, and I know there was never a wife who lived through such a long day as I did waiting for Mr. Blank to come home that New Year's day in Texas."—New York Times.

Baptist Church.

10:30 a. m., sermon, "The Message of the Angels."

11:45 a. m. Sunday School.

6:30 p. m., Y. P. S. C. E.

7:30 p. m., sermon, "A Full House."

99 at Sunday School last week; 75 at C. E. The "Blues" are ahead by 13 points.

The Xmas entertainment will be held in the church, Tuesday evening, Dec. 28.

JOHN L. BOGUE, Pastor.

Emmanuel Church Services.

Christmas Eve: Sunday School Festival, services in church at 7:15 p. m., followed by lighting of Christmas tree and distribution of presents in the Parish House.

Christmas Day, 10 a. m., Morning Prayer and Holy Communion. Tours' Service. Offering for Clergy Relief Pension Fund.

December 26, First Sunday after Christmas:

8:00 a. m., Holy Communion.

10:30 a. m., Morning Prayer and Litany.

12:00 m., Sunday School,

7:30 p. m., Evening Prayer. Sermon: The Message of Christmas.

J. M. ROBERTSON, Rector.

FIRST FORK

Since the recent cold weather, skating parties are numerous. It is very pleasant exercise and all young people enjoy it.

Mr. Moody, who represents the Atlantic-Pacific tea company, spent Sunday at the home of Haynes Bro's.

The pie social held at Gilmore school house was enjoyed very much by all. It was attended mostly by the young people.

Mrs. John A. Wykoff and son were guests at the home of Frank L. Miller, last week for a day. They visited the old homestead. We are sorry to state that the Judge has been very sick, is improving and we hope for his speedy recovery.

John L. Miller, who lives four miles from Sinnamahoning, is in a very critical condition. He has had several paralytic strokes during the last few years and is in a very helpless condition. Before this stroke he could help himself a little, but is now worse off than ever. His son, William H. Miller, is taking care of him and is an awful charge. Their friends sympathize with the family.

FINIS.

SINNAMAHONING.

(Crowded Out Last Week.)

Miss Myrtle Shaffer spent Sunday in Emporium.

Jos. B. Counsil, of St. Marys, was in town between trains, last Friday afternoon. He attended the Masonic Banquet at Driftwood, the same evening.

Wm. Thompson, of Keating, was in town Saturday evening.

Miss Bertha Fulton spent Sunday in Renovo.

Amos Fenton passed Sunday at his home in Emporium.

Mrs D. W. Horn, who was visiting friends here, has gone to her home at Penfield. Mr. Horn is located at Watoga, W. Va., for the winter and Mrs. Horn expects to join him there in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Piper have gone to Galeton. They expect to move from that place to Renovo, where Mr. P. is now employed with the P. R. R. Co.

Quite a number of the Masonic fraternity attended the Banquet at Drittwood last Friday evening.

Miss Charlotte Spence, Hon. Josiah Howard, Rev. J. L. Bogue and Arthur Orton, of Emporium, visited our town and held a Sunday School Rally in our church, last Thursday evening. The services were well attended and were much appreciated by those who were present.—The Sunday services following showed the meeting was not in vain.

J. T. Runyan was in town between trains, Sunday morning.

Several of our citizens attended the funeral services of J. H. Johnson, at Huntley, last Thursday.

Hon. John A. Wykoff has been dangerously ill, but is improving.

Mr. A. L. Ensign was called to Sizerville last week on account of the serious illness of his father, who is in his 84th year. He is better now.

Mrs. J. M. Shaffer and son are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Swartwood.

The dynamite works were shut down last Saturday, on account of no water. The rain on Monday gave them relief.

Nace H. Drum and Chas. A. Counsil attended a Masonic banquet at Emporium, Friday evening.

Miss Sybil Huff visited in town recently.

C. E. Peasley was taken suddenly ill last week with lumbago, while at his work.

Rev. R. W. Runyan attended the ministerial meeting at Williamsport last week.

Mrs. Montgomery visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. B. Crum, last week.

XXX.

HUNTLEY.

L. H. Smith, who has been on the sick list for the past two weeks, is improving.

Rev. Hall preached to a large congregation, at the usual hour, last Sunday.

Lewis Smith has been on the sick but is around now.

The funeral of J. Henry Johnson was held at the old Huntley Church, on Thursday, Dec. 9th, 1909, Rev. Cook, of Renovo, officiating. The remains were brought from Jersey Shore to Huntley and interment was made in Huntley Cemetery. The order of Free Masons had charge of the remains. Their ceremony was grand and the floral offerings were very beautiful.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs Jessee Johnson, on Saturday, Dec. 11th, a daughter. All doing nicely.

G. S. Hill, of Grove Hill, was a caller in town on Saturday.

W. R. Smith made a business trip to Driftwood on Saturday.

A. W. Hicks, of Hicks Run, was here over Sunday.

Paul Smith, son of A. T. Smith, has been on the sick list.

C. J Miller, the assessor, has finished his tedious work and says he is not sorry it is over.

S. B.

SINNAMAHONING.

FROM OUR REGULAR.

Miss Myrtle Shafer spent Wednesday in Emporium.

On account of the cold weather, the Sinnamahoning Powder Mfg Co., have been compelled to shut down for want of water.

Mrs. J. M. Shaffer and son visited in Driftwood last Sunday.

Miss Helen Counsil is home from Williamsport Seminary for the Holidays.

Mrs. R. Z. Roberts, who has been in town several days, seeing to the packing and shipping of Hon. C. F. Barclay's household goods to Washington, D. C., returned to that city on Tuesday.

W. L. Barclay, of Laquin, spent a couple of days in town this week.

The Cameron Powder Mfg Co., held a stockholders' meeting at this place on Tuesday. They are pushing forward the work on their plant in Wykoff Run.

Miss Sophia Lind, of Driftwood, was the guest of Miss Myrtle Smith, over Sunday.

Nace H. Drum went to Renovo, Tuesday, to attend a Masonic banquet. Three in one month is going some.

The Sunday School will give a Christmas entertainment in the church, Friday evening. After the entertainment the P. O. S. of A., lodge will give the children a treat, at their Hall.

Mrs. Stuard Chase and daughter Anna are visiting relatives at Wyside.

XXX

HOWARD SIDING.

Mrs. James Hobson and Mrs. M. E. Close were shopping in Emporium on Saturday and attended quarterly conference held in M. E. Church.

That emperance entertainment held here Saturday evening, was very largely attended and was a decided success. Rev. Shank gave a fine temperance address. Ice cream and cake were served. Proceeds for Rev. Shank.

Herman Close had the misfortune to go over the bank while sliding down the More Hill road, which was very icy, and received a bloody nose and several uncomfortable bruises. Other boys were spilled off but no bones broken. Boys be careful.

There will be an entertainment and Xmas tree at the school house, Thursday afternoon. Hope all parents will be present.

X. X. X.

CAMERON.

G. L. Page made a business trip to Philadelphia Friday, returning home Sunday and reports having a fine time.

The K. G. E, dance held in their hall Friday night was well attended and all enjoyed themselves.

Our town's people are doing their shopping at Emporium and Driftwood the past few days.

John Clark, who received a very severe fall a few days ago, fracturing several ribs, is again able to be around.

Frank Speaker, of Calder, who some time ago had two fingers broken and one badly injured in the engine at the brick works, is getting along nicely.

Harris Moore who was injured while digging coal a week ago, by being struck on the knee with a mining pick, is again able to work.

E. M. McFadden spent Monday in Emporium.

A big dance will be held in the hall Friday night. A good time promised to all.

Mrs. R. D. Graham is visiting among friends and relatives in this place the past week.

LOUISE.

The symptoms of kidney trouble are urinary disorders, weak back and backache, rheumatism and rheumatic pains and twinges, pains in the groin, etc. There is nothing as good for kidney and bladder trouble as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. You may depend upon them to give entire satisfaction. They are antiseptic, act promptly and soothe pain. Sold by all druggists.

You won't feel the weather if you wear a chamois vest.

The chill that seems to strike right through to your marrow will not be experienced all winter. But that is not the important part of it. One Chamois Vest will guard your health, keep you from taking cold by protecting your lungs. Wear one if you want to be safe.

The OLD RELIABLE DRUG STORE

G. C. TAGGART, Prop.

SINNAMAHONING.

The Cameron Powder Co., is going right along in spite of the cold weather.

Joe Burlingame, of Wharton, was a caller on Monday. Joe says that some of the trappers up the First Fork did not go to bed the night before bear season came in. That's why they captured so many bear the first day of season.

Royal Wykoff, of Trout Run, was visiting friends and relatives here this week.

Geo. Pfoutz, Chester county, was a visitor Monday and related a few hunting stories.

Hon. John McDonald was looking over the new powder works Monday, locating sidings and switches.

Hon. G. W. Huntley is at the new podwer works every day taking charge of the grading.

The stockholders of the Cameron Powder Co., met at the Sinnamahoning House, after looking over the site to elect officers and make all other arrangements necessary to the company. The plant will be one of the largest in the state and will be a big help to Grove township. Wish we had a few more men like Mr. Geo. P. Jones with us.

W. L. Barclay, of the firm of Barclay Bro's, is here this week arranging for the sale of some of their lands to the Cameron Powder Co.

L. C. Wykoff, of First Fork, was a caller this week.

W. C. Bauman, of Lock Haven, was in town Tuesday looking up the talking machine business.

The trapper up the First Fork who caught a bear with some current jelly that he wiped from his mustach has pretty nearly ruined his facile adornment trying to get another bear to take the same bait but of no avail.

J. C. Walkey, of Millersville, was a caller Saturday.

Lieut. D. W. Taggart Post No. 241, G. A. R., will hold their annual election of officers in the P. O. S. of A. hall; Saturday afternoon between trains east and west. All comrades are asked to be present.

As there will be no Chrismast tree or treat for the Sunday schools on Christmas W. C. No. 136, P. O. S. of A., assisters of Camp, No. 122, P. O. of A., will give a treat to all the little ones Friday evening at the P. O. S. of A., hall, after services at the M. E. Church. Santa Claus will be there to distribute the presents to the little ones.

DERSE

After exposure, and when you feel a cold coming on, take Foley's Honey and Tar, the great throat and lung remedy. It stops the croup, relieves the congestion, and expels the cold from your system. Is mildly laxative. Refuse substitutes. Sold by all druggists.

Chestnut Stree

Jewelry Store

R. H. HIRSCH, Prop

Our store has been especially prepared for the HOLIDAY TRADE and invite the citizens of Cameron county to call and examine our new assortment of

Gold and Silverware
Diamonds
Watches, Clocks
Rings, Lockets,
Chains, Etc.

These are newly purchased from the factory and I am prepared to give my customers some real bargains.

Don't forget the place

R. H. HIRSCH

The Sugar Bowl

OPPOSITE HEILMAN'S HARDWARE STORE, EMPORIUM, PA.

The best place in Cameron Caunty t purchase

HOME-MADE CANDIES
NUTS, FIGS, DATES, Etc.

Fruits of all kinds for Christmas
Bananas, Naval Oranges,
Florida Oranges, Lemons,
Malaga Grapes,
Tangerines, Grape Fruit.

New Dates 3 lbs for 25c

New Figs, 15c a lb

Special Sale Until New Year's Day Only

Commencing Dec. 20.

NOTE THE PRICES—Best Pennut Brittle, Cocoa Brittle, all varities of Taffy, 3 lbs for 25c; Fresh Xmas Candies fresh and pure daily. We have a fine line o nuts of every variety.

New Mixed Nuts, Walnuts per lb 15c and 2 0c
Fresh Roasted and Salted Peanuts 15c).

LOOSE HOLLY; HOLLY WREATHS

We deliver goods to any part of town.

Phone 61K.

The Sugar Bowl

EMPORIUM
MILLING COMPANY.

You Cannot Refuse

to test your success in bread making with the PET GROVE FLOUR if you once tested the delicious bread made from it. This flour is made from the choicest wheat that is raised, and it is milled by a process which doesn't eliminate any of the nutriment from the flour. The PET GROVE FLOUR is the favorite with housewives everywhere and you can always find it at our grocers or The Emporium Milling Company.

PRICE LIST.
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 14, 1909.

NEMOPHILA, per sack	$1 60
Felt's Fancy, "	1 70
Pet Grove, "	1 70
Roller Meal "	50
Rye "	75
Graham, "	80
Buckwheat, "	75
Buckwheat, 10 lb sack,	20
Coarse Meal per 100,	1 50
Chop Feed, "	1 50
Cracked Corn per 100	1 50
Middlings, "	1 50
White Middlings, "	1 65
Bran, "	1 50
Chicken Wheat "	2 00
Screenings "	1 50
Oil Meal "	2 00
Corn per bushel,	84
Sterling Chick Feed	2 00
Daisy Dairy Feed	1 50
Daisy Horse Feed,	1 50
Alfalfa Meal,	1 50
White Oats, per bushel,	55
Oyster Shells, per 100	75
Choice Clover Seed,	At Market Prices
Choice Timothy Seed,	At Market Prices
Choice Millet Seed.	At Market Prices

Our New

Peroxide Toilet Cream is superfine—not greasy—

Cleanses, Softens and Whitens the skin and is a grand flesh food

R. C. Dodson
Pharmacist

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by postal card, letter or personally.

Fine line of Handkerchiefs for Xmas at C. B. Howard & Co's.

If you wish a nice Tie or pair of Suspendenders for Xmas call at C. B. Howard & Co's.

All kinds of Ladies, Gents and Childrens Stockings and Fancy Hose for Xmas at C. B. Howard & Co's.

If you desire anything for Xmas Dinner order from C. B. Howard & Co's.

Malaga Grapes and Oranges for Xmas at C. B. Howard & Co's.

Fresh Raisins, Currants and Apples for Xmas at C. B. Howard & Co's.

Mixed Nuts, Soft Shelled Almonds and English, Walnuts all fresh and nice at C. B. Howard & Co's.

James Murphy, of Chicago, formerly of this place, is spending a few days in town visiting old friends and acquaintances.

Ben. G. Hacket, of Sinnamahoning, was at the county seat on Wednesday and was a business caller at the PRESS office.

J. B. Hiney, of Sterling Run, accompanied by Prothonotary W. J. Leavitt, were agreeable PRESS callers on Tuesday and looked through our new home. They expressed great satisfaction with our plant.

H J. Darrin's hopes are blasted. Learning that C. G. Minick, Gordon Howlett and Brooks Hiney were going to South Carolina, he delegated Gordon to look up his old army musket he lost after being taken prisoner. They did not go, so Henry's musket is surely lost.

Dr E O. Bardwell went to Penn Yan, N. Y., on Tuesday to visit with his brother and family for a week. He expects to be absent only a few days, returning the fore part of next week. Dr. W. H. Bush will attend to his patients during his absence.

Frank B. Hoag, of Cameron, was a pleasant PRESS caller on Monday and pushed his date ahead for another year.

Claude E. Rentz arrived in Emporium last Saturday afternoon from Pittsburg to spend the holidays.

Prof. R. Howard Edgar is spending the holiday season the guest of his father, at Wilmerding, Pa.

Prof. W. Grier Briner departed for his home at Carlisle, Pa., on Saturday where he will spend his vacation.

Miss Jean McNarney, who is attending State College, is spending her vacation at her home, at this place.

Miss Etta Holcomb spent last Sunday and Monday with frinds at Jamestown, N. Y., and Erie, Pa.

Rodney Shives, who is attending school at Buffalo, is home for the festive season.

Messrs. Harry E. Elliot and A. W. Phillips, of Sinnamahoning, were business callers at this place, on Saturday, evening

P. D Larry, of Ridgway, called on friends at this place, last Sunday afternoon between trains.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Davison, of Ridgway, called on their many friends at this place, last Sunday.

Mrs. Arthur Kline, of National Mine, Mich., arrived in town last Tuesday, and will visit relatives for some time.

Ex-Prothonotary C. Jay Goodenough has been confined to his room for several days, suffering with an attack of plourisy. He is able to be out again.

Miss Carrie Huff, who has been assistant postmaster at Austin, has resigned her position and returned to her home at this place.

Chas. Diehl and wife, of Cleveland, O., are guests at the Judge LaBar residence, West Fifth street.

Mrs. Guy A. Klees is spending the week at St. Marys, guest of relatives.

Miss Kate Metzger, who is attending school at Oberlin, O., arrived at home this noon, to spend her vacation with her parents and many friends

Messrs. John T. and Chas. J. Howard are spending several days, transacting business at Williamsport, Olean and Buffalo.

Mrs. Rose Lupold and daughter, and Misses Mary and Florence and Master Edward Weisman, of Olean, are guests at the home of Joshua Bair and family, East Fifth street. J. M. Bair, of Salamanca, John Weisman, Olean, and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bair, Jersey Shore, are expected here for Christmas.

Frank Bowen, the popular clerk at Frank 'Shives', expects to spend the Holidays with his parents at Bradford.

Merry, Merry Xmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year to all our patrons. MEISEL'S CANDY KITCHEN.

New Year's Dance.

The approaching New Year's Dance to be given by the Rescue Hook and Ladder Company, of this place, on Friday evening (New Years's Eve) promises to be a very enjoyable affair. The popular Germania Orchestra, of Lock Haven, will furnish the music, which in itself bespeaks a good time. The committee in charge are exerting every effort to make the dance a success, both socially and financially. Everyone should turn out and help.

A Pretty Gift.

Ye Editor was the recipient of a pretty and useful gift, from J. H. Moorehouse, of the firm of Johnston, Moorehouse, Dickey Company, of Pittsburg, this morning. The gift is in the form of a deck of cards in a leather case with tally cards. Please accept our sincere thanks.

A Food of Plaster.

Last Monday afternoon the water pipes in the bath room of the residence of Mr. Charles J. Howard and family froze and bursted and loosened the plaster on the ceiling in the dining room, causing the same to drop. The table was all prepared for dinner and everything was completely covered with plaster—and Chas. was not at home to enjoy (?) it.

The sale of from 16 to 25 lb., of "our own make" Nongat, every day, tells the story of its excellent eating quality. MEISEL'S.

Peanut and Cocoanut Brittles, the best ever, 10c per lb. MEISEL'S.

Blunt.

"I should like to go to my mother-in-law's funeral this afternoon, sir," said the bookkeeper to the "old man."

"So should I," replied the proprietor as he turned to his desk again.—London Tit-Bits.

Nautical.

"Cap, how many knots an hour can you make with this vessel?"

"Can't make any just now; we're tied up."—Baltimore American.

What is not necessary is dear at a penny.—Danish Proverb.

THE NEW ALPINE HOUSE,
Sterling Run, Pa.
W. H. BAGLEY, Proprietor.
First-class accommodations in every particular. This old and popular House has been thoroughly refitted to meet every requirement of this rapidly growing town. Terms, reasonable.
45-ly.

AN EXCITING RIDE.

Galloping Over a Rough Mountain Road In the Andes.

In going over one of the mountain roads on the way to the crest of the Andes the traveler has need of steady nerves. A passage in "The Andean Land," by C. S. Osborn, describes the journey.

The road is narrow and rocky and rutty and steep, with no walls to speak of except tumbledown ones that increase the danger by their false suggestion of safety, and in one place the wagon would fall 2,000 feet if it should roll off the edge of the mountain.

The road has no graceful sweeps or round, easy curves as it takes its way up the titanic heights, but rather it zigzags like the teeth of a saw, ascending in short stretches and doubling back at sharply acute angles, leaving very little room for a team and wagon to turn in when driven slowly and carefully and two abreast.

Now, imagine, if you can, the horses driven madly in a gallop, no trot—that would be slow—but in quick, short, jerky jumps, such as the mustang-like animals would make under the saddle when pressed.

The short, high coach follows the cavorting horses, jerking, careening and springing like a small boat sailing in a wildly choppy sea. You perceive that the wheels are strong and the springs, too, and the whole rig evidently intended for chariot racing.

The driver groans, yells, whistles shrilly, cracks his thick rawhide whip, lashes his horses and does everything he knows that will inspire fear and induce speed. All this you become accustomed to in a measure on your dash up the narrow road dug into and blown out of the giant ribs of the towering mountains.

AN INSPIRING TRIBUTE.

Touching Scene That Occurred In the House of Representatives.

From a volume by Hon. A. E. Stevenson, "Something of Men I Have Known," is taken this account of an incident which deserves a place in memory:

A touching scene occurred in the house of representatives a number of years ago when an aged member from New Jersey arose and for the first time addressed the speaker. All eyes were turned in his direction as he stood calmly awaiting recognition. He was tall, spare and erect. His venerable appearance and kindly expression, coupled with most courteous manners, at once commanded attention. As in husky tones he again said "Mr. Speaker!" there came from the farthest end of the great hall in a whisper, but distinctly heard by all, the words, "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt." A moment later and from the floor and gallery many voices blended in the familiar refrain, "Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?"

The ovation which immediately followed was such as is rarely witnessed in the great hall. Business was suspended for the moment and the hand of the new member warmly grasped by the chosen representatives of all parties and sections. It was an inspiring tribute, one worthily bestowed. The member was Thomas Dunn English, author of the little poem, sung in palace and cottage, which has found its way into all languages and touched all hearts.

The Man Behind the Gun.

The late Admiral Erben had the good fortune or the merit to originate a world circling phrase, "the man behind the gun." He used it in a speech on the factors of success in naval warfare to emphasize the necessity of having efficiency, preparedness, run through the entire personnel. It was also a reminder that the enlisted men have a good deal more to do with bringing about victory than always appears in history or official reports. The expression was employed in supplementing the views of Captain Mahan and attained circulation at once as epitomizing a whole library of instruction.—Boston Transcript.

The Waters Under the Earth.

Below a depth of six miles under the surface of the earth's crust it is believed that no water can exist in the rock formations, because the tremendous pressure probably closes all pores. But above that level the quantity of underground water is estimated to be equal to one-third of all the water contained in the oceans. If poured over the land surface of the globe the underground water would, it is averred, be sufficient to cover it to a uniform depth of from 3,000 to 3,500 feet.

Rapid Transit.

In response to a growing demand in his home a certain author once went to his father's house, borrowed the family high chair and started taking it home by hand. He had to wait long for his car, and when it finally came as conductor was a humorist.

"Aren't you pretty big for that chair?" that official ventured

"Yes," admitted Webster wearily. "I grew up while waiting for the car."—Success Magazine.

Exclusive.

"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower," said the haughty lady.

"Oh, yes," rejoined Mrs. Cumrox, with interest. "Mine didn't. None of my family ever cared for those big excursions."—Washington Star.

Genius.

"Why is it," asks a writer in Fliegende Blatter, "that when a man discovers that he is a genius he allows his hair to grow long and that when a woman becomes similarly conscious she has her hair cut short?"

Closed Christmas Day

Except for a short time in the morning, for the correction of any errors and for the accommodation of any who may have overlooked or forgotten to provide some of the necessaries, NO DELIVERIES.

DAY'S

The Satisfactory Store

Do not fail to remember that Christmas comes on Saturday and that it will be necessary for you to make provision on Friday for both Saturday and Sunday. We will be prepared to meet your needs for New Years Day.

Special Prices for FRIDAY and SATURDAY THIS WEEK

Sugar	25lb Bag Best Granlated	$1.45	Butter	Spring Brook Creamery Prints	39
Coffee	20c Blend 2lbs 35c; a lb	18	Beans	California Lima lb	8
Clam Chowder	Burnham's large can	22	Tomatoes	Best Standard Packed, 3 cans	25
Prunes	Large 20c value lb	18	Macaroni	Imported 15c pkge Any style	12
Tea	40c quality, green black or mixed a lb	40	Chocolate	Walter Baker Co's Lb	40
Grape Juice	Welch's 30c bottle	25	Baked Beans	Burnhams Large	18

Lucious Baltimore Shucked Oysters
For Christmas and New Year's

No good dinner is complete without Oysters, either raw as a starter or fried, stewed or escalloped, as an entree or in the turkey dressing.

Best Obtainable Lake Fish
Leave Orders for Delivery Friday Morning

No paper next week, but watch the store for week end sale prices.
You Get Better Values Here

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS and A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

Yours to serve,

J. H. DAY,

Phone 6. Emporium, Pa.

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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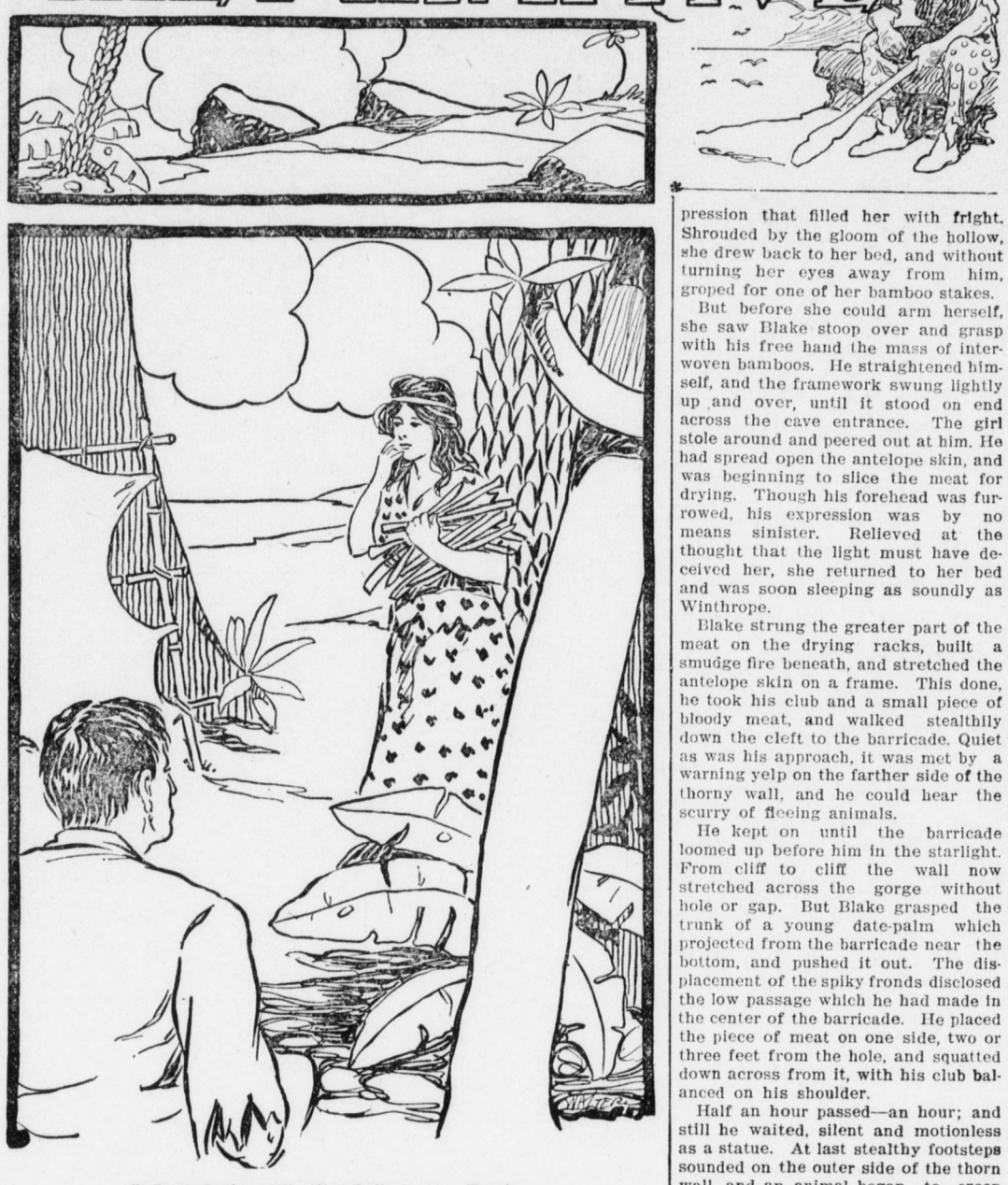


"I Don't Believe Win Was Built for the Tropics.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrope, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor. Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrope wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scored by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrope. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed hats to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on cocoanuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness. Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign. Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs. In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights. The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal. Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Blake's efforts to kill antelopes failed. Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrope, Miss Leslie became frightened. Winthrope became ill with fever. Blake was poisoned by a fish. Jackals attacked the camp that night, but were driven off by Genevieve.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

She was far too preoccupied, however, to consider what this might mean. Her first thought was of a fire. She ran to her rude stone fireplace and raked over the ashes. They were still warm, but there was not a live ember among them. Yet she realized that Winthrope must have hot food when he awakened, and Blake had carried with him the magnifying glass. For a little she stood hesitating. But the defeat of the jackals had given her courage and resolution such as she had never before known. She returned into the cave, and chose the sharpest of her stakes. Having made certain that Winthrope was still asleep, she set off boldly down the cleft.

At the first turn she came upon Blake's thorn barricade. It stretched across the narrowest part of the cleft in an impenetrable wall, 12 feet high. Only in the center was a gap, which could have been filled by Blake in less than two hours' work. The girl's eyes brightened. She herself could gather the thorn-brush and fill the gap before night. They no longer need fear the jackals or even the larger beasts of prey. None the less, they must have fire.

Spurred on by the thought, she was about to spring through the barricade when she heard the tread of feet on the path beyond. She crouched down, and peered through the tangle of brush in the edge of the gap. Less than ten paces away Blake was plodding heavily up the trail. She stepped out before him.

"You—you! Are you alive?" she gasped.

"Live? You bet your boots!" came back the grim response. "You bet I'm alive—though I had to go Jonah one better to do it. The whale heaved him up; I heaved up the whale—and it took about a barrel of sea-water to do it."

"Sea-water?"

"Sure . . . I tumbled over twice on the way. But I made the beach. Lord! how I pumped in the briny deep! Guess I won't go into details—but if you think you know anything about seasickness— Whew! Lucky for yours truly, the tide was just starting out, and the wind off shore. I'd fallen in the water, and the Jonah business laid me out cold. Didn't know anything until the tide came up again and soused me."

"I am very glad you're not dead. But how you must have suffered! You are still white, and your face is all creased."

Blake attempted a careless laugh. "Don't worry about me. I'm here, O. K., all that's left,—a little wobbly on my pins, but hungry as a shark. But say, what's up with you? You're sweating like a— Good thing, though. It'll stave off your spell of fever a while. How'd you happen to be coming down here so early?"

"I was starting to find you."

"Me!"

"Not you—that is, I thought you were dead. I was going to make certain, and to—to get the burning-glass."

"Um-m. I see. Let the fire go out, eh?"

"Do not blame me, Mr. Blake! I was so ill and worn out, and I've paid for it twice over, really I have. Didn't those awful beasts attack you?"

"Beasts? How's that?" he demanded.

"Oh, but you must have heard them! The horrid things tried to kill us!" she cried, and she poured out a half incoherent account of all that had happened since he left.

Blake listened intently, his jaw thrust out, his eyes glowing upon her with a look which she had never before seen in any man's eyes. But his first comment had nothing to do with her conduct.

"How's that?—sorry Win got roasted out of his nice little snooze—Why, don't you know, we'd been all alone in our glory by to-night if it hadn't been for those brutes. He was in the stupor, and that would have been the end of him if the beasts hadn't stirred him up so lively. I've heard of such a thing before, but I always thought it was a fake. Here you are sweating, too."

"I feel much better than yesterday. I did not tell you, but I have felt ill for nearly a week."

"'Fraid to tell, eh?—and you were so scared over the beasts— Scared! By Jiminy, you've got grit, little woman! There's two kinds of scaredness. You've got the Stonewall Jackson kind. If anybody asks you, just refer them to Tommy Blake."

"Thank you, Mr. Blake. But should we not hasten back now to prepare something for Mr. Winthrope?"

"Ditto for yours truly. I'm like that sepulchre you read about—white outside, and within nothing but bare bones and emptiness."

CHAPTER XV.

With Bow and Club.

THE fire was soon re-lit, and a pot of meat set on to stew. It had ample time to simmer. Winthrope was wrapped in a life-giving sleep, out of which he did not awaken until evening, while Blake, unable to wait for the pot to boil, and nauseated by the fishy odor of the dried seafowl, hunted out the jerked leopard meat, and having devoured enough to satisfy a native, fell asleep under a bush.

The sun was half down the sky when he sat up and looked around, wide awake the moment he opened his eyes. Miss Leslie was quietly placing an armful of sticks on the fuel heap beside the baobab.

"Hello, Miss Jenny! Hard at it, I see," he called cheerfully.

"Hush!" she cautioned. "Mr. Winthrope is still asleep."

"Good thing for him. He'll need all of that he can get."

"Then you think—"

"Well, between you and me, I don't believe Win was built for the tropics. This fever of his, coming on so soon, wouldn't have hit nine men in ten half so hard. He's bound to have another spell in a month or two, and—"

"But cannot we possibly get away from here before then? Is there no way? Surely, you are so resourceful—"

"Nothing doing, Miss Jenny! Give me tools, and I'd engage to turn out a seagoing boat. But as it is, the only thing I could do would be to fire-burn a log. That would take two or three months, and in the end we'd have a lop-sided canoe that'd live about half a second in one of these tropic squalls."

"Do not the natives sail in canoes?"

"Maybe they do—and they make fire by rubbing sticks. We don't."

"But what can we do?"

"Take our medicine, and wait for a ship to show up."

"But we have no medicine."

"Have no— Say, Miss Jenny, you really ought to have stayed home from boarding-school and England long enough to learn your own language. I meant, we've got to take what's coming to us, without laying down or grouching. Both are the worst things out for malaria."

"You mean that we must resign ourselves to this intolerable situation—that we must calmly sit here and wait until the fever—"

"No; I'll take care we don't sit around very much. We'll go on the hike, soon as Win can wobble. Which reminds me, I've got a little hike on hand now. I'm going to close up that barricade before dark. Me for a quiet night!"

Without waiting for a reply, he took his weapons, and swung briskly away down the cleft.

He returned a few minutes before sunset, with what appeared to be a large fur bag upon his back. Miss Leslie was pouring a bowl of broth from the stew-pot, and did not notice him until he sang out to her: "Hey, Miss Jenny, spill over that stuff! No more of that in ours!"

"It's for Mr. Winthrope. He has just awakened," she replied, still intent on her pouring.

"And you'd kill him with that slop! Heave it over. He's going to have beef juice."

"Oh! what's that on your back? You've killed an antelope!"

"Sure! Bushbuck, I guess they call him. Sneaked up when he was drinking, and stuck an arrow into his side. He jumped off a little way, and turned to see what'd bit him. I hauled off and put the second arrow right through his eye, into his brain. Neatest thing you ever saw."

"You surely are becoming a splendid archer!"

"Yes; Jim dandy! I could do it again about once in 10,000 shots. All the same, I've raked in this peacherino. Trot out your grill and we'll have something fit to eat."

"You spoke of beef juice."

"I've a dozen steaks ready to broil. Slap 'em on the fire, and I'll squeeze out enough juice with my fist to do Win for to-night."

He made good his assertion, using several of the steaks, which, having lost less than half their juices in the process, were eaten with great relish by Miss Leslie and himself.

Winthrope, after drinking the stimulating beef juice and a quantity of hot water, turned over and fell asleep again while Blake was dressing his wounds. None of these was serious of itself; but Blake knew the danger of infection in the tropics, and carefully washed out the gashes before applying the tallow salve which Miss Leslie had tried out from the antelope fat.

The dressing was completed by torchlight. Blake then rolled the sleeper into a comfortable position, took the torch from Miss Leslie, and left the cave, pausing at the entrance to mutter a gruff good-night. The girl murmured a response, but watched him anxiously as he passed out. A step beyond the entrance he paused and turned again. In the red glare of the torch, his face took on an expression that filled her with fright. Shrouded by the gloom of the hollow, she drew back to her bed, and without turning her eyes away from him, groped for one of her bamboo stakes.

But before she could arm herself, she saw Blake stoop over and grasp with his free hand the mass of interwoven bamboos. He straightened himself, and the framework swung lightly up and over, until it stood on end across the cave entrance. The girl stole around and peered out at him. He had spread open the antelope skin, and was beginning to slice the meat for drying. Though his forehead was furrowed, his expression was by no means sinister. Relieved at the thought that the light must have deceived her, she returned to her bed and was soon sleeping as soundly as Winthrope.

Blake strung the greater part of the meat on the drying racks, built a smudge fire beneath, and stretched the antelope skin on a frame. This done, he took his club and a small piece of bloody meat, and walked stealthily down the cleft to the barricade. Quiet as was his approach, it was met by a warning yelp on the farther side of the thorny wall, and he could hear the scurry of fleeing animals.

He kept on until the barricade loomed up before him in the starlight. From cliff to cliff the wall now stretched across the gorge without hole or gap. But Blake grasped the trunk of a young date-palm which projected from the barricade near the bottom, and pushed it out. The displacement of the spiky fronds disclosed the low passage which he had made in the center of the barricade. He placed the piece of meat on one side, two or three feet from the hole, and squatted down across from it, with his club balanced on his shoulder.

Half an hour passed—an hour; and still he waited, silent and motionless as a statue. At last stealthy footsteps sounded on the outer side of the thorn wall, and an animal began to creep through the wall, sniffing for the bait. Blake waited with the immobility of an Eskimo. The delay was brief.

With a boldness for which Blake had not been prepared, the beast leaped through and seized the meat. Even in the dim light, Blake could see that he had lured an animal larger than any jackal. But this only served to lend greater force to his blow. As he struck, he leaped to his feet. The brute fell as though struck by lightning and lay still.

Blake prodded the inert form warily; then knelt and passed his hands over it. The beast had whirled about just in time to meet the descending club, and the blow had crushed in its skull. Chuckling at the success of his ruse, he drew the palm back into the opening, and swung his prize over his shoulder. When he came to the fire, a glance showed him that he had killed a full-grown spotted hyena.

In the morning, when Miss Leslie appeared, there were two hides stretched on bamboo frames, and the air was dark with vultures streaming down into the cleft near the barricade. Blake was sleeping the sleep of the just, and did not waken until she had built the fire and begun to broil the steaks which he had saved.

Again they had a feast of the fresh antelope meat. But with repletion came more of fastidiousness, and Blake agreed with Miss Leslie when she remarked that salt would have added to the flavor. He set off presently, and spent half a day on the talus of the headland, gathering salt from the rock crannies.

For the next three days he left the cleft only to gather eggs. The greater part of his time was spent in tanning the hyena and antelope skins. Meantime Miss Leslie continued to nurse Winthrope and to gather firewood. Under Blake's directions, she also purified the salt by dissolving it in a pot of water, and allowing the dirt to settle, when the clarified solution was poured off and evaporated over the fire in one of the earthenware pans.

At first Winthrope had been too weak to sit up. But treated to a liberal diet of antelope broth, raw eggs, hot water, and cocoanut milk, he gained strength faster than Blake had expected. On the fourth day Blake set him to work on the final rubbing of the new skins; on the fifth, he ordered him to go for eggs.

Much to Miss Leslie's surprise, Winthrope started off without a word of protest. All his peevish irritability had gone with the fever, and the girl was gratified to see the quiet manner in which he set about a task which seemed an imposition upon his half-regained strength. But the very motive which, seemingly, prevented him from protesting, impelled her to speak for him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Premium on Total Abstinence.

A prominent manufacturer of Westphalia, Germany, has offered to pay ten marks ($2.50) to any one of his employes who has joined a total abstinence society, with extra and larger reward for those who maintain their membership for definite periods of time.

SUFFERED TERRIBLY.

How Relief from Distressing Kidney Trouble Was Found.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wolf, 388 W. Morgan St., Tipton, Mo., says: "Inflammation of the bladder reached its climax last spring and I suffered terribly. My back ached and pained so I could hardly get around and the secretions were scanty, frequent of passage and painful. I was tired all the time and very nervous. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and after taking a few boxes was cured and have been well ever since."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HE DID HIS BEST.

Merchant—What? You were robbed of everything on the way?

Messenger—Yes, but don't worry. They gave me a receipt.

SAVE THIS RECIPE FOR COLDS

"Mix half pint of good whiskey with two ounces of glycerine and add one-half ounce Concentrated pine compound. The bottle is to be well shaken each time and used in doses of a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful every four hours." Any druggist has these ingredients or he will get them from his wholesale house. The Concentrated pine is a special pine product and comes only in half ounce bottles, each enclosed in an air-tight case, but be sure it is labeled "Concentrated." This is one of the best and quickest remedies known to science.

Stated in Cold Figures.

It costs on an average about $250 to cure an incipient consumptive or to care for an advanced case of tuberculosis until death. If he is left in destitute circumstances without proper attention he will surely infect with his disease at least two other persons, and possibly more. Considering that the average life is worth to society in dollars and cents about $1,500, the net loss which would accrue to a community by not treating its poor consumptives in proper institutions would be, for each case, including those who are unnecessarily infected, at the very lowest figure, $4,250. On this basis, if the poor consumptives in the United States who are now sick were segregated from their families, and either kept in institutions until they died, or else cured of their disease, the saving to the country would be the enormous sum of $1,275,000,000.

Slow Recovery.

"Is the editor out?" asked a visitor to the office of the Ridgeville Banner.

"Yes, sir," answered the editor's small assistant. "He's gone out to put away a jug of licker left by a subscriber."

"Do you think it will take him long to put it away?"

"Naw, sir, it won't take him long ter put it away, but after that he won't be able ter do nuthin' fur a week."

His Retort.

Newzance—Do you know, young man, that five out of six people who suffer from heart trouble have brought it upon themselves through the filthy habit of smoking?

Karmley—Really! And possibly you are aware that nine out of ten people who suffer from black eyes can trace the complaint to a habit of not minding their own business.—Pearson's Weekly.

HABIT'S CHAIN

Certain Habits Unconsciously Formed and Hard to Break.

An ingenious philosopher estimates that the amount of will power necessary to break a life-long habit would, if it could be transformed, lift a weight of many tons.

It sometimes requires a higher degree of heroism to break the chains of a pernicious habit than to lead a forlorn hope in a bloody battle. A lady writes from an Indiana town:

"From my earliest childhood I was a lover of coffee. Before I was out of my teens I was a miserable dyspeptic, suffering terribly at times with my stomach.

"I was convinced that it was coffee that was causing the trouble and yet I could not deny myself a cup for breakfast. At the age of 36 I was in very poor health, indeed. My sister told me I was in danger of becoming a coffee drunkard.

"But I never could give up drinking coffee for breakfast, although it kept me constantly ill, until I tried Postum. I learned to make it properly according to directions, and now we can hardly do without Postum for breakfast, and care nothing for coffee.

"I am no longer troubled with dyspepsia, do not have spells of suffering with my stomach that used to trouble me so when I drank coffee."

Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a Reason."

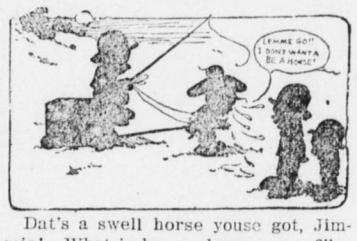
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

COUGHING BURST BLOOD VESSEL

Says Danger Avoided and Cures Coughs in 5 Hours.

A writer for the medical press states that coughing is responsible for the bursting of blood vessels quite frequently. A cough or cold means inflammation (fever) and congestion, and these in turn indicate that the body is full of poisons and waste matter. Simple relief, as found in patent cough medicines, and whiskey, often result in more harm than good; as they cause more congestion. A tonic-laxative cough syrup will work marvels and here follows a prescription which is becoming famous for its prompt relief and thorough cures. It rids the system of the cause, except it be consumption. Don't wait for consumption to grasp its victim, but begin this treatment, which cures some in five hours. Mix in a bottle one-half ounce fluid wild cherry bark, one ounce compound essence cardiol and three ounces syrup white pine compound. Take twenty drops every half hour for four hours. Then one-half to one teaspoonful three or four times a day. Give children less according to age.

HIS STATUS.



Dat's a swell horse youse got, Jimmie! What is he, a charger, or—?"

"Aw, by de way he is always kickin', I guess he's just a plain mule!"

AGONIZING ITCHING.

Eczema for a Year—Got No Relief Even at Skin Hospital—In Despair

Until Cuticura Cured Him.

"I was troubled with a severe itching and dry, scrufy skin on my ankles, feet, arms and scalp. Scratching made it worse. Thousands of small red pimples formed and these caused intense itching. I was advised to go to the hospital for diseases of the skin. I did so, the chief surgeon saying: "I never saw such a bad case of eczema." But I got little or no relief. Then I tried many so-called remedies, but I became so bad that I almost gave up in despair. After suffering agonies for twelve months, I was relieved of the almost unbearable itching after two or three applications of Cuticura Ointment. I continued its use, combined with Cuticura Soap and Pills, and I was completely cured. Henry Searle, Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 8 and 10, 1907."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Taking the Tips.

"Why did Dollarby sell his hotel?"

"He wasn't making money fast enough."

"What is he doing now?"

"He's luxuriating in the position of head waiter."

Heroic souls in old times had no more opportunities than we have; but they used them.—Charles Kingsley.

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

GENUINE must bear signature: Brent Good

Wanted At Once—A Man

To Make $100 Per Month Above Expenses

1000 MEN ARE NOW MAKING BIG MONEY with our Medicines, Extracts, Spices, Soaps, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Stock and Poultry Preparations, Polishes, etc. We are one of the largest importers and manufacturers in the U. S. Our capital and surplus is One Million Dollars. We make over 60 products, all guaranteed. Our factories have over 3 acres of floor space.

WE NOW WANT one man in each unoccupied locality to take full charge of all deliveries to farmers and others from a wagon similar to the above; in short, a man able to take full charge of everything pertaining to our business in his district. Not every man can fill this position now can we afford to contract with one who is too extravagant for his old or too young. We want to hear from men who have been fairly successful—honest, industrious men who will be satisfied to make not less than

$100 Per Month Clear Profit

above expenses the first year, $1800 the second year, and $2400 the third year.

If you are fairly well acquainted in your locality and you think you can fill the position, lose no time in writing us for full particulars as we are now rapidly filling all good territory. We do not want to hear from men under 21 or over 50 years of age, colored people, or women. To get this position a man must be able to furnish 1 or 2 horses to conduct the business, also good business men as references. If you can't meet these requirements do not write. If you can meet them, write us; you are the man we are looking for. The position pays big to honorable and industrious men.

W. T. RAWLEIGH CO. 36 Liberty St. Freeport, Ill.

Best for Baby and Best for Mother

PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS and COLDS

Is fine for children and adults, very pleasant to take and free from opiates. It soothes and heals the aching throat and assures restful nights to both mother and child.

All Druggists, 25 cents.

GRIM REAPER TAKES RULER OF BELGIUM

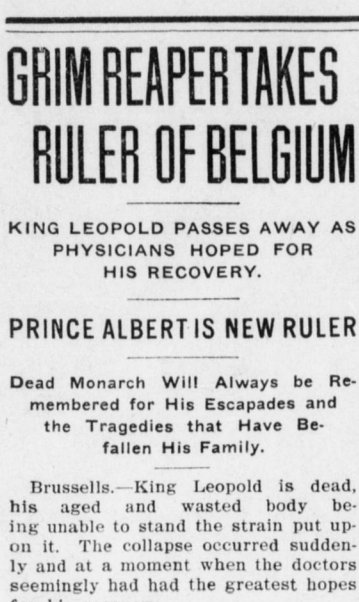
KING LEOPOLD PASSES AWAY AS PHYSICIANS HOPED FOR HIS RECOVERY.

PRINCE ALBERT IS NEW RULER

Dead Monarch Will Always be Remembered for His Escapades and the Tragedies that Have Befallen His Family.

Brussells.—King Leopold is dead, his aged and wasted body being unable to stand the strain put upon it. The collapse occurred suddenly and at a moment when the doctors seemingly had had the greatest hopes for his recovery.

King Leopold's recent illness dated from about two weeks ago, when he was compelled to take to his bed, suffering from rheumatism. It was thought at the time that he had a stroke of apoplexy, for he was paralyzed on one side and the paraiysis seemingly spread over the entire body. His confinement brought about intestinal obstruction, for which an operation had been performed.



Leopold of Belgium.

Prince Albert, son of the late Count Philip of Flanders, succeeds to the throne. The new king is 34 years of age. He married Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria in 1900. The royal pair have three children, two boys, Prince Leopold, aged eight; Prince Charles, aged six, and Princess Marie Jose, aged three.

It has been learned that the only person at the royal bedside when the king died besides the physicians was Baroness Vaughan, and it has just been announced by the chaplain at Laeken that the king was married secretly according to religious rites to the baroness by whom he had two children. The chaplain says it is not true that the last sacraments were administered to the king in the presence of the whole royal family as was officially stated. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the baroness alone.

Sketch of King's Career.

Leopold II, King of the Beigians, was born April 9, 1835. His father was Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, an uncle of the late Queen Victoria. His mother was a daughter of Louis Philippi of France.

Leopold's father was elected King of the Belgians in 1831, when they escaped from Dutch rule, and Leopold II succeeded to the throne in 1865. At the age of 18 he was married to Marie Henriette, daughter of the Archduke Joseph of Austria. On his majority he entered the Belgian senate. During the following five years he traveled in Spain, Morocco, Algiers, Egypt, Palestine, India and China, earning the distinction of being the most traveled monarch in Europe when he became ruler of Belgium.

Leopold's son and heir died in 1869 at the age of ten. Thus Prince Albert, nephew of Leopold and son of the Count of Flanders, became heir to the throne. Three daughters were born to Leopold and his consort: The Princess Louise, who was married to Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha against her will, was finally sent to a machouse and a few years ago caused a great scandal by her elopement with an Austrian captain of Hussars; Princess Stignante, who was married to the Archduke Rudolph of Austria, who came to a mysterious end; and the Princess Clementine, whose fiance, Prince Baldwin, also came to a violent and mysterious end. There was a woman involved in this tragedy, too, as rumor says there was in that of Rudolph. Queen Henriette died several years ago.

Statesmen and builder of empire, financier and captain of industry, one of the most picturesque, spectacular and versatile characters in history, King Leopold will always be remembered for his escapades and the tragedies that have befallen his family.

Immediately after his marriage the king's name was coupled with that of one of the queen's waiting women. Two of Leopold's most noted favorites were Cara Ward, a Michigan girl, better known as the Princess de Chimay, and Cleo de Merode. He forced the queen to receive the princess at one of the palace fetes. By his attentions to the De Merode woman he made her for a time almost another Du Barry. Sculptors made her the subject of a decadent art, her fashion of wearing her hair spread to many heads and her vogue in Paris made her a fortune apart from that which the king showered on her.

When the unhappy queen heard her husband had given to this woman her favorite string of pearls, she tried to commit suicide by choking herself with a string not much larger than that on which the pearls were strung.

But it was the Kongo that gave to Leopold the bulk of his great fortune. On certain well established data it has been reckoned that the king's personal profits were not less than $50,000,000 before the Belgian government anexed the Kongo Free State and paid him $10,000,000 for his private territory, the infamous crown domain.

The Berlin congress of 1885 handed over the Kongo to Leopold to administer. The world applauded his magnanimity, and forgot the Kongo for the next 20 years.

In 1891 Leopold applied to the Belgian parliament for a loan of $5,000,000, without interest, to be spent on the Kongo, producing at the same time the celebrated will by which he bequeathed the state to the Belgian people. The government readily granted the loan. For the next five years the country was being filled with arms, an army was being raised and drilled by European officers, stations and a railway were being built. Nothing in the way of preparation for the carrying of the great plot escaped Leopold's genius for organization. He proceeded slowly and secretly, bluffing European statesmen, hoodwinking his own people, lulling the conscience of Europe through his press bureau, isolating the Free State from inquisitive Europeans, violating in the most brazen manner the provisions of the Berlin act which provided for free trade in the state.

He set aside for himself the great crown domain, a territory ten times as large as Belgium. Every human being and every scrap of wealth within that domain belonged to Leopold. The Kongo outside the crown domain was divided up among concessionaire companies, who were given an almost free hand and were accorded the protection of the native army to "stimulate" the natives in gathering rubber. The king held the majority of the shares in these companies, which brought to him many millions in dividends, actual blood money, wealth won at the cost of innumerable lives and untold suffering on the part of the black slaves. And the king continued to draw profits from these companies until his death, although the profits lessened with the years through exhaustion and due to the bettering conditions through countless exposures by missionaries, consuls and travelers.

ZELAYA RESIGNS PRESIDENCY

Fearing Wrath of the People Nicaraguan Retires Behind Armed Guard —Sends Message to Congress.

Managua, Nicaragua.—Jose Santos Zelaya has resigned from the presidency of Nicaragua. Apparently there was no other course for him to take. The people were at last aroused. The guns of the revolutionists threatened. The warships of the United States lay in Nicaraguan ports.

Managua has been seething for days. The spirit of the revolt has spread even to the gates of the palace. Zelaya has surrounded himself with an armed guard. Unchecked, the populace have marched through the streets, crying for the end of the old, proclaiming the new regime.

Accompanying his resignation, Zelaya sent the following message to congress:

"The painful circumstances in which the country is plunged call for acts of abnegation and patriotism on the part of good citizens, who are the witnesses of the oppression of the republic by the heavy hand of fate. The country is staggering under a shameless revolution, which threatens the nation's sovereignty, and a foreign nation unjustly intervenes in our affairs, publicly providing the rebels with arms, which has only resulted in their being defeated everywhere through the heroism of our troops.

"To avoid further bloodshed, and for the reason that the revolutionists have declared that they would put down their arms when I surrender the executive power, I hereby place in the hands of the national assembly the abandonment of the remainder of my term of office, which is to be filled by a substitute of their choosing, with the hope that this will result in good to Nicaragua, the re-establishment of peace, and particularly the suspension of the hostility of the United States, to which I do not wish to give a pretext for intervention."

Bluefields, Nicaragua.—The American grip on Bluefields was tightened when Commander Shipley of the cruiser Des Moines, on the authority of Rear Admiral Kimball, in command of the American forces in Nicaragua, issued a proclamation formally stating that no fighting would be allowed at Bluefields. Thomas P. Moffat, the American consul here, delivered the message to Adolfo Diaz, provisional secretary of state, to be forwarded to Gen. Estrada at Rama.

Washington, D. C.—Because Americans in Nicaragua are thought to be in grave danger the state department, at the direct instance of President Taft, has issued orders by cable to Admiral Kimball at Panama for the Buffalo with 700 marines, to proceed at once to Corinto.

This action came as a result of a notification from the official representative of the United States at Managua, the Nicaraguan capital, that Zelaya has issued daggers to his friends for use on American citizens. The threats against American citizens were communicated to Consul Leonard and Vice Consul Caldera at Managua, the scene of the proposed assassinations, and were cabled promptly to the state department.

State Guarantee Boosts Banks.

Guthrie, Okla.—According to a statement just issued by State Bank Commissioner A. M. Young, the condition of the 662 state banks of Oklahoma on November 16 showed an increase in individual deposits of $4,998,173 in comparison with the September report and an increase of $7,086,505 over the report made in June. This is the greatest gain shown since the state guarantee law became effective. The total deposits in state banks on November 16 amounted to $42,775,433.

Smaller Families; Larger Children.

Washington, D. C.—The immigration commission which was appointed under the regime of that prince of antirace suicide advocates, Theodore Roosevelt, has just submitted a preliminary report to congress. Sandwiched in with a lot of interesting facts about the effect of a free country upon the second generation of immigrant parents, is the remarkable discovery that the tendency toward small families, while causing a decrease in the number of children, has caused an increase in size of individual

SOUNDS LIKE A FAIRY TALE

THE FARMERS OF CENTRAL CANADA REAP WHEAT AND RICHES.

Up in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the provinces that compose Central Canada have such a quantity of land suitable for the growth of small grains, which grow so abundantly, and yield so handsomely that no fear need be feared of a wheat famine on this Continent. The story reproduced below is only one of the hundreds of proofs that could be produced to show the results that may be obtained from cultivation of the lands in these provinces. Almost any section of the country will do as well.

With the country recently opened by the Grand Trunk Pacific, the latest of the great transcontinental lines to enter the field of the development of the Canadian West, there is afforded added ample opportunity to do as was done in the case cited below:

To buy a section of land, break it up and crop it, make $17,550 out of the yield and $10,880 out of the increase of value all within the short period of two years, was the record established by James Bailey, a well known farmer within a few miles of Regina. Mr. Bailey bought the 640 acres of land near Grand Coulee two years ago. He immediately prepared the whole section for crop and this year has 600 acres of wheat and 40 acres of oats. The wheat yielded 19,875 bushels, and the oats yielded 4,750 bushels. The whole of the grain has been marketed and Mr. Bailey is now worth $17,550 from the grain alone. He bought the land at $18 an acre, and the other day refused an offer of $35 an acre, just a $17 advance for the time of his purchase. The land cost $11,320 in the first instance. Here are the figures of the case.—Land cost, 640 acres, at $18, $11,320. Wheat yielded 19,875 bushels, at 84 cents a bushel, $16,695. Oats yielded 4,750 bushels at 28 cents a bushel, $855. Offered for land, 640 acres at $35 an acre, $22,400. Increase value of land, $10,880. Total earnings of crop, $17,550, together with increase in value of land a total of $28,540.

It is interesting to note the figures of the yield per acre. The wheat yielded 33½ bushels to the acre, and oats 118.7 bushels to the acre. The figures are a fair indication of the average throughout the district.

Agents of the Canadian Government in the different cities will be pleased to give you information as to rates, etc.

Every Little Bit Helps.

The lecturer raised his voice with emphatic confidence. "I venture to assert," he said, "that there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our forests."

A modest-looking man in the back of the hall stood up.

"I—er—I've shot woodpeckers," he said.—Everybody's Magazine.

Anti LaGrippe Remedy.

It is now claimed by several western medical men that a whiskey mixture obtainable at any drug store is an absolute preventative and quick cure for bad colds and lagrippe. To make this powerful system tonic add one ounce of compound fluid balmwort and two ounces of glycerine to a half-pint of good whiskey. Dose, a tablespoonful three to six times a day.

Coming to Terms.

Possible Boarder—Ah, that was a ripping dinner, and if that was a fair sample of your meals, I should like to come to terms.

Scotch Farmer—Before we gang any further, was that a fair sample o' yer appetite?

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*
In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Financial.

Stella—Isn't Mabel going to marry the duke?

Bella—No, he rejected the budget.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

Dr. Detchon's Relief for Rheumatism radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action is remarkable. It removes the cause and the disease quickly disappears. First dose greatly benefits. 75c Druggists.

It's better to deserve success and not have it than to have success, and not deserve it, although less pleasant.

Rheumatism and Neuralgia never could get along with Hamlins Wizard Oil. Wizard Oil always drives them away from the premises in short order.

If you would be happy, keep your eyes wide open during courtship and half closed after marriage.

IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND ANYTHING
better for sideache, backaches or stitches than Perry Davis' Painkiller. Get the large size, it is the cheapest. At all druggists, 25c, 35c and 50c bottles.

The first step toward keeping your mouth shut is to close it.

OFF DUTY.

Miss Smiff—Oh, doctor, do you know you look perfectly killing this evening?

Doctor—Thank you, but I am not. I'm off duty, you know.

Resinol in Three Weeks Does What Other Remedies Failed to Do in Four Months.

My baby's face was like a raw and bleeding piece of meat. I was at my wits' ends what to do. Medicine from three physicians and ointments recommended seemed to make the Eczema worse. Then another mother spoke of Resinol which I procured at once—remember I had no more faith in it than in all the rest I had tried—but I thought it would be wasting only 50c more. Never did I spend 50c to better advantage, for the first and second days I noticed a remarkable change, and now at the end of the third week I have my pretty blue eyed, rosy cheeked, cooing baby well again. I am safe in saying he is perfectly cured and the cure was surely something remarkable. Your Soap and Ointment did in three weeks what everything else I tried failed to do in four months. My baby was positively disfigured, now his complexion is all right again.

Mrs. H. F. Clemmer, Sunbury, Pa.

Now and Then.

He is a capitalist now in an Ohio town, but he was not always thus. He has progressed along various lines, and one mark of his progress is the open-back shirt, a comparatively modern invention. To this he is yet new, and recently commented upon it to a friend who was in his room while he was dressing.

"Look at me," he said, sticking his head through the shirt, "when I same to this town I hadn't a shirt to my back, and now—now, I haven't a back to my shirt."

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Indorsing Shackleton's Claim.

Grimm—I'm inclined to have considerable confidence in Explorer Shackleton.

Primm—Why?

Grimm—He may be a little too positive in asserting that he didn't discover the south pole, but I'm ready to give him the benefit of the doubt.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tabbed and Filed.

Mrs. Crawford—You must love your husband very dearly if you save all the letters he sends you while you're in the country.

Mrs. Crabshaw—I'm keeping them for comparison, my dear. I'm sure to catch him in a lie.—Judge.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM
is the old reliable cough remedy. Found in every drug store and in practically every home. For sale by all druggists, 25c, 50c and $1.00 bottles.

We help ourselves when we help others.—W. J. Bryan.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Better a poor man at large than a rich man in jail.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
OR RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE
DIABETES
PER 375 "Guaranteed"

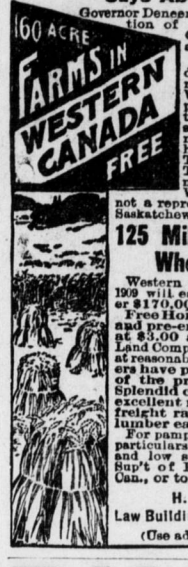
Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna
Cleanses the System Effectually;
Dispels colds and Headaches due to Constipation;
Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.
Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.
To get it's beneficial effects, always buy the Genuine,
manufactured by the
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA
Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. Write for FREE SAMPLE.
NORTHROP & LYMAN CO. Ltd., BUFFALO, N. Y.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS, CUSTOM HOUSE EMPLOYEES. Spring examinations everywhere. $600 to $1600. Steady work. Short hours. Annual vacation with full pay. Salary twice monthly. Thousands to be appointed during 1910. Country and City residents equally eligible. Common education sufficient. Political influence unnecessary. To advertise our Schools we are preparing candidates free. Write immediately for schedule showing examination places and sample questions.
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. N., 82, Rochester, New York.

DYOLA DYES
ONE DYE FOR ALL GOODS
16 fast, brilliant colors, 10c per package at dealers. If not in stock send 10c stating color desired and same will be sent with direction book and color card.
DY-O-LA Burlington, Vt.

WESTERN CANADA
What Governor Deneen, of Illinois, Says About It:



Governor Deneen, of Illinois, owns a section of land in Saskatchewan, Canada. He has said in an interview:

"As an American I am delighted to see the remarkable progress of Western Canada. Our people are flocking across the boundary in thousands, and I have not yet met one who admitted he had made a mistake. They are all doing well. There is scarcely a community in the Middle or Western States that has not a representative in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta."

125 Million Bushels of Wheat in 1909

Western Canada field crops for 1909 will easily yield to the farmer $170,000,000.00 in cash.

Free Homesteads of 160 acres, and pre-emptions of 160 acres at $3.00 an acre. Railway and Land Companies have land for sale at reasonable prices. Many farmers have paid for their land out of the proceeds of one crop. Splendid climate, good schools, excellent railway facilities, low freight rates, wood, water and lumber easily obtained.

For pamphlet "Last Best West," particulars as to suitable location and low settlers' rate, apply to Sup't of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to Canadian Gov't Agent.

H. M. WILLIAMS
Law Building Toledo, Ohio
(Use address nearest you.) (1)

PILES
"I have suffered with piles for thirty-six years. One year ago last April I began taking Cascarets for constipation. In the course of a week I noticed the piles began to disappear and at the end of six weeks they did not trouble me at all. Cascarets have done wonders for me. I am entirely cured and feel like a new man." George Kryder, Napoleon, O.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 920

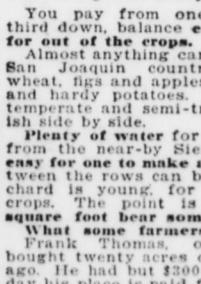
DEFIANCE Cold Water Starch makes laundry work a pleasure. 16 oz. pkg. 10c.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

W. N. U., CLEVELAND, NO. 51--1909.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE
FOR **PINK EYE** DISTEMPER CATARRHAL FEVER AND ALL NOSE AND THROAT DISEASES
Cures the sick and acts as a preventive for others. Liquid given on the tongue. Safe for brood mares and all others. Best kidney remedy; 50 cents and $1.00 a bottle; $5.00 and $10.00 the dozen. Sold by all druggists and horse goods houses, or sent express paid, by the manufacturers.
SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, GOSHEN, INDIANA

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 $3.50 & $4.00 SHOES

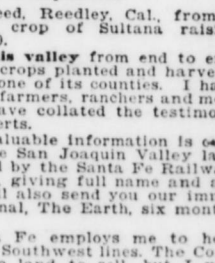


THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S FINE SHOES IN THE WORLD

Wear W. L. Douglas comfortable, easy-walking shoes. They are made upon honor, of the best leathers, by the most skilled workmen, in all the latest fashions. Shoes in every style and shape to suit men in all walks of life.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

CAUTION.—See that W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. Take No Substitute.



BOY'S SHOES $2.00 & $2.50

Wherever you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach. If your dealer cannot fit you, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

$125,000 net from 1200 acres grapes.
$15,000 from 22 acres peaches.
$3,200 from 20 acres raisins, in the
San Joaquin Valley, California

A cow and an acre of alfalfa will earn $120 a year in the San Joaquin Valley.

Grapes will yield from $100 to $300 per acre; peaches and apricots, $150 to $500; while oranges will produce from $250 to $500, and in many instances more than $1000 an acre. There are ten million arable and irrigable acres here. You still may buy unimproved land for $50 an acre.

Ten acres are enough to comfortably support a small family. Twenty acres afford a fine living, with money in the bank. Forty acres should make you rich.

You pay from one-fourth to one-third down, balance **easily can be paid for out of the crops.**

Almost anything can be raised in the San Joaquin country—oranges and wheat, figs and apples, delicate grapes and hardy potatoes. Products of the temperate and semi-tropic zones flourish side by side.

Plenty of water for irrigation drawn from the near-by Sierra snows. **It is easy for one to make a start.** Land between the rows can be used, while orchard is young, for many profitable crops. The point is to **make every square foot bear something.**

What some farmers have done:

Frank Thomas, of Fresno, Cal., bought twenty acres of land five years ago. He had but $300 to start on. Today his place is paid for and he has an income of over $2,000 a year.

William Shrayer, R. F. D. 7, Fresno, Cal., bought his first ten acres six years ago. Now owns sixty acres all paid for, and refuses $12,000 for his place.

M. F. Tarpey, of Fresno, owns vineyard of 1,200 acres from which he takes an annual profit of $125,000.

On the Harold estate, twenty-two acres of peaches yielded a $15,000 crop.

Carson Reed, Reedley, Cal., from a twenty-acre crop of Sultana raisins netted $3,200.

I know this valley from end to end. I have seen crops planted and harvested in every one of its counties. I have interviewed farmers, ranchers and merchants. I have collated the testimony of orop experts.

All this valuable information is contained in the San Joaquin Valley land folder issued by the Santa Fe Railway. Write for it, giving full name and address. I will also send you our immigration journal, The Earth, six months free.

The Santa Fe employs me to help settle up its Southwest lines. The Company has no land to sell, but I will gladly refer your inquiry to reliable land owners who have.

Low fares are offered by the Santa Fe daily. Comfortable tourist sleepers and chair cars. The journey also may be made at other times for a reasonable cost. Santa Fe tourist service to San Francisco is quickest.

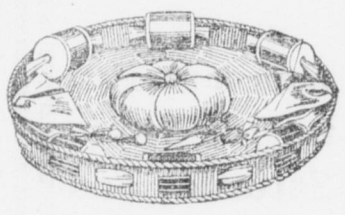
C. L. SEAGRAVES, General Colonization Agent
A. T. & S. F. Ry. System
1150 Railway Exchange Chicago, Ill.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES
Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

CHEW AND SMOKE
MAIL POUCH TOBACCO
"TREAT YOURSELF to the BEST"
BLOCH BROS. WEST VIRGINIA MAIL POUCH TOBACCO CHEWING
ONE GENUINE WITH OUR SIGNATURE
5 Cts
COUPON IN EACH PACKAGE
CATALOGUE OF VALUABLE ARTICLES SENT FREE
ADDRESS MAIL POUCH TOBACCO CO. DEPARTMENT A, WHEELING, W. VA.
SAVE THE COUPONS

Christmas Presents

Grandmother will appreciate a sewing basket of the straw variety, which will save her the trouble of hunting about in the depths of a bag for her sewing materials. This convenient model is carried out with a straw basket somewhat on the order of a matting tray, which is to be purchased in the shops for fitting with utensils. The basket has an openwork rim of straw, through which ribbon an inch and a half is threaded. On the inside at intervals the ribbon is passed through spools of silk and then threaded in and out of the straw beading until the next position is reached. About six spools of silk or cotton are supplied, and a paper of needles is attached in the same fashion. The ribbon threading ends at the sides of the basket in prettily tied bows. The bottom of the basket is fitted with a sachet pad of silk, and in the center is a tomato-like pincushion of the same silk. To the



THE NEWEST SEWING BASKET.

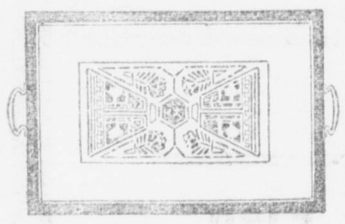
inside rim is attached with baby ribbon an emery, and a small pair of scissors have their handles decorated with a rosette of baby ribbon, and on the underside is a white dress hook which is secured to a loop of silk made in the ribbon. The scissors when needed are merely unhooked and replaced at will.

When Grandma Goes Visiting.

Grandmother will appreciate a sewing bag as a Christmas gift perhaps more than anything else you can give her. This bag is especially suited for a sewing bag, as it is easily folded and can be carried in a small hand bag when she goes visiting. One yard and a quarter each of plain pink taffeta and Dresden silks are required. Both silks are cut on the bias and divided into three pieces, then sewed together alternately, thus—first pink, then Dresden, then pink, and so on. The foundation of the bag is a circle of soft cardboard five inches in circumference. This is covered neatly with pink taffeta silk on both sides, for which a quarter yard of pink taffeta silk is required. After base is covered gather silk and sew on to base. This forms the bottom of bag. To make top, turn in silk about two inches from the top and stitch down neatly, then make another row of stitching one-half inch above this row. This forms a place through which the running string is run. One yard of narrow soft taffeta ribbon is used for a running string.

A Smart Breakfast Tray.

If you are handy with your embroidery needle make one of the smart trays that are the most up to date Christmas presents the shops are showing. The



PICTURE TRAY.

tray is of mahogany or any wood you care to purchase and is a convenient size to send up an invalid's breakfast upon or for the serving of afternoon tea. The unique part of the gift is to be found in the piece of old world embroidery—or modern, if you prefer—which is made on crash or satin the exact size of the tray and covered with a piece of glass. The home carpenter could easily make the tray, which is of oblong shape, with a rather low rail all about it, and decorative brass handles may be bought to make the tray very handsome and professional looking as well.

The Hatpin Vase.

"Auntie" will doubtless be charmed if some of her relations give her a hatpin vase. For this receptacle a pressed glass flower holder is used. A plain surface is best, but a cut vase will answer the same purpose. At the flaring part of the vase are pasted rose petals made of pink satin ribbon, and about the petals to stimulate the calyx are bunches of green baby ribbon. Hanging pendent from the rose are long loops of the ribbon, and at the base of the vase are other bunches of the green ribbon. It is a pretty little hatpin holder and something quite novel.

HATPIN HOLDER.

SEAL HUNTING.

Eskimo Methods In Dealing With the Wary Creatures.

Writing of far northern hunting methods, Harry Whitney thus describes in Outing how Eskimos kill the wary seal:

"Many seals were seen on the fresh made ice, and Elseeyou, my head man, expressed a desire that I take charge of his dog team while he stalked some of them. Seals are extremely shy, and great caution must be practiced in approaching them. The Eskimos use a blind in the form of a miniature sledge, about eighteen inches in length by six in width, with bearskins tacked on the runners. Fore and aft are two upright crotched sticks, upon which the rifle rests and to which it is lashed. On the front of the sledge a crossbar sustains two long perpendicular sticks, over which a piece of white cloth is stretched, or when that is not attainable hareskin is substituted. Through a hole in this cloth screen the muzzle of the rifle protrudes.

"Holding his blind before him, he was enabled to walk within 300 or 400 yards of a seal without startling it. Then he dropped on his hands and knees and pushed the little sledge before him. Thus hidden behind the cloth screen, which so blended with the ice as to arouse in the seal no suspicion of danger, he approached within fifty yards before shooting. Seals always lie close to their holes, and it is necessary to hit them in the head or under the shoulder and have the bullet penetrate the heart and kill them instantly; otherwise they will flop into the hole and sink before it is possible to reach them."

NORWAY'S BILL OF FARE.

Fish and Boiled Potatoes Served Day After Day.

"As we sat cozily before the cheerful blaze," writes Caroline Thurber in a delightful account of "A Motor Invasion of Norway" in the Century, "we indulged in mathematical calculations and found that we had eaten forty-two consecutive meals of fish, with potatoes never otherwise than boiled. One of the women of our party once cried from her soul to a sympathetic looking host, 'Why, oh, why, are there no chickens in Norway?'

"'There are, madam, but they are for laying purposes.'

"'Then why, oh, why, do you always boil your potatoes?'

"'We are different from you, madam. We don't like them messy. We prefer to know a potato as a potato when we eat it.'

"In our passage through the country we had certainly encountered new and unpalatable foods, but we were always nourished, for good milk, butter and eggs were everywhere at hand, and we developed powers of digestion previously undreamed of. Even so, one supper menu staggered us—nota bene: Sausages, three kinds; raw salmon, pickled anchovies, shrimps, cold fried fish, cold fish pudding, cold meats, five varieties of cheese, pickles, oranges and gooseberry marmalade, tea, four kinds of raised bread, flat bread with caraway, English biscuit, Norwegian rusks, fried eggs, hot stew (variety unrecognized) and boiled potatoes."

A Week of Blunders.

Sir William Harcourt once told me that he had dined out every night for a whole week in advance of his invitation. He discovered his mistake only on the last night, when on going to dine with some people who gave long invitations and large dinners he found them alone. After a very pleasant evening he thanked them for asking him in so friendly a manner, whereupon they explained that the invitation had been for a week later, but that they had been only too delighted at his mistake. On hearing this Sir William looked at his engagement book and discovered that this was the last of a number of invitations which he had anticipated by a week.—"Memories of Fifty Years," by Lady St. Heller.

Tiny Work.

Mark Scallot, a blacksmith, in 1578, in the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, made a lock consisting of eighteen pieces of steel, iron and brass, with a hollow key to it, that altogether weighed but one grain of gold. He also made a gold chain, composed of forty-three links, which he fastened to the lock and key. In the presence of the queen he put the chain about the neck of a flea, which drew it with ease, after which he put the lock and key, flea and chain into a pair of scales, and they together weighed but one grain and a half. This is vouched for by an old writer.

Impossible.

A lusty lunged auctioneer was holding forth in flowery terms on the virtues of a particular brand of cigars he was endeavoring to induce his audience to purchase. Holding up a box of cigars, he shouted: "You can't get better, gentlemen. I don't care where you go, you can't get better!"

"No," came a cynical voice from a man in the crowd, "you can't. I smoked one last week and I'm not better yet!"—People.

That Wheezy Sound.

"Say," inquired the boy next door of the little girl whose father suffered from asthma, "what makes your father wheeze so?"

"I guess it's one of his inside organs playing." Puck.

Tommy's Share.

"Well, Tommy, what part of the chicken will you have?"

"Why, paw, you know I always take the back when there's company."—St Louis Republic.

HER ONE NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

"DID I make any New Year resolutions?" repeated the bachelor girl. "Yes, one. Want to know? Oh, well, I don't mind telling you. I've made up my mind to spend next Christmas differently.

"I intend to make an altogether different disposition of my presents hereafter. The places that knew them shall know them no more, and the wilderness, where no presents have ever been, is going to blossom with mine.

"You see, it is this way: When I sat down to think it all over—the worry and fuss and the money I spent—I came to the conclusion that, outside of the nearest and dearest, I gave only three or four gifts that were really worth while—that is, that gave me any actual happiness to give and brought real joy to others.

"These three or four were the things I gave to—well, it doesn't matter

"OH, WELL, I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU."

whom, but they were people who sadly needed them, who didn't expect them and who couldn't make any return except a broken gratitude that hurt you to listen to.

"Why, no, certainly I'm not crying," and the bachelor girl smiled dashingly through moist eyes. "But I don't mind telling you it was the happiest part of my Christmas. And hereafter those are the sort of people I'm going to give to.

"I think I shall write a jolly little note to each of the relatives and friends with whom I usually exchange presents. I shall send these notes long enough before Christmas to forestall anybody's buying presents for me.

"In the notes I shall convey my best love and my Christmas wishes. I shall also explain why I intend to send no present this year—that I purpose making all my gifts to those whose only claim upon me is their need. I shall add that I am certain they will like this original method of disposing of their gifts. And I shall further say that if they want to make me happy and to enjoy the jolliest kind of Christmas themselves they will please take the money they had intended to spend on me and do likewise with it. In this way every dollar we give will be well spent and make somebody really glad.

"So that's my New Year resolve. Unselfish? That's all you know." The bachelor girl laughed. "It's horribly selfish. Didn't I tell you I was going to do it merely because it made me happier?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

MARRYING EN MASSE.

Curious New Year's Custom of Plougastels of Brittany.

Some curious and distinctive marriage customs prevail among the Plougastels, a strange race of people (thought by some to be of Asiatic origin) inhabiting Plougastel Daoulas, in Brittany, who are great strawberry growers. They are also noted for intermarrying exclusively with each other. The alliances, which are engineered by an intermediary known as the basralaine, all take place on one day, usually the first Tuesday of the new year. The basralaines start their campaign in September as soon as the harvest is gathered in, demanding on behalf of the intending bridegroom the hand of his bride elect.

The courtship is then authorized and proceeds with ardor during the dark months which follow. Last year twenty-three couples were married in the parish church on Jan. 8.

After the ceremony come dancing and feasting. The great dinner which is served at the numerous inns begins at 2 o'clock and lasts well on to midnight. The favorite dish is tripe, and an inordinate quantity of alcohol is consumed—one would like to know with what results.

The whole place is en fete, and there are never fewer than 2,000 guests. After the orgy the united couples repair to their separate homes. They do not take up their joint life until the following evening, after the service for the dead and a second feast, when they are escorted to the bridal chamber by a large contingent of grooms men and bridesmaids, to whom soup and cakes are presented by the newly married.—Sphere.

Basket Ball.

On Christmas evening, Lock Haven basket ball team will toss up with the home team at this place. Game will be called at 3:15. Lock Haven has a strong team and are winning many victories, so a fine game can be expected.

***

In the game of basket ball last Wednesday evening, played with Eldred at this place, our home team scored another success. The result of the game was 21 to 17. The game was highly interesting and exciting and both sides worked hard. Emporium has a team of which it can well be proud and each play was heartily applauded. Emporium has now played six games and have been successful in winning four.

Election of Officers.

Washington Camp, P. O. S. of A., No. 382, held a regular meeting and election of officers last Monday evening at their lodge rooms. The following officers were elected: President, W. P. Schweikart; Vice President, Maurice Wormuth; Master of Forms, A. L. Wright; Recording Secretary, D. W. Keyes; Treasurer, Henry Ludlam; Financial Secretary, Lloyd Bisel; Conductor, Max Spence; Inside Guard, Ray Chesbro; Outside Guard, Lewis Leutze; Trustee, Robert Faucett.

U. F. S. Entertained.

The Union Friendly Society was entertained last Thursday evening by Miss Margaret Dodson, at her home on Fourth street. The society decided to have the annual banquet on Thursday evening, January 5th, and the same will be served in a five course dinner at eight o'clock at the Warner. The next regular meeting will be held at the home of Miss Ethel Fisher, at Howard Siding, on Thursday evening, January 20th. After all the business was disposed of, all present had a good time with music and games. Elegant refreshments were served. Seventeen members were present.

The Cruise Around the World.

New York, Dec. 20th, 1909.—Our good ship Cleveland," is reported as as arriving at Manila yesterday morning on schedule time and our passengers will have the opportunity of viewing the new possessions of the United States during a stay of mere than two days.

FRANK C. CLARK.

First Methodist Episcopal Church.

Sermons and music next Sunday mording and evening appropriate to the Christmas anniversary.

Big Shows.

The Theatorium is certainly giving their patrons fine entertainments for ten cents. During this present week the public will be given the best reels that can be purchased. Don't fail to attend each evening.

Bosh.

It seems the public is to be inflected with another avalanche of Cook-Peary north pole green eye. Give the public a rest, the old pole is safe.

Raided.

Sheriff J. W. Norris and the State Constabulary raided a house on Tannery Hill Sunday evening. Several were arrested for drunken and disorderly conduct. Each were fined $7.50. There others—go after them.

Presbyterian Church.

Services will be held in the Presbyterian Church next Sunday, December 26th, both morning and evening. Rev. F. A. Bower, of Montgomery, Pa., will be present and preach at these services.

Crisp, Clean Currency.

During the Holiday season, the First National Bank are paying out nothing but new crisp currency to their patrons.

For Rent.

One six room house, with bath, city water, gas, cellar and all modern improvements. R. SEGER.

Foley's Orino Laxative is best for women and children. Its mild action and pleasaht taste make it preferable to violent purgatives, such as pills, tablets, etc. Cures constipation. Sold by all druggists.

Pure Food Law.

"Who makes the candy you eat, or don't you care." We have made it good for twenty-five years and adhere strictly to the pure food law.

THE SUGAR BOWL.

Good Piano for Sale.

A Bradbury Piano (square) in good condition.
Apply at PRESS office. 37-tf.

Ladies Hat Trimming.

Hats trimmed in latest style at moderate prices and work goaranteed to please. Call at residence, West Fifth street.
43-3 MISS ELIZABETH CRANDELL.

For Sale.

A farm on Plank Road Hollow, consisting of 209 acres, 60 of which are cleared and under cultivation. Team, stock and all farm impliments necessary for running the same. Apply to E. A Hughes, grocery store, on Chestnut street, Emporium, Pa. 42-tf.

Flats for Rent.

Flats in Odd Fellows block for rent. Apply to Geo. A. Walker. 39-tf.

Keep the Kidneys Well.

Health is Worth Saving, and Some Emporium People Know How to Save it.

Many Emporium people take their lives in their hands by neglecting the kidneys when they know these organs need help. Sick kidneys are responsible for a vast amount of suffering and ill health, but there is no need to suffer nor to remain in danger when all disease and aches and pains due to weak kidneys can be quickly and permanently cured by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. The following statement leaves no ground for doubt.

Joseph Glover, 257 Mill Street, St. Marys, Pa., says: "I cannot speak too highly of Doan's Kidney Pills, as they cused me after other remedies had failed to even give me relief. I suffered severely from pains through the small of my back, caused by a cold settling in my kidneys and a friend spoke so highly of Doan's Kidney Pills that I gave them a trial. I received relief at once and was so encouraged that I continued until cured. It gives me pleasure to say that the cure has been permanent."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

"Buds of Promise."

A class of the Presbyterian Sabbath School, with invited guests, on Thursday evening, under the direction of their teacher, Geo. L. Day and wife, held themselves to Fair View Farm, where they enjoyed the kind hospitality of M. J. Leadbetter and wife. After doing ample justice to the baked beans and other good things, made their retreat making merry the Valley and allowing they had spent an evening long to be remembered: Jennie Clark, Margurete Faucett, Margurete Melien, Clara Lathrop, Irene Webster, Nancy Turley, Violet Swanson, Viola Gerg, Myrtle Matteson, Florence Lingle, Carrie Baker, Ruth Pearsall, Carolyn Moore, Laura Matteson, Mildred Turley, Pauline Barton, George Ness, Brady Munsell, Clark Metzger, Robert Pearsall, Grant Husted, Joseph McNarney, Leon Dininny, Lincoln Barton.

The Delineator for January.

Women writers make The Delineator for January the most important of the midwinter magazines. Mrs. Philip N. Moore, president of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs, explains what the clubwomen of the United States expect to accomplish during 1910. Marie Rappold, the grand opera star, who achieved fame without a foreign training, tells how "I Blazed the Way for American Singers." Mabel Potter Daggert gets down to bedrock in "Suffrage Enters the Drawing Room." Mme. Teresa Carrena, the celebrated musician, gives her interpretation of Edward MacDowell's "Barcarolle". Minnie S. Reynolds, has a study of the liquor question.

The January number is particularly strong in fiction. Rudyard Kipling's story, "The Conversion of St. Wilfred," is the best of the series that he has written especially for The Delineator. Grace McGowan Cook's serial, "The Power and the Glory", becomes intense. Owen Oliver contributes a dainty love story called "The Understudy." Perceval Gibbon is up to his high standard in "The Sense of Climax." Jay Cady has "Sylvester Abend."

The January articles fit in the whole house. Rev. Edward Talimadge Root takes up "The Waste in Church Property." "The Home a Club for Boys" and "The Dangers of Institutional Life" give suggestions on children, while "Training the Girl in the Home" tells what to do with the growing-up daughter.

The fashions are especially replete Clara E. Simcox, the fashion authority, in "Her Infinite Variety" tells what she saw at the opening of the New York. The fashions in the big cities of the world are printed in colors, and all that is latest in dress is handled with authority.

The next time one of the children catch cold, give it something that will promptly and freely but gently move the bowels. In that way the cold will at once be driven out of the system. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup moves the bowels promptly and freely, yet gently, and at the same time heals irritation and stops the cough. It is especially good for children. Sold by all druggists.

"Be of Good Cheer."

When preparing for Christmas or New Year baking you will need pure wines or brandies. We keep in glass, sealed bottles, and warrant our goods strictly pure.

When you entertain your friends you should have the choicest. We have the very best of the best, in wines and liquors, as well as choice cigars.

A. A. MCDONALD.

To Kill the Woman.

There is no need in killing a woman with worry and nervousness now that Sexine Pills are available for prolonging life and happiness. Sexine Pills are guaranteed for all forms of weakness in men and women. Price $1 a box; six boxes $5, with full guarantee. Address or call on R. C. Dodson, Druggist, Emporium, Pa., where they sell all the principal remedies and do not substitute.

Cedar Shingles $4.50 per thousand at C. B. Howard & Co's.

For That Dull Feeling After Eating

I have used Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets for some time, and can testify that they have done me more good than any tablets I have ever used. My trouble was a heavy dull feeling after eating—David Freeman, Kempt, Nova Scotia. These tablets strengthen the stomach and improve the digestion. They also regulate the liver and bowels. They are far superior to pills but cost no more. Get a free sample at Geo. C. Taggaggart's drug store and see what a splendid medicine it is.

Mrs. S. Jones, Claremont, N. H., writes: "About a year ago I bought two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy. It cured me of a severe case of kidney trouble for several years standing. It certainly is a grand, good medicine and I heartily recommend it." For sale by all druggists.

R·B·I·

STANDS for the BEST in BUSINESS EDUCATION

Young People With R. B. I. Training Always in Demand.

During the last four years, Nov. 1, 1905, to Nov. 1, 1909, during the period of severe business depression, 4212 calls for graduates to fill good positions were received, 1013 more than the entire student enrollment during that time. Attendance much larger this year than ever before. Next monthly registration dates Jan. 3 and 4. Send for catalogue.

ROCHESTER BUSINESS INSTITUTE.

WANTED

At once Men to represent us, either locally or traveling. Now is the time to start. Money in the work for the right men. Apply at once and secure territory.

ALLEN NURSEY CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y
33-3m.

ELECTION NOTICE.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 3, 1909.

THE annual meeting of the stock-holders for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be laid before them, will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, January 11, 1910, between the hours of one and three in the afternoon.
43-4t. T. B. LLOYD, Cashier.

Register's Notice.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, } SS:
COUNTY OF CAMERON, }

NOTICE is hereby given that V. A. Brooks, Administrator of the estate of Evangeline Brooks, late of Grove Township, deceased, has filed his first and final account of said administration and the same will be presented at the January term of court, next, for confirmation *nisi*.

W. J. LEAVITT, Register,
Register's Office,
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 15th, 1909.—44-4tc.

Notice to the Stockholders of the Emporium Powder Manufacturing Company.

NOTICE is hereby given that the regular meeting of the stockholders, and the election of a Board of Thirteen Directors, of the Emporium Powder Manufacturing Company, will be held at the office of the said Company, at Emporium, Pa., on Tuesday, the 18th day of January, A. D., 1910, between the hours of two o'clock and four o'clock in the afternoon of the said day.

FRANK SHIVES, President.
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 27th, 1909.—45-3t.

LIST OF CAUSES.

LIST OF CAUSES SET DOWN FOR TRIAL at January Term of Court for 1910, commencing Monday, the 10th.

No. 25 Oct. Term, 1907.
John Urbansic vs J. W. Norris.
D. J. Driscoll, Esq., for Plff.
Fred W. McFarlin, Esq., for Deft.

No. 4 January Term, 1909.
William Thompson vs Frank Craven.
Messrs. Johnson & McNarney, for Plff.
F. D. Lee, Esq., for Deft.

No. 42 April Term, 1909.
Mary M. Brown vs Rose C. Hamilton.
Messrs. Johnson & McNarney, for Plff.
F. D. Leet, Esq., for Deft.

No. 43 April Term, 1909.
Eliza A. Brown vs Rose C. Hamilton.
Messrs. Johnson & McNarney for Plff.
F. D. Leet, Esq., for Deft.

WILLIAM J. LEAVITT,
Prothonotary.

COURT PROCLAMATION.—WHEREAS:—The Hon. HARRY A. HALL, President Judge and the Hons. GEO. J. LABAR, and JOHN A. WYKOFF, Associate Judges of Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Orphans' Court and Court of Common Pleas for the county of Cameron have issued their precept bearing date the 11th day of Oct. A. D., 1909, and to me directed for holding Court of Oyer and Terminer, General Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Orphans' Court, and Court of Common Pleas in the Borough of Emporium, Pa., on Monday, the 14th day of January 1910, at 10 o'clock, a. m. and to continue one week.

Notice is hereby given to the Coroners, Justices of the Peace and Constables within the county, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations, and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done. And those who are bound by their recognizance to prosecute against them as will be just.

Dated at Emporium, Pa., Dec. 20th, 1909, and in the 133rd year of the Independence of the United States of America.

J. W. NORRIS, Sheriff.

LICENSE APPLICATIONS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the following named persons have filed their petitions for Liquor Licenses, in my office, according to law, for the term of January Court, 1910:

HOTEL LICENSES.

Grove Township.
O. L. Bailey, ... Mountain House
George P. Shafler, ... Sinnamahoning House

Driftwood.
Thos. J. Riley, ... Commercial Hotel
W. H. Mitchell, ... Mitchell House
Sophia McVicker, ... Lafayette Hotel
A. M. McDonald, ... Curtin House

Gibson Township.
W. H. Ranklin, ... Evergreen Hotel

Lumber Township.
W. H. Bagley, ... Alpine House
Edward McFadden ..... Cameron House

Emporium, East Ward, Hotel Licenses.
Joseph Gainey and Herman Malin, ... St. Charles Hotel
Charles F. Farley, ... American House
Samuel D. McDonald, ... Central House

Emporium, Middle Ward, Hotel Licenses.
D. W. Donovan, ... Emporium House
Michael J. Dolan, ... The City Hotel
H. W. Smith, ... New Warner
Charles L. Butler, ... Commercial House
William Beste, ... Cottage Hotel

RESTAURANT OR EATING HOUSE LICENSES
EMPORIUM, MIDDLE WARD.
John McDonald ..... Novelty Restaurant

WHOLESALE LICENSES.
A. A. McDonald, ... Emporium
F. X. Biumle, ... Shippen Township

WILLIAM J. LEAVITT, Clerk Q. S.

Myths, Customs and Superstitions of New Year's Day

BY EDWARD FOSTER

IN ANY attempt to trace the origin of the innumerable myths customs and superstitions connected with the fetes and festivals of the calendar, the student is confronted with two problems: The strong probability of their having been primarily of religious significance, and thus the potsherds, as it were, of cults long forgotten, and the possibility of their having become garbled or altered in being handed down through the centuries. Pausanias 17 hundred years ago evidently realized this difficulty to the full when he wrote in his "Description of Greece:" "As to these fables of the Greeks I considered them childish when I began this work, but when I get as far as this book I formed this view: That those who were reckoned wise among the Greeks spoke of old in riddles and not directly, so I imagine the fables about Chronos to be Greek wisdom, of the traditions therefore about the gods I shall state such as I meet with."

Plutarch also warned us against approaching these studies in the spirit of skepticism and does not leave us in the dark as to his attitude of steering a middle path between absolute unbelief and blind trust. "In regard to legendary lore," he says, "I stand in the position of one who neither altogether believes nor altogether disbelieves. There are indeed some slender and obscure particles of truth scattered about in the mythology of the Egyptians, but they require a clever man to hunt them out, a man capable of getting great results from small data."

At the period when these two authors wrote, all learning and science were confined to a very narrow circle of initiates. The common folks were kept in strict ignorance of the true meaning of their festivals; the mysteries were a hidden book as to their true significance, and only the outward and visible sign of the celebrations came within their ken. How far the secrets were kept by these initiates—a combination compared with which our steel and sugar trusts sink into mere insignificance—is too well known to every student. Thus in many cases it is impossible to trace definitely the actual basis of these ancient myths and customs and any attempts, perforce, must necessarily remain much in the nature of a patchwork quilt. A scrap gathered here and there from the ancient writings helps to work up the quilt, but the ultimate stage has a somewhat crazy appearance.

It is all the more exasperating, because many of these early writers, such as Herodotus, Plutarch and others have stopped short in their screeds just when a few extra words would have eased the knots that now prevent us from unraveling the skein. Tney were initiates and thus sworn to silence. Their oaths, however, did not prevent them whetting our curiosity and leaving us in a position where, as Plutarch cynically remarks, it would indeed be a clever task to get "great results from small data."

Athenaeus, another of the old Greek gossipers, in speaking of the policy of the Romans in adopting the customs of peoples whom they had conquered says: "For it is the conduct of prudent men to abide by those ancient institutions under which they and their ancestors have lived, and made war upon and subdued the rest of the world; and yet at the same time, if there were any useful or honorable institutions among the peoples whom they have subdued, those they take for their imitation at the same time as they take their prisoners. And this was the conduct of the Romans in olden time; for they, maintaining their national customs, at the same time introduced from the nations whom they had subdued every relic of desirable practices which they found." This, in a measure, was the policy of the early fathers in adapting heathen feasts and sacrifices to the festivals of the church. With them, however, it was rather a case of adaptation than of adoption, believing that the new order of things would come easier to the converts to the Christian religion if the changes were not made too sweeping nor too harsh. Thus it is that so many of the customs connected with our festivals have come down to us from time long prior to the birth of the Saviour.

Unlike the many customs connected with the celebration of Christmas, those of the beginning of the New Year seems to bear more of the stamp of paganism. At the same time such customs show a rather close resemblance, due in a large measure to the fact that both can be traced to the celebrations round the ancient festival of the Saturnalia and winter solstice, when the old year went out and the new came in; a period of general rejoicing, and it must be admitted of a great degree of rowdyism, noise and license which all the fulminations of church councils in the Middle Ages and city ordinances and orders of chiefs of police in these later days have been unable to suppress. The youngster of to-day with his horn is just as prominent in creating a racket as was his prototype of a couple of thousand years ago.

Of late years this period of noise has been largely restricted to the eves of Christmas and New Year, but formerly the period closely following Christmas day was one of continuous jollification. Mummers perambulated the strees of the towns and villages, and the Lord of Misrule, the Abbot of Unreason or the Abbas Stultorum held sway. The "Fete of Fools" was celebrated on the three days following Christmas, culminating on Holy Innocents day in a general jamboree, in which not even the churches were spared. Young people dressed themselves up as the great dignitaries of the church, and even the very offices seem to have been paradied and dances held in the churches. The second canon of the Council of Cognac, held in 1260, put under pain of excommunication all such as masqueraded as bishops, etc. At the councils held at Nantes in 1431, and at Bourges in 1438, fulminations were hurled against the "Fete of Fools," while as early as 1212 the celebration was abolished by the council held at Paris. Yet the custom of masquerading on the days following Christmas is not yet extinct in many districts of France and elsewhere, but the celebration has been shorn of much of its picturesqueness and at the same time of its extreme licen-

The Lord of Misrule had jurisdiction in both the great English universities from Christmas to Twelfth day. He regulated the celebrations and directed the plays acted at this period, for which he received a regular stipend, but from the records of his rule that have been handed down to us it would rather seem that he himself was sadly in need of being regulated and disciplined. Each city had its similar functionary, and his jurisdiction was not limited to this festive season; he had the regulation of all the festivals of the year. The reign of the Lord of Misrule may be said to have ended when Cromwell and his "crop-eared" Puritans took charge of the government, and while there was some attempt to revive his lordship after the restoration of Charles II., the bones had become too dried and the flesh shriveled up—he was a mere mummy of his former self. In Scotland the Abbot of Unreason was suppressed much earlier—1555—by the legislature, but whether such strong action was due to the spread of Puritanism or to the unbridled scenes of disorder is a question. Under Henry VIII., (1540) the procession of children on Childermas, or Innocents day, was forbidden in England by proclamation. There are, however, still a few traces of the Lord of Misrule. The English Christmas pantomimes open on December 26—Boxing day—and have now become as much of an established institution as ever the Lord of Misrule was in his palmiest days. Of recent years the institution has found favor on this side of the Atlantic. The masquerading on the streets of the Lord of Misrule and his followers has been merely transferred to the boards of the theater. In many parts of France masquerading by children is still in vogue during the three days following Christmas, and in most countries something analogous is to be found. Sometimes the feature is kept up until Twelfth day, while in some sections the fun does not commence until New Year's day.

These first three days have been specially consecrated to the memory of saints and martyrs—St. Stephen on the 26th, St. John the Evangelist on the 27th, and holy innocents or Childermas on the 28th.

The fact that the day next after Christmas was dedicated to St. Stephen, the protomartyr, shows with what veneration he was held by the early church. On this day, in many parts of Ireland, and in the Isle of Man, it is still the custom of the boys to hunt the wren. The origin of this curious but cruel custom is hidden in the mist of ages and thus offers another difficulty of "getting great results from small data." One legend current in Ireland, and told by Lady Wilde, is to the effect that on one occasion, when the Irish troops were approaching to attack a partion of Cromwell's army, the wrens came and perched on the Irish drums, and by their tapping and noise aroused the English soldiers, who fell on the Irish soldiers and killed them all. This tale is a close analogue to that in which the cackling of geese is said to have saved Rome from capture, which even the staid Roman historian, Livy, seems to treat wi'h a show of belief. The custom, however, dates back much further than Cromwell and his Ironsides. In County Leitrim the dead birds are carried from house to house tied to a pole or bunch of furze, covered with ribbons, etc., the boys chanting:

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
On St. Stephen's Day he was caught in the furze;
Although he is little his family is great,
So rise up mistress and give us a treat.

The mistress has to turn in a few pence to the boys, the "jackpot" thus created being opened by the boys at the end of the day.

In the Isle of Man the boys give a feather of the wren to each good wife who contributes the necessary coin, and it can well be imagined that by the end of the day the appearance of the bird is somewhat dilapidated. It is then buried on the sea shore with certain mock ceremonies. In former years the interment was made in the churchyard.

It was and is still the custom in many parts of England to bleed the horses on St. Stephen's day. The efficacy of this treatment on this particular day, as a preventive of all equine ailments, was thought to be undoubted, but even old Tusser seems to have had his doubts on the subject when he says in his "Five Points of Husbandry:"

Yer Christmas be passed, let horses be let blood;
For manie a purpose it dooth them much good;
The day of St. Steeven old fathers did use;
If that do mislike thee, some other day chuse.

The commonsense reason for bleeding the horses on this day was that both man and beast had the three day following Christmas day as a holiday. In parts of Bohemia and elsewhere among the Slavic peoples of Europe the master of the house gets no work out of his servants from Christmas to Innocents' day, and in many sections the holiday and general suspension of work is kept up until Twelfth day—Epiphany. Among the Valaks there is a very significant custom. On the morning of St. Stephen's day the mistress of the house presents her husband with a pair of trousers in token of her obedience during the ensuing year. Evidently the suffragette campaign has not reached into these remote Slavic regions.

Holy Innocents' day, or Childermas (December 28), commemorates the massacre of the children in Bethlehem, under Herod. This in itself is sufficient to explain its early recognition by the church. The superstition that the day is an unlucky one—a "dies nefastus"—is not only widely spread all over Europe, but is deeply rooted and can be traced back many hundreds of years.

The superstition was strong all through the middle ages. In England, in the fifteenth century, it was thought so inauspicious that the day set for the coronation of Edward IV. (Sunday), happening to be Childemas, the ceremony was postponed until the following day. In the County of Suffolk at this day the superstition is carried even further, and on whatever day of the week Childemas may happen to fall, that day is held to be unlucky throughout the year. The commencement of any new task is thought to be certain to be followed by failure. Addison gives an instance of this belief in the Spectator of March 1, 1710-'11. "'Thursday,' says she, 'No, child, if it please God! You shall not begin upon Childermas day. Tell your writing master that Friday will be soon enough.'"

The custom of whipping the children as a reminder of the event commemorated by Childermas was common in France, and some parts of Normandy to-day there is still a remnant existing among the country folks, but the religious significance has been partly lost. This method of assisting the memory of the luckless urchin by scoring his epidermis was formerly in vogue on other occasions than Holy Innocents' day. In England it was formerly a common practice during the riding of the boundaries of parishes and manors on Ascension day to whip the youngsters at every important or disputed point. This "Christening in the days of his youth," was remembered ever afterward, and the particular stone, cairn or streamlet marking the metes and bounds between adjoining parishes was thus indelibly mapped on his gray matter—a proceeding quite as efficacious as a survey.

Although the festivities connected more closely with the celebration of Christmas day have completely overshadowed those of the New Year, still there are not a few corners in Christendom wherein the latter season is held in much greater repute. In Scotland, in particular, it is the great holiday of the year, and on the eve and the day of New Year the canny Scot lets himself out with a vim. It would seem as if his spirits, pent up for a whole twelvemonth, find vent at this paticular season.

In France, Roman law and custom have impressed themselves perhaps more strongly than elsewhere in Europe, not even excepting Italy itself, and the close political friendship which existed between Scotland and France previous to the ascension of James VI. to the throne still finds expression in the country to the north of the Tweed in a much stronger fashion than is generally believed. Many of the lowland terms of to-day are merely French in a Scottish guise. It is perhaps more to this close political entente than to the spread of the Puritan doctrines—doctrines which held everything in abomination, that smacked in the slightest degree of church festivals—that so many of the customs and superstitions now current among the canny Scots so closely resemble those of France. Christmas at one time was almost as much of a festival in Scotland as to the south of the border, and it seems that in the cities, at least, it is again showing recrudescence. But among the rank and file of the people, with the "Man in the Street," it is the New Year that holds his heart and at the same time disturbs his digestion and addles his brain. Any one who has been in the "Canny Toun o' Edinbro" or Glasgow on a New Year's eve realizes the spirit of good-will that reigns even if his ears be split by the pandemonium of noise and his eyes suffer by the reek of the torches, and it is rarely that the Scot in all his jollification at this period construes liberty as license. The custom of welcoming in the New Year has, however, on occasions, been marked by unpleasant features. On the eve of New Year, 1812, the hoodlums of Edinburgh took advantage of the festival to rob unsuspecting citizens. Two of the citizens died from the effects of the maltreatment at the hands of these rowdies, of whom three were executed as an example. This unfortunate incident threatened to put an end to the celebrations.

With the Scots, the eve of New Year is known particularly as "Hogmanay." Throughout the northeastern counties of England it is known as "Hagmena," but in many districts of the latter it is the entire week preceding the New Year, rather than the last day of the year. There have been many attempts by philologists to get at the derivation of the term, and it has even been suggested that it is a corruption of two Greek words, signifying "the holy moon or month." Opinion, however, leans toward its French origin—"Au gui menez" (bring in the mistletoe), and "Au gui l'an neuf (to the mistletoe the New Year), both in allusion to the ceremonial gathering of the plant by the Druids. In almost every district in France we find the term in a more or less corrupted or dialectal form. The Scottish custom of the children going from house to house singing a short verse and begging the "guid wife" for a small present is identically the same as that known all over France.

Get up, guid wife, and shake yere feathers,
An' dinna think that we are beggars,
For we're yere bairns come oot the day,
So rise and gie's oor Hogmanay.

chants the little Scotch kiddie, and the analogue of the doggerel can be found in every village of France. As the Scottish verselet shows, the "hogmanay" applies to the presents to the children, and has not the custom of giving presents at this season endured for centuries? Ovid, in his Fasti, alludes to the custom among the Romans of his day. Then the presents do not seem to have been at all costly and were more symbolical than otherwise. The palm-date and dried fig with the jar of honey and the small coin were the gifts, and it does not need any great stretch of imagination to guess their symbolic meaning. The cakes, fruit and luck-penny are still given the children--they are their "hogmanay."

The superstition that the first person entering the house on New Year's morning, or the first one met during the day, presages good or bad luck during the ensuing year is almost universal. The first to cross the threshold or "first foot" has thus a peculiar significance and many are the precautions taken that he be of the lucky variety. We mention "he" for except in a very few isolated instances the superstition that should a woman be the "first-foot" ill-luck will follow is almost universal. Moreover, he must be a dark man—a red-headed man is anathema. A splay-footed, a pigeon-toed, squint-eyed or an individual whose eyebrows closely approximate, in fact any bodily or mental deformation carries bad luck with it. Yet even here we find a few exception which rather tend to disturb our belief in the infallibility of the rule. In the Bradwell District of Northumberland a light-haired and splay-footed individual is preferred. In parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire a blonde "first foot" is reckoned quite lucky, while in the Maritime Alpine districts a hump-backed visitor on New Year's day is held to bring in great luck with him. In Scotland the prejudice against a red-haired "first foot" is very strong and in the Isle of Man and all through Ireland it is quite as pronounced.

The superstition of ill-luck being attached to red hair is very ancient. Among the ancient Egyptians and Jewish people it was known. Typhon is said to have had this particular color to his "thatch," and red-haired men were abused at certain festivals, as Plutarch tells us in his "Moralia." Cain and Judas Iscariot are both said to have had the crimson topknot, while a well-known legend current among the Jews says that this peculiar tint was the effect of falling down and worshiping the golden calf. In Norse and Gaelic legend we find that the hero is warned against a "ginger-headed" individual.

SANTA CLAUS A STRANGER.

He Is Officially Unknown to Uncle Sam's Mail Agents.

The postoffice department does not know Santa Claus. The old saint has no official existence so far as Uncle Sam's mail agents are concerned. This is due entirely to the fact that Santa Claus lives everywhere at the same time instead of having a single local habitation like other people. It is very sad, but it cannot be helped. Letters which children address to Santa Claus or Kris Kringle must go straight to the dead letter office.

Some time ago an effort on behalf of the children was made to induce the postoffice department to permit postmasters to open all letters addressed to Santa Claus and turn them over to the parents of the child correspondent or to some local organization having a Christmas fund to spend, but the attorney general for the department rendered an adverse decision, holding as follows:

If postmasters were granted authority to open all such letters and select those which they thought proper to deliver to persons applying for them, there would be temptation and opportunity for postmasters and other employees to open letters indiscriminately, some of which contain inclosures of value, and give us an excuse for such action the authority granted by the department.

The department's legal adviser also was of the opinion that, if permission were granted to deliver such letters to benevolent societies and individuals, it would be difficult for the department to draw the line where benevolence ends and commercialism begins. Many persons desire such letters for use in newspapers and magazine stories, the name of the child of some prominent public man attached to such a letter making it especially valuable for that purpose and often correspondingly embarrassing to the parent of the child. Furthermore, the opinion states, such a practice would violate the principle of the sanctity of the seal, which is one of the best features of our postal system, and the department would continually be open to serious suspicion.

Candles For Christmas.

Christmas candlemakers are busy for many months in the year. It would be impossible to estimate how many hundreds of thousands of dozens of pretty little colored wax candles are required for Christmas trees all over Europe and America. There are also candles for church decoration at Christmastide. Whereas the Christmas tree tapers are, some of them, so tiny as to require seventy-two to make a pound, the great altar shafts of pure beeswax will sometimes stand six feet and weigh forty pounds apiece.—Tit-Bits.

Hurry Up Santa Claus!

Yander Mistah Chris'mus,
Loafin' long de way,
"He slower than a railroad"—
Dat what chillun say.
Dey wants 'im fer ter hurry up
An' pass de time er day,
Dreamin' 'bout de comin' er de Chris'mas!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Elsie's "Little New Year."

DEAR little Elsie, clad in white,
Slipped from her trundle bed one night.
She was thinking: "I heard mamma
Telling auntie and my papa
That she was going to watch and see
The New Year come, but she didn't tell me!
Nobody tells me things at all.
S'pose it's because I'm only small!

ELSIE.

But I guess I know what I'm going to do—
I'm going to watch for the New Year too."

BUT presently, in a soft white heap,
Sank Elsie down to the floor asleep,
And while in dreamland she wandered about
The New Year came and the old went out.
And not till morning flooded the skies
Did Elsie open her drowsy eyes,
To find, all cuddled in mamma's bed,
A cunning new little golden head.
Gazing in wonder first at mamma,
Then at auntie, then at papa,
At last, with a laugh so joyous and clear:
"Oh, now I know! This is little New Year!"

WAYNE S. BOROUGH.

The New Year In Philadelphia

Wonderful Parade of Knights of Misrule.

By Frederick R. Toombs.

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MR. UPSIDE DOWN ON PARADE.

YOU really ought not to spend New Year's day in Philadelphia if you have made resolutions that you want very much to live up to, for very likely you will not be able to resist the fascinations of participating in the annual celebration of the renowned "Shooters." Existing nowhere else in the world, the Shooters are latter day prototypes of the Mummers that flourished for scores of years in England and France. Their watchword could well be: "Death to sorrow. Joy is the one fit companion of mankind."

Preaching continually the doctrines of happiness and jocularity, the Shooters open each New Year with a rousing feast day to the memory of the shade of King Momus, the accredited inspirer of the cult, which dearly loves to have its members known as Knights of Misrule. Such a riot of color and gayety as marks the gigantic parade of the Shooters, which is the particular feature of their celebration, is certainly not seen anywhere else in America. From six to ten thousand paraders in extravagant costumes have appeared in their pageants of recent years. As many as a half million people have gathered along the line of march. The prizes offered are the most valuable ever put up for elaborateness or originality in costume and accouterment. The city of Philadelphia always appropriates $5,000 yearly to swell the prize fund, which is largely made up of contributions from merchants, clubs, interested individuals and organizations taking part in the pageant. Prizes are offered for the best dressed paraders, the most elaborate, the most humorous, the most unique, etc., and it is possible for an individual to capture prizes enough offered for the same specialty to amount to $3,000. How is that for a prize for a masquerade ball (outdoors) costume?

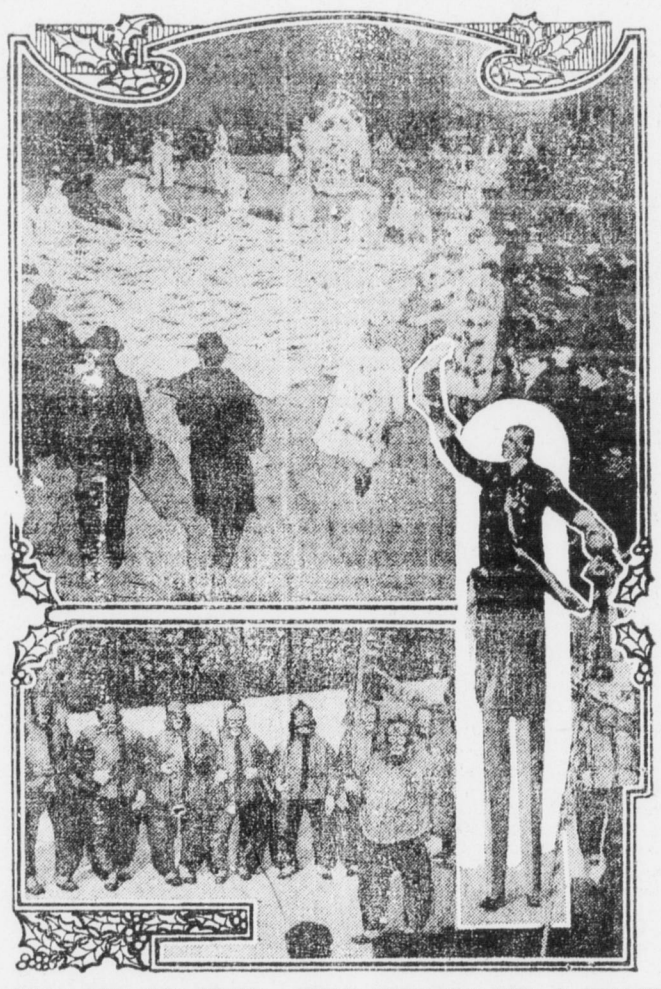
Shooter parades have grown until they now average from five to six miles in length, requiring from five to six hours to pass a given point. Some of the costumes are so extravagantly made that it is no uncommon sight for one of the many personages, representing kings, to have a gown with a train a city block long and a block wide, reaching from curb to curb. One contestant in last year's festival had a gown of such dimensions, and it required forty page boys to carry the train clear of the street. Even with all that help the "king" was wearied by the burden to such an extent that he fainted, remaining unconscious for an hour. Twenty men were employed in completing that gown, which cost $3,000, and the wearer won over $2,000 in prizes.

Rivalry is extremely keen among Philadelphians and southern New Jerseyites, numbers of whom take part in the creating of costumes. The story is related of a German butcher in the "neck" section of the Quaker City who mortgaged his home and store for $10,000 in order to outdo all other competitors. He won over $2,000 in prizes and received some valuable advertising.

Predominating features of the pageant are humorous costuming, antics and floats representing with carefully enacted characters various public happenings of interest or importance. The "Irish Indians" are a popular bevy of contestants annually. These characters have been given faces made from cocoanut shells, but the libel on the Celtic race has never yet caused trouble. Citizens of "Topsy Turvy Land," who appear to walk on their hands, have proved immense laugh provokers, as also have eighteen foot giants (on stilts), "typhoid fever germs" in human form from the Schuylkill river, according to signs; the order of "White Caps," the "Home Breakers' association," the "Wyoming Hayseeds," the "Boiled Owls," the "Red Onions," politicians on floats and shown to be walking railroad ties since passes were abolished; the "Woggle Bugs," resembling a cross between a boll weevil and a gribbing grampus, etc.

When exposures were made of graft in a branch of Pennsylvania state politics the procession of that year had a float on which had been built a cemetery in miniature, and over it was a huge sign bearing this legend: "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here."

For almost a hundred years the celebration has been developing until today it even outclasses the original phantasmagorias of England in the eleventh century and of Normandy and France at a later date. William the Conqueror held the first pageant of this nature after the battle of Hastings, and it became a regular feature of British Christmases in the ages of chivalry. Venturesome knights would break each other's skulls in the festivals of those days, but as Philadelphia is the City of Brotherly Love such things would not be countenanced. The original Philadelphians who took part in the Shooters' propaganda were German residents of the "neck" section of the city, where the Schuylkill and Delaware rivers come close together.


A KING AND HIS TRAIN, "IRISH INDIANS" AND A GIGANTIC SURVIVOR OF THE MAINE.

Lamb For the Greeks.

The unique Greek dish on New Year's eve is the roast lamb, set up in Greek style, of which each son of Hellas must partake. The roasting of the lamb is attended with a great deal of pomp. The entire carcass of a lamb is set up on a pole, and this is held over a fire until it is duly roasted. Then it is sliced and apportioned among the various persons present at the feast, and the roast is eaten along with the other strictly Greek dishes and washed down with Greek wine.

Good and Bad Luck.

It was supposed to bring bad luck to a house to take anything out of it on New Year's day before you brought something into it.

Take out, then take in,
Bad luck will begin;
Take in, then take out,
Good luck comes about.

Roman Extravagance.

The New Year's gift, no doubt, originated with the Romans, for with them giving and taking was carried to such an extravagant degree during all the 365 days of the year that Emperor Claudius prohibited the "demanding" of presents except on New Year's day.

A Policeman's Testimony.

J. N. Paterson, night policeman of Nashua, Iowa, writes: "Last winter I had a bad cold on my lungs and tried at least half a dozen advertised cough medicines and had treatment from two physicians without getting any benefit. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and two-thirds of a bottle cured me. I consider it the greatest cough and lung medicine in the world." Sold by all druggists.

For Eczema, Tetterand Salt Rheum.

The intense itching characteristic of these ailments is almost instantly allayed by Chamberlain's Salve. Many severe cases have been cured by it. For sale by Geo. C. Taggart.

Foley's Honey and Tar is the best and safest cough remedy for children. At the first symptoms of a cold, give as directed, and ward off danger of croup, bronchitis, sore throat, cold in the head, and stuffy breathing. It brings comfort and ease to the little ones. Contains no opiates or other harmful drugs. Keep always on hand and refuse substitutes. Sold by all druggists.

Hexamethylenetetramine.

The above is the name of a German chemical, which is one of the many valuable ingredients of Foley's Kidney Remedy. Hexamethylenetetromine is recognized by medical text books and authorities as a uric acid solvent and antiseptic for the urine. Take Foley's Kidney Remedy as soon as you notice any irregularities and avoid a serious malady. For sale by all druggists.

How One Doctor Successfully Treats Pneumonia.

"In treating pneumonia," says Dr. W. J. Smith, of Sanders, Ala., "the only remedy I use for the lungs is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. While, of course, I would treat other symptoms with different medicines, I have used this remedy many times in my medical practice and have yet failed to find a case where it has not controlled the trouble. I have used it myself, as has also my wife for coughs and colds repeatedly, and I most willingly and cheerfully recommend it as superior to any other cough remedy to my knowledge." For sale by Geo. C. Taggart.

Ill Health is More Expensive Than any Cure.

This country is now filled with people who migrate across the continent in all directions seeking that which gold cannot buy. Five-tenths of them are suffering from throat and lung trouble or chronic catarrh resulting from neglected colds, and spending fortunes vainly trying to regain lost health. Could every sufferer but undo the past and cure that first neglected cold, all this sorrow, pain, anxiety and expense could have been avoided. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is famous for its cures of colds, and can always be depended upon. Use it and the more serious diseases may be avoided. For sale by Geo. C. Taggart.

The best pill is DeWitt's Little Early Risers—the safe, easy, pleasant and sure little liver pills. DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is the original. Good for cuts, burns or bruises, and especially for piles. Sold by all druggists.

Front.

Front is like bread in that both are a little substance blown up with much wind. It is unlike bread in that man cannot live by bread alone.—Puck.

You won't feel the weather if you wear a chamois vest.

The chill that seems to strike right through to your marrow will not be experienced all winter. But that is not the important part of it. One Chamois Vest will guard your health, keep you from taking cold by protecting your lungs. Wear one if you want to be safe.

The OLD RELIABLE DRUG STORE

G. C. TAGGART, Prop.

Same Jolly Crew Here!

Will stop with the Cameron County Girls and Boys until after New Years. Dear Old Santa as usual will make his Headquarters at

H. A. ZARPS & CO'S Popular Wonderland Store

Never in the history of this establishment has a larger or more fashionable line of LADIES COATS, SUITS, SKIRTS AND IMMENSE LINE OF FURS been presented to the public, We have a large line and shall make the prices sell the goods. Without fear of contradiction, we feel confident that our large store is resplendant with everything calculated to make our customers happy. We have a larger line of goods, in every department, than can be found in this or any neighboring county and WE DEFY COMPETITION.

Suitable Christmas Presents

Among the thousands of suitable articles for Xmas Gifts, we mention: A full line Fascinators, Shaws, Belts, Fancy Stocks, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Sacques and Toques, Fancy Lamps, Gold Clocks, Gold Picture Frames, Gold Framed Mirrors and Small Gold Novelties. Fine Line of Cut Glass, Silverware, Jewelry, Pocket Books, Wrist Bags, Toilet Articles, Fancy Goods of all descriptions in Baskets, Birch Bark, Celluloid and Stag Articles, Vases, Picture Books, Jardinieres and Umbrella Stands. Umbrellas all styles, from 48c to $12.00.

LARGEST DISPLAY OF CHINA AND GLASSWARE IN THE COUNTY.
Going at Big Reduction.

H. A. ZARPS & CO'S

THE POPULAR FAIR STORE.
EMPORIUM, PA.

CEYLON MENUS.

The Way Natives Work With the English Language.

A writer in the Epicure tells of several menus with which he was confronted when traveling in Ceylon. The menu, he says, is an indispensable adjunct to a respectable luncheon or dinner table in Ceylon. As a rule, the head servant writes it out and from his elementary knowledge of English as "she is wrote" springs a host of quaint blunders. At the same time his fertile oriental brain is ever apt to add footnotes, which are perhaps his happiest achievement.

At one lunch there figured among the dishes "roast beef," but it caused the hostess some consternation when she discovered the additional legend in very small letters, "roast beef, smelling a little," the parenthetical note being meant to intimate that the dish was accompanied by a sauce of savory odors.

On another occasion there appeared this following acknowledgment of deficiency: "Steak and kidney pie; no kidney."

It was altogether delightful, continues the writer, to find at one dinner our old friend Welsh rabbit appearing as "Welsch rubbish." The same genius translated haricot mutton into "hurrygod mutton." Our own boy, he adds, on the occasion of a hastily improvised dinner, was unable to accomplish a dessert. Consequently he put the word "plates" at the end of the menu.

A COSTLY TRIFLE.

It Brought Bankruptcy to an English Iron King.

It was a common penny postage stamp that brought Hobart, the great British "iron king," to his ruin. At the time of the Whitworth period, when there was a big crisis in the iron trade, he had agents in all parts of the world who kept him posted. Sometimes they telegraphed news to him in cipher, but those in England were nearly always instructed to write. At that period his principal agent, who was also his chief partner, was in Sheffield and wrote him from there warning him to sell out all iron interests for the time on account of the Whitworth crisis.

Hobart had frequent fits of irritability, and he had been receiving a lot of unstamped letters of no importance on which he had to pay double postage. One morning in anger he gave orders that such letters were to be returned to the postman. The very first unstamped letter received after this was from his partner. It was rejected as soon as it arrived.

Consequently, knowing nothing of the existence of the letter or the all important private news it contained, Hobart pledged himself next day for more iron deals than even his mighty credit was good for. The great drop in prices came two days later, and Hobart, once a millionaire, was involved in a hopeless bankruptcy from which he never recovered.—London Telegraph.

Pillsbury's Wonderful Memory.

Harry N. Pillsbury, the chess player, offered one day in South Bethlehem, Pa., to memorize thirty words, no matter how hard they might be, the selections to be read to him only once.

Professor Merriman of Lehigh university and Dr. Threlkeld-Edwards of Bethlehem picked out most of the following words: Antiphlogistine, periosteum, takadiastase, plasmon, ambrosia, Threlkeld, streptococcus, staphelococcus, micrococcus, plasmodium, Mississippi, Freiheit, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, athletics, no war, Eichenberg, American, Russia, philosopher, Pict-Potgieters-Rost, Salmagundi, Oomsillecootsi, Bangmamvato, Schlochter's Nek, Manzinyama, theosophy, catechism, Madjesoomslopa.

Mr. Pillsbury immediately repeated these words in the order given and in the reverse order.

THE TERROR'S CHRISTMAS

Turkeys Were $17 Each During the Siege of Paris.

When the Christmas day of 1870 dawned upon Paris the city had been in the iron grip of the German investment for about three months. The winter was a bitterly cold one, the thermometer registering 10 degrees below freezing point on Christmas morning. The Seine was frozen over.

The poor's daily rations were a few ounces of horseflesh and a piece of repulsive looking black bread.

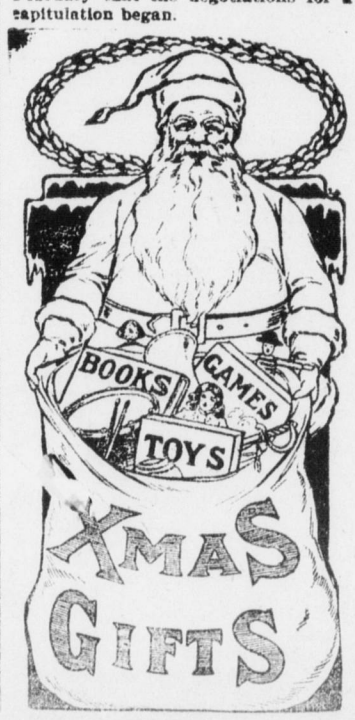
By Dec. 25 food prices had reached their highest point since the beginning of the siege. On Nov. 13 a pound of butter fetched $14 and a rabbit $3.50. By Dec. 19 rabbits had risen to $5, a box of sardines brought $2.50 and eggs 25 cents apiece. For one's Christmas dinner one could buy a goose for $10 or a turkey for $17. Pigeons were $3 each, and a small fowl could be obtained for $5. Ham was $1.50 a pound. As for vegetables, carrots and turnips were 4 cents each, and a bushel of potatoes cost $6.25. There was hardly any milk in Paris, and the little there was had to be preserved for the sick and wounded. However, there were oceans of wine, and the wineshops did a roaring trade.

For some time before Christmas the starving people had been feeding on cats, rats and dogs until by Dec. 25 a dish of cat's flesh was hardly obtainable. Dog was 60 cents a pound, and fine rats fetched 14 cents each. Many domestic pets were killed for food. "Poor Azor!" said a humorous citizen as he finished a stew made from his favorite dog. "How he would have enjoyed these bones!"

With true Parisian light heartedness the citizens tried to make the best of things, and the cafes and restaurants [illegible] normal aspect. At half past 10, however, an order of Trochu closed every shop and cafe, and by 11 o'clock Paris had gone to bed.

The midnight mass of Christmas eve was celebrated as usual in the churches, which were crowded with praying, weeping women. Newspapers appeared as usual, some of them containing glowing accounts of perfectly imaginary French successes. The satirical sheets were even more bitter and venomous than at other times and published scathing caricatures. Some showed the fallen emperor, Napoleon III., as a shoeblack at King William's boots, or as a beggar with his pockets turned inside out, or as a traitor handing over France to murderers, or as a thief making off with millions of the nation's money. Others [illegible]ted Julius Favre in tears and pocketing Bismarck's gold and Trochu handing over the keys of Paris to a Prussian in exchange for a bag of coin. In all the idea of Parisians that France had been betrayed by those who ought to have protected her was prevalent.

So at this season of peace and good will suffering Paris was nearly at her last gasp. Owing to the tenacity of her rulers and citizens, however, her agony was to be prolonged for some weeks longer, as it was not until February that the negotiations for a capitulation began.



Telephoning Santa Claus

"I know my feet are awful big. Mama says they're shocking. But they're all right just once a year wher I hang up my stocking!"
WASHINGTON POST

Seasonable Helps for Christmas Shoppers

If you need help in selecting Christmas Gifts for your friends you can get it by looking over our advertisement and selecting one of the many useful articles mentioned.

Safety Razors We carry the best. Any man can use one of them and save hours of waiting in a barber shop

Carving Sets Some very good ones and reasonable.

Bread Makers Every housewife should have one.

Scissors and Shears We have an excellent line.

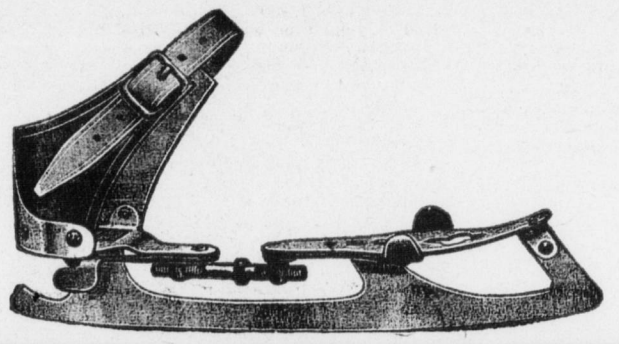
Kitchen and Household Novelties All useful and articles for cooking purposes, in tinware and in the famous Lisk Enameled ware.

Copper, Nickle Plated Tea and Coffee Pots and Tea Kettles

Carpet Sweepers, Portable Lamps,
Mrs. Pott's Sad Irons, Meat Choppers,
Asbestos Sad Irons,
Sleds for the Boys and Girls.

Tools of all kinds for the Mechanics. Tool chests full of tools for the young mechanic.

Skates bought of us are always reliable. Your purchase is backed by Emporium's best Hardware Store



For Men

Well made Skates of best steel, hardened and tempered. Either plain steel or nickle plated.

For Women

Cast steel runners, leather heel and toe straps. The kind that stays on and stays sharp.

For Boys

Self-locking lever and adjustable toe and heel clamps. Buy only the best. Buy Winslow Skates the best made, ranging in price from 70c to $2.50.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY

All Kinds of Knives at all Prices

We can almost see the look of disappointment on the face the of boy who does not receive a gift of a knife for Christmas. We know what boys like and for this reason have put in a larger stock ranging in price from 10c to $2.00.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT.

What would be more useful and appropriate for wife or mother than a nice cook stove or heater. We have some very good lines of COOK STOVES,

RED CROSS AND JUNIOR OAK

and many o the good makes—all excellent bakers. For HEATERS we have them for Gas only, for Wood and Coal only and for Gas, Wood, or Coal combined.

F. V. HEILMAN & CO.

EMPORIUM, PA.

THE DIPLOMATS' BUSIEST DAY

By WALDON FAWCETT

MARQUIS DE VILLALOBAR, THE NEW SPANISH MINISTER

BARON MAYOR DES PLANCHES, DEAN OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS

THE first day of the year is decidedly the busiest day of the twelvemonth for the foreign diplomats stationed in America. The odd part of it is that the manifold duties which make January 1st the most crowded interval on the calendar are almost wholly in the nature of social obligations rather than business tasks. Moreover, the responsibilities of this busy day rest equally heavy upon the envoys of the various foreign powers—that is, the ambassadors and ministers—and upon the secretaries, counselors and attaches who make up the official staffs of these dignitaries. Even the women of the official foreign colony—the wives and daughters of the diplomats of high and low degree—share in the feverish activity of the dawning year. Indeed, their participation begins weeks in advance with frequent visits to the dressmakers, for, one and all, these fair foreigners must have striking new gowns for the momentous occasion.

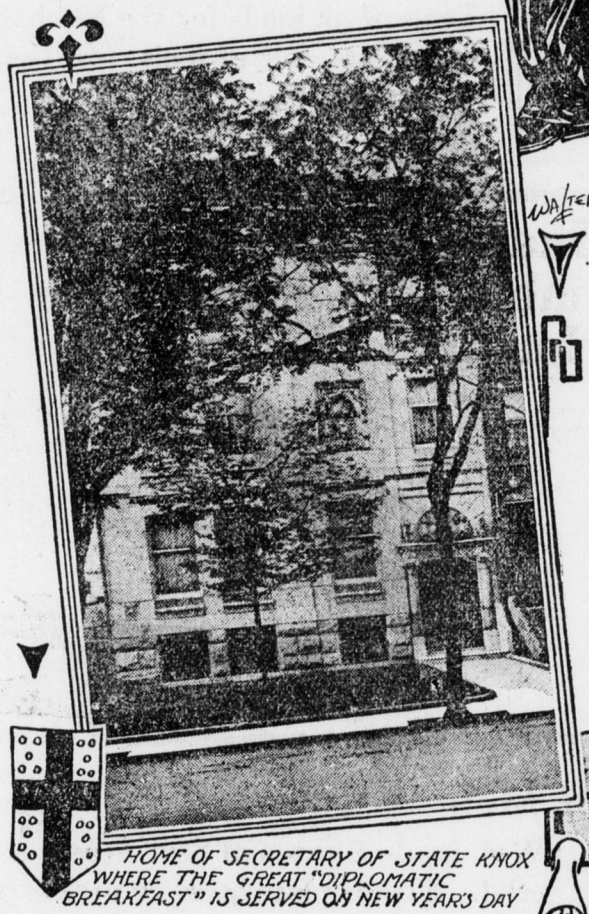
The explanation of this display of energy on the part of a class of people who ordinarily lead the most leisurely existence imaginable is found in the fact that New Year's day of each year marks the opening of the official social season at Washington. It is a day of receiving and calling and dining (all in the most formal way), for everybody in national official circles from the president down to the least important public official, but the social merry-go-round, spins at a more lively gait for the diplomats than for any of the other participants in Uncle Sam's great annual dress parade. Not only do they have to go more different places in carrying out the day's program, but they have to do more dressing than any of the other celebrities, not even excepting the high officers of the United States army and navy, who don their full dress uniforms for this occasion.

Indeed, it is the chore of getting togged out in their gaudiest raiment that compels the diplomats to arise somewhat earlier than usual on New Year morning. Official etiquette prescribes that each foreign representative shall appear in full diplomatic uniform or court dress on this significant occasion. Now be it known, it is no slight undertaking to put on such garb. The average diplomat, accustomed as he is to fastidious dressing, finds it pretty nearly as formidable a job as the average American workman or farmer regards the donning of a dress suit. The diplomat's viewpoint will be the better appreciated when it is explained that not a few of these costly broadcloth uniforms are so heavily encrusted with gold lace and other ornaments that they are well nigh stiff enough to stand alone. It is a twentieth century coat of armor, so to speak. In many instances high boots are an item of the court dress and usually a heavy helmet or fur turban and a long cloak that reaches to the feet are included in the costume. Finally, the diplomat, of any standing, covers the entire front of his coat with the glittering insignia of royal orders and jeweled decorations—each several times as large as the ordinary badge and adding in the aggregate, considerable weight to the trappings of state.

With the time-consuming prelude of dressing out of the way, the diplomats, more gorgeously garbed than any operatic chorus, are ready for the first formal function of the day. This is the president's reception at the White House. The foreigners, all of whom have carriages or automobiles (rented for this busy day, if they do not already possess them), must leave home for the presidential mansion about 10:30 o'clock, for they are to have the honor of being the first persons received by the president after he has greeted his cabinet, and they must be in their duly assigned places in the waiting line ere the presidential party at 11 o'clock sharp, descends the grand stairway and takes station in the Blue parlor for the reception. Hard and fast rules must be observed as to the order in which the diplomats file past the president. There are two divisions. First the ambassadors, each accompanied by all the members of his staff and their wives, and then the ministers, each similarly attended. Places in each division are assigned in accordance with the length of time each envoy has represented his government at Washington. That is, statesmen who have been here for years take precedence over the newcomers.

At the head of the line walks the ambassador who by virtue of the most lengthy service in Washington is the dean of the diplomatic corps. This post of prestige is now held by Baron Mayor des Planches of Italy. The foreigners are introduced to the president by the secretary of state, who has the best of his cabinet colleagues in that he is thus temporarily in the limelight.

After the White House reception the diplomats return home for a few minutes' rest, and then a little before 12 o'clock they set out for the residence of the secretary of state. Here, at noon, an elaborate repast is served. The average American citizen would declare it a luncheon, but in social-diplomatic usage it is a breakfast. Considerably more than 200 persons are expected at this breakfast, so that it can be seen that it taxes the housekeeping arrangements even in a mansion such as the $150,000 dwelling of Philander Knox. Then, too, the same importance attaches as at the White House, to who goes first, so that servants have to be carefully drilled and the utmost care exercised lest some lesser diplomat receive more honor than is his due, while some greater luminary is correspondingly slighted.



HOME OF SECRETARY OF STATE KNOX WHERE THE GREAT "DIPLOMATIC BREAKFAST" IS SERVED ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

The entire afternoon of New Year's day the diplomats devote to making ceremonial calls. Almost all the prominent hostesses in Washington, except the wife of the president, hold receptions on this eventful afternoon. Most of the diplomats go first to the home of the vice-president, then "down the line" of cabinet homes in the order of their official standing; after which they pay their respects at the residence of the speaker of the house of representatives, and then follows indiscriminate calling upon the wives of senators, representatives, army and navy officers and other official hostesses who are keeping open house. Everywhere they meet other diplomats and public officials of all grades, for calling is general at the seat of government on the first day of the year. In accordance with the Yankee idea, only the men of the American households go calling on New Year's afternoon, but the diplomats are in almost every instance accompanied by the ladies of their households. It is past sundown when this round of calling is concluded, but that does not end the day for the tired diplomats. Most of them have been invited to the ceremonial dinners that, in great numbers, close the day in Washington, hence they must hurry home and change to evening attire in order to greet yet another hostess before 8 o'clock.

A RUSKIN STORY

In 1858, when Ruskin was in his fortieth year, he was asked by a friend to give some lessons in drawing to a child named Rose La Touche—whose name indeed was French, but whose family were Irish. There sprang up between Ruskin and this young girl a very charming friendship, which, of course, at the time could be nothing but a friendship. They wrote each other letters and exchanged drawings and then for awhile they did not meet.

Ten years passed by before they saw each other. Meanwhile the child whom he had remembered as a blue-eyed, saucy, clever little blonde with ripe, red lips and hair like fine spun gold, had become a very lovely young woman of 19 years. They resumed their old acquaintance, but in a very different way. Though Ruskin was nearly 50, he gave to Rose La Touche an adoration and a passion such as he had never felt before. On her side she no longer thought of him as "very ugly," but was singularly drawn to him, despite the difference in their years.

The two met often. They took long strolls together in the pleasant fields of Surrey, and at last Ruskin begged her to make him happy and to be his wife. Oddly enough, however, she hesitated, not because he was so much older than herself, but because he had ceased to be what she regarded as "a true believer." Some of the things that he had written shocked her as being almost atheistic. She was herself, underneath all her gayety of manner, a rigid and uncompromising Protestant. She used phrases from the Bible in her ordinary talk and when she spoke of marriage with John Ruskin she said that she could not endure to be "yoked with an unbeliever."

Yet her heart was torn at the thought of sending him away; and so for several years their intimacy continued, he pleading with her and striving hard to make her see that love was everything. She, on the other hand, read over those passages of the Old Testament which seemed to bar all compromise.

At last, in 1872, when she was 24 and he was 53, she gave him her final answer. She would not marry him unless he could believe as she did. His honesty forbade him to deceive her by a pretended conversion, and so they parted, never to see each other again. How deeply she was affected is shown by the fact that she soon fell ill. She grew worse and worse, until at last it was quite certain that she could not live. Then Ruskin wrote to her and begged that he might see her. She answered with a note in which she feebly traced the words:

"You may come if you can tell me that you love God more than you love me."

When Ruskin read this his very soul was racked with agony and he cried out:

"No, no—then I cannot come to her; for I love her even more than God!"

When she died, as she did soon after, the light of his life went out for Ruskin.—Munsey's.

HERMAN DE LAGERCRANTZ, MINISTER OF SWEDEN AND HIS SECRETARY

SENOR DE LA BARRA, THE NEW AMBASSADOR OF MEXICO

CITY OF 4000 B. C. FOUND

The vestiges of a city 6,000 years old have been found in Babylonia by the French expedition which has been at work for several years on the site of the Roman Susa, the Shushan of the Bible and later the capital of the Emperors Darius and Artaxerxes.

According to details furnished to the Jewish World, a mound marking the site of the city has been excavated by M. de Morgan and was found to mark the site of the ancient Elamite acropolis of the city. The excavations have produced most astonishing results. Here the explorer found superimposed, one above the other, the remains of three cities, the oldest dating back to B. C. 4000, and below these the signs of older settlements of prehistoric ages.

The recent discoveries show that far more than a thousand years prior to B. C. 1800 the city was occupied by the Babylonians, and that most of the kings of that country set up their monuments in it. When the powerful Semitic dynasty of Babylonian kings contemporary with the age of Abraham was overthrown, the Elamites regained their independence and retained it until B. C. 649, when the city was sacked by Assurbanipal, king of Assyria, who destroyed the palaces and temples.

Explorations show that the chief feature of the ancient city, as of all those of the ancient east, was the temple of the city god, in this case the god Susinak, which stood upon the acropolis. An exploration of the foundations revealed the records of Gudea, king of Chaldea, B. C. 2800. Fortunately, considerable information as to the nature of the sacred edifice and its precincts is preserved by an interesting monument, which was discovered in the ruins.

In the center of the model are the figures of two nude men, one holding a water jar. These, no doubt, are the king and priest performing the ceremonies of lustration, or ceremonial purification, which are a great feature of the oriental temples and frequently mentioned in the religious inscriptions.

Primitive Mills in Brazil.

Vice-Consul De Young, writing from Santos, calls attention to the small corn grinding machines in Brazil:

"In the interior of Brazil a primitive method of producing cornmeal by pounding instead of grinding is practiced. The instrument known as a 'mojollo' works automatically, and consists of a tree trunk balanced on the bank of a stream, one end of the trunk being hollowed out to form a large cup, while the other end is in the form of a pestle. Water filling the cup depresses that end of the log, whereupon the water runs out and the other end falls back to its original position, the pestle striking the corn. Some modern corn grinders have recently been introduced, but there is a good field for a very small and inexpensive grinder to take the place of the 'mojollo' in the interior, where flour mills are rare and each family grinds its own corn."

Onion as Tale-Teller.

There's a divorce.
'Tis a very sad affair.
An onion is at the bottom of it.
Of yore hubby was fond of onions.
He ate, and ate, and wifey stood it.
Then he fell in love with a festive maiden.
No more onions for him, much to his wife's surprise.
The more she thought of it, the more she wondered at the change.
Not only did he desert the orodous onions—presently he deserted altogether.

THE ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

The Change of Mind

I used to think it would be great
To grow up to be president
And safely hold the helm of state
No matter how the old ship went.
I used to think it would be fine
Some day to fill that honored chair—
But the digestion that is mine
Can't do what 'twould be called to bear.

When presidents were not required
To eat all folks could broil or bake,
To vow they never could grow tired
Of possum, 'coon and johnnycake,
Of alligator, crocodile,
Of ostrich eggs and all the rest,
Why, then the job was worth one's while
And for it one might do his best.

But nowadays a president
Is always cleaning off his plate
Which is heaped high to represent
The hunger of a certain state,
And though the dish they serve to him
May be a fine one, I suppose
He must reflect with doubting grim
That after all nobody knows.

I should not care to go somewhere
To dine, and through the table chat
Perplexedly muse if the fare
Were eagle, crocodile or rat.
I should not like to have them gaze
Until I choked it down my throat,
Knowing that any doubts I'd raise
Would influence the next year's vote.

I used to think it would be grand
To grow up to be president
And rule my dear and native land,
But that ambition has been spent.
I could not love my fellow men
If every now and then they'd wish
To go catch something in its den
And make me eat their fav'rite dish.

The Apotheosis of Hank Edem.

In glancing over the account of the laying of the corner-stone of the temple of peace in Holland, we observe that this inscription has been carved upon the stone: "Paci Justi tia Firmandae Hanc Aedem Andreae Carnegie Munificentia Decavit."

It had been many years since we saw Hank Edem. He was a stone mason then, and a good one, and after he passed from our daily view we heard from time to time that he had become a contractor and was putting up great buildings and bridges and monuments and things of that sort. But at that he was the same old Hank.

We know that he built a good many Carnegie libraries, but we did not know that Hank has become so great that he would be called in to erect the temple wherein peace like a river is to be damned by all the delegates until they can decide whether breakfast foods, shoes, dynamite, floor varnish and arsenic are contraband of war, or whether or not it is conductive to the success of hostilities to shoot soft-nosed bullets into your enemies' stomachs.

Alas! Hank could not stand prosperity. In the old days he was content and proud to be known as plain Hank Edem. In those days he thought a manicure was some sort of a medical school, and he did not know whether or not water was used in a Turkish bath. Here he is mingling with the effete and the haute monde, and getting boarding schoolish about his name. Now he spells it Hanc Aedem." We are sorry. Rameses is just being exposed, after four or five thousand years. Hank should have waited. Mr. Carnegie, of course, can spell his name any way he pleases—he advocates that—but when Hank Edem becomes Hanc Aedem" another boyhood idol is busted all to flinders. Hanc iliae lackrymae.

Unmanageable.

"This," gasps the first man, "is what the poets call the 'driven snow.'"

"Yes," wheezes the second man, endeavoring to pick a handful of it out his ear, while about a peck of it slides down his back. "And it acts as if a woman were driving it."

Joyous Vegetarian.

What do I care how high the price
On the Thanksgiving forage?
That turkeys linger on the ice
For four years in cold storage?
My turkey shall be garnered from
The garden and the garret—
Of raisin, hickory nut and crumb
And of the healthful carrot!

Hardened.

"Pardon me," says the interviewer to the lady who is being starred as a combination Salome, Lady Godiva and living picture, "but may I ask how you became accustomed to appearing in public in—er—in such a lack of even scanty garb?"

"It was easy," she laughs. "Half a dozen trips across the ocean, with the usual customs inspections at New York."

Wilbur D. Nesbit

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

O'Leary Defends Noted Chicago Cow

CHICAGO.—"The real cause of the Chicago fire has never been told in print. It was not started by my mother's cow kicking over a lamp. The origin of the blaze was spontaneous combustion of 'green' hay. Put that in the paper as coming from me, and I'll give odds of 1,000 to 1 that I can prove it."

"Big Jim" O'Leary, the stockyards saloonkeeper and "gambling king," made the foregoing statement recently. It was in reply to a statement made by Rev. John D. Leek in a sermon in Whitney opera house that the O'Leary cow kicked over a lamp in resentment at three boys who were milking the animal.

Dr. Leek told a story of the great fire which in some respects was a new version. He declared that two brothers, Samuel and Christopher O'Neill, and a companion, went to the O'Leary barn on the night of the fire to steal milk to make whisky punch.

This version of the origin of the fire, the minister said, was told him by Andrew Bird, who in 1871 taught a Bible class in Maxwell Street Methodist Episcopal church.

The O'Neill brothers, it was asserted, had told the story to Mr Bird, who feared knowledge of the facts would injure the boys, and he kept it a secret until a few years ago.

Mr. Bird, who is 82 years old and lives at the Methodist Episcopal Old People's home, Foster and Southport avenues, is willing to make affidavit to the statements made him by two members of his Sunday school class.

"I don't care what anybody else says about the fire," said O'Leary, thrusting his thumbs in the ormholes of his vest. "My parents are dead and can't defend themselves against this latest fake as to the origin of the fire, but I'll speak out, and plainly, too.

"That story about the cow kicking over the lamp was the monumental fake of the last century. I know what I'm talking about when I say that the fire was caused by spontaneous combustion in the hayloft.

"You see, it was like this: The old man had put in a load of 'green' hay a few days before the fire. Below the hay loft were the stables where the cows were kept. We had several cows and did quite a milk business.

"The popular belief has always been that my mother was milking a cow when the beast kicked over a lamp. Nothing is farther from the truth than that musty old fake.

"The family always retired early. If I wasn't in before eight o'clock the old lady made me remember it with a strap.

"It was Sunday night that the big fire started. On that night we had all gone to bed half an hour before the fire broke out. I hadn't gone to sleep yet and was the first one of the family to hear the firemen shouting in front of the house.

"Both my father and mother went to their graves sad at heart over the world wide notoriety given them in the printed accounts of the burning of Chicago. I wish to make it as emphatic as possible that the O'Leary cow did not kick over a lamp."

Chicago Has No Cash for Crow Hunter

CHICAGO. — The following bill against the County of Cook theratens to share the sad fate of the claim of one of Mark Twain's heroes for a barrel of beef captured and eaten by the Indians while his grandfather was trying to deliver it to one of the army posts on the plains:

To killing four crows at 10c	$ .40
To destroying 73 crows' eggs at 5c	3.65
Total	$4.05

The present claimant against Cook county is Bernard Swensen, who lives in the township of Orland in the remote southwestern corner of the county. Somewhere in the mazes of the statute books of the state is a law which provides for a bounty on crows at the prices named in Swensen's claim. It also provided that the heads of the crows and the eggs shall be turned over to the town clerk for destruction; also that he shall make a certificate to the effect that such destruction has taken place; and, further, that upon presentation of such facts to the county clerk the latter shall provide the necessary credentials upon the county treasurer for the payment of the bounty.

Proceeding along these lines, Swensen appeared before Town Clerk B. F. Sippel, who, having convinced himself that the claim was proper, proceeded with due solemnity to the stipulated work of destruction by burning the heads of the crows and smashing the eggs. Then he made affidavit to the whole transaction, furnishing names, dates and details, and affixed to the document the great seal of the Township of Orland.

Thus fortified, the claimant boarded a Wabash train and in time appeared at the office of the county clerk, where with becoming modesty he presented his credentials.

The chief deputy got into communication with President Busse and was informed that the claim was perfectly legal, but that there was no appropriation out of which to pay for the killing of crows, and that under the circumstances it would be useless to make out a voucher, because the county treasurer would have no fund out of which to pay the bill.

"Foxy Grandpa," in Mask, Causes Scare

DETROIT, Mich.—Louis Voss is somewhat of a cut-up. He is one of those indulgent fathers who likes to play jokes on the boys. Beside him, old man Peck and Foxy Grandpa are weak performers.

It started because the little Vosses were caresless enough to leave a lot of Hallow'en masks lying around the house. Charley Voss, one of the most precocious of the younger Voss contingent, was entertaining Max Dollee in the barn back of the Voss home at 1261 Monroe avenue.

Charley and Max were punching the bag. Charley excused himself for a few minutes and left the future Jim Jeffries banging away at the inflated leather. About this time the elder Voss happened upon the masks.

So he disguised himself as a dervish, or some other person equally devlish. Then he made tracks for the barn. If Max ever had any aspirations in the direction of prize-fight honors, he forgot them when his affrighted eyes confronted the face infernal. Max passed Voss and went down the barn stairs in just one jump. At the same instant he yelled for Dave Harris, this being the name of a near relative who dwells in the vicinity.

Dave heard the cry of distress and he and Mrs. Harris, with all the little Harrises, plied out into the night. Dave hit upon Voss, Sr., first.

It was no time for explanations and Voss had no chance to offer one. Dave grappled with him. The two swayed back and forth in the alley. Dave's wife caught one glimpse of Voss's false face in the moonlight, concluded that her husband was struggling with a fiend, and fainted.

The uproar brought all the neighbors out and it was some minutes before affairs could be adjusted.

Dogs Eat at Tables with Banqueters

NEW YORK.—An old-fashioned English hunt dinner—with hounds occupying seats at the table—marked the ending in Smithtown of one of the largest drag hunts ever held on Long island.

Those who partook of the feast, which was given in the Head River inn, represented every hunt club of social prominence in and around New York and from as great a distance as Philadelphia.

Among the guests were noted riders in the Rockaway, Westchester, Meadowbrook, Smithtown and Staten Island clubs. Many Quaker City hunters were present.

The bill of fare was gamy from start to finish, but the most characteristic of all were the costumes of the diners. The women were in evening dress. Many of them had brought with them their full array of diamonds and pearls for the occasion.

As for the hounds, they were treated in the old-time hunt dinner way as if they not only were human beings, but the near companions of the club members and the fair richly-gowned guests.

Dogs walked up and down among the members of the festive company, sat at the table when courses were served, and ate and drank to their heart's content. Then, unlike the human beings present, they lay down and slept while the company closed the feast with toasts, songs and other ancient formalities used on such occasions.

Two Smart Dresses

CASHMERE is a good material in which to make the dress shown on the left. The corsetlet skirt has a panel front, the material for lower part of sides and back being set in small stitched pleats; braiding and braid covered buttons form the trimming.

The bodice has a yoke trimmed with rows of braid; buttons and loops; this is fastened on left shoulder, the lower part of front is hooked invisibly in center.

Hat with felt brim and full velvet crown, trimmed with a feather mount.

Materials required: Eight yards 46 inches wide.

The second is in amethyst Sedan cloth, the Princess part is continued to foot in front; the right side wrapping quite over to the left where it is fastened by hooks from the hips upwards, the lower part is stitched; the full lower part of sides and back are tucked where they join Princess under a band of braided material; the collar and the long revers that outline the deep "V" are braided; the vest being of tucked crepe-de-Chene.

The fur toque is ornamented with a handsome feather mount.

Materials required for the dress: Eight yards 46 inches wide, 7 yards sateen, ½ yard tucked silk.

ALL KINDS OF TRIMMINGS

Soutache Braid, However, Retains Popularity Accorded It Last Season.

This is the most difficult question there is to answer in the fashion world.

At the beginning of the season the vogue of soutache braid was considered an absurdity. Never another season of it, said fashion leaders. But here we are in the height of another and greater soutache season. Creators of braid were not satisfied until they combined this fascinating little braid with fancy weaves to make wide, fanciful braid trimmings. When rat tail was recently introduced it was named as soutache's successor. But now the downfall of it is in sight instead.

Jet, jet, jet—has been the cry of fashion. But at last we hear that Paris has forsaken it. American fashions have not, however, thanks. Nothing can take the place of jet for trimming, black gowns especially.

Gold and silver trimmings are at their height of popularity. And no one can deny that these are quite the prettiest trimmings that have been in vogue for many seasons. Even entire tunics of beautiful evening gowns are of gilt jet.

Oriental and art shaded embroideries are much in favor, too. This is an unusual season of colors, so, of course, rich colored trimmings are bound to be held in high esteem.

Yes, it is a season of trimmings—and many kinds. No hard and fast rules govern them.

The New Jabots.

Girls are wearing neck accessories that show touches of the colored lace in favor this season.

These laces are Valenciennes, in white or cream heavy mesh, with the figures stamped in them in color. The dotted patterns are most in demand and can be found in several tones of one color, or in combinations of pink and blue dots, lavender and green, corn color and brown.

If one has bits of coin-dot white lace left over from a frock, it is very easy to cover the dots with satin stitch in color. No padding should be used and the printed laces are naturally flat in effect.

When Linen Is Yellowed.

If linen is carefully put away in blue tissue paper it should not yellow easily. When, however, it has taken on a saffron hue it can be whitened by soaking in a solution of one teaspoon of cream of tartar to every quart of water.

Later wash in usual way and hang in the sun to dry. If after the soaking in cream of tartar badly yellowed linen is stretched on the grass to dry the bleaching process will be hastened.

For Those in Mourning.

Instead of organdy or linen cuffs and collars, those who are in mourning are wearing white crepe. It is an acceptable idea. Strips of the crepe are cut and the edges turned in and pressed down by hand. They are adjusted to the neck and wrists with black pins.

SPOON MAKES PRETTY PRIZE

Perhaps the Best of the Trifles That Can Be Offered at a Girls' Party.

As prizes for a girl's party few trifles are more acceptable than a silver spoon. In the coffee, tea and bonbon sizes are spoons of sterling silver, with slender handles enameled with a diamond, heart, spade or club, and gilded bowls engraved with the hostess' initials. A favorite spoon of heavier weight has a handle of repousse hammered silver, tipped with the head of an American Indian wearing a war bonnet and a bowl engraved with the name of an aboriginal tribe. There are also many attractive looking spoons showing flower patterns developed in repousse work upon their handles and with elaborately etched gilded bowls.

Silver and porcelain are charmingly combined in the spoons, which have either plain or etched sterling bowls and handles of Haviland, Dresden or Delft. Occasionally this plan of combination is reversed, and while the effect is decidedly novel, the porcelain bowls are liable to crack if employed to stir a hot beverage, or to snap when used to serve confectionery.

Equally fragile, although dainty, are the spoons having gold bowls and handles of silver filligree, and to be regarded solely as an interesting collection are the spoons which have bowls of silver cut out work and handles of crystal or metal set with rhinestones, amethysts and pearls. Even more impractical, but nevertheless alluring, are the gold bowled spoons, which are equipped with handles of mother of pearl decorated in floral design, done in gold.

EFFECTIVELY CHIC.

A new model in nut-brown moire, lined with brown velvet, a knotted feather in the same shade.

Pump Bows at Neck.

The black velvet pump bow continues in favor. It is used with a turn-over collar, with a lace or net stock, and is copied in bows of emerald green, Burgundy red, and king's blue. The bar pins that fasten it are from three to five inches long. The swallow in green or blue enamel with outstretched wings is again in favor and gives an effective dash of color.

GATHERED SMILES

HIS CAUSE FOR GRIEF.

"What," we ask the despondent looking man, "is troubling you?"

"I've met with a severe injury."

"But, there is no trace of it physically."

"Nevertheless," he replies, "I am all broken up."

"Tell us about it."

"There isn't much to tell. My father's will was contested and where I expected to get $10,000 I don't get a penny."

"That is hard luck all right, but surely that can't be classed as a physical injury," we remark.

"Yes it can," he moaned, "and if you were me you'd know how much it hurts to fall out of an heirship."

THE GRIND.

"A column a day, a column a day,"
Was ever the song he sang;
"Though the clouds of misfortune may roll for aye
And the bells of trouble clang.
If the sun shines bright, or the rain comes down,
Or the world's pure gold, or a somber brown
And my heart is sad or gay,
With little for wage and less renown,
I must do a column a day.

"A column a day, a column a day,"
Was ever the moan he made
And the road of life seemed a weary way
That led through sorrow's glade.
"Woeful the morn when my mind's a blank,
And I would that I stood on Nepenthe's bank,
Set free from these fetters for aye;
No wonder I'm cross and considered a crank!
I must do a column a day!"

Domestic Weather.

"What's the weather forecast for today?"

"Violent atmospheric disturbances, followed by heavy rainfall."

"Why, there's not a cloud in the sky."

"Oh, yes there is. I'm going home now to try to square myself with my wife. She's so mad she could hardly talk over the telephone."

The Modern Way.

Author—I have a play here, sir, which I wish you would read.

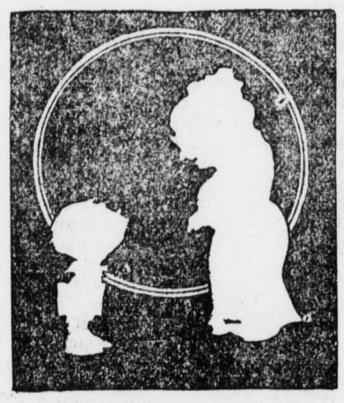
Manager—Is it a modern play?

Author—Oh, yes, sir. It is a play which no young man or woman would care a carefully-brought parent to see.

Manager—Does it end happily?

Author—Sure. The hero and heroine are divorced in the last act and live happy ever after.

NO HOPE.



Kind Lady—Do you know who I am, little man?

Kid—Gee! Don't yer know who yer are?

A New Invention.

A germ-proof shield has been brought out,
So folks can kiss through that;
'Tis sanitary, but I fear
The taste is rather flat.

From Bad to Worse.

Biggs—None of my correspondents could read my writing, so I bought a typewriter.

Diggs—And now they are unable to read your spelling, eh?

His Retort.

His Wife (during the spat)—Oh, I wish I were a man!

Her Husband—I don't. If you were I'd feel duty bound to mop the floor with you.

Consolation.

Young Father (proudly)—The baby is the image of me.

Cynical Old Uncle—Don't worry, my boy. The poor little creature may outgrow it.

An Improvement.

Said He—Since I met you I have only one thought.

Said She—Well, that's one more than you had when we met.

A Necessity of the Case.

"All of these sporting contests are spoken of as plucky affairs."

"Of course. Necesarily, they are game contests."

No Need.

"Bobbs writes a great deal of fugitive poetry, doesn't he?"

"Yes, and I wonder why, for nobody seems running after it."

Drawing the Line.

"I'm quite willing to wear a smile."

"Now, that's the way to talk."

"But I'll be darned if I want the laugh on me."

The Probabilities.

"Doesn't your son go with a fast set?"

"I suppose he does. He belongs to an automobile club."

THEN.

After the striving and straining,
After the many defeats;
After much useless complaining,
After heart-breaking retreats;
After the hoping and sighing,
Cheated and hated of men,
After the hard self-denying,
The smile of Success—and what then?

After the planning and scheming,
After the strife and the strain;
After the fretting and dreaming,
After the ache and the pain;
After the doubting and daring,
Pitied or hated of men,
After too often despairing,
The joy of success—and what then?

After the profitless groping,
Down where the deep shadows lie;
After the praiseworthy hoping,
After the sob and the sigh;
After all this, the great glory
Of joining the prominent men,
And the struggle—to finish the story—
With New York society then.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

BORN WITH THE GIFT.

A girl never has to learn how to flirt.

Not Too Gentle.

The gentle reader may be so,
But none the less
He gladly reads of warlike deeds,
We must confess.

ANALYSIS.

There was once a young man who was paying court to three different beautiful damsels. Each was fair, each was sweet, each was charming—so much of a triplicate similarity did they have that he did not know how to choose between them. So he went to a wise old man and laid his troubles before him.

"Is there a clock at each house?" asked the wise old man.

"There is."

"And what does Esmeralda say when the clock strikes 11?"

"She says the clock is slow."

"And what does Eulalie say?"

"She says the clock is just right."

"And what does Evangeline say?"

"She always says the clock is fast."

"My son, there is no need for further evidence. Evangeline is the one that really loves you."—Judge.

The Fitting Qualities.

"My boy has a wonderful amount of perservance and persistency and an optimism that nothing can daunt. What occupation would you put him to if you were in my ulace?"

"I should think he would make an ideal book agent."

About the Size of It.

First Bunko Man—Do you believe there is any turth in the old adage that a sucker is born every minute?

Second Bunko Man—Well, I don't know as to that, but they are born often enough to keep us wise guys from becoming bonest!

The Object.

"What is the object of an automobile endurance run?"

"The object is to see which one of the wives of the contestants can soonest endure the sight of the burned and blistered face of her hubby."

THE CENTER OF HER INTEREST.

"What do you find so interesting in that magazine?"

"There are a lot of advertisements about awfully nice underwear."

Sure to Please.

If you want to please a woman
There'll be no vain regret
If her birthdays you remember
And her age you will forget.

A Slight Difference.

"How different are the faces of those two women? One all change of expression—the other a fixed, vacant stare."

"Yes; it is the difference of mobile and the automobile face."

Santa Claus on "The Limited"

By FRANK H. SWEET.

(Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.)

THE Chicago Limited was pulling out of the Grand Central station in New York as Dr. Henry Van Valkenberg submitted his ticket to the gateman. He dashed through, pushing that indignant official to one side, made a leap for the railing of the last car of the train and a friendly brakeman dragged him "on board." Dr. Van Valkenberg smiled a little ruefully as he thanked the man and rubbed the aching surface of his hand. Then he pulled himself together, picked up the books and newspapers he had dropped and which the bystanders had enthusiastically hurled after him and sought his haven in the sleeping car.

"WERE YOU HURT?"

"O-oh! Were you hurt?" said a voice behind him. "I was so 'fraid you were going to fall."

Dr. Van Valkenberg, who was a tall man of sixty, turned and looked down from his great height. At his feet stood a baby. At least she seemed a baby to him, although she was very dignified and wholly self possessed and fully four years old. She was looking up at him with dark brown eyes and was so delicious in her almost maternal solicitude that he smiled irrepressibly.

"Why, no, thank you," he said. "I am not hurt. Didn't you see the kind man help me on to the car?"

"I'm very glad," she said, with dignity. "I was 'fraid he hurt you." She turned as she spoke and toddled into the section opposite his, where a plain but kindly faced elderly woman sat.

"Won't you come over and visit me?" he asked. "I am very lonely, and I have no one to take care of me."

She slid off the seat at once, with great alacrity.

"I'd like to," she said, "but I must ask Nana. I must always ask Nana now," she added, with dutiful emphasis, "'fore I do anyfing."

She laid her hand on the gloved fingers of the nurse as she spoke, and the woman opened her eyes, shot a quick glance at the man and nodded. She had not been asleep. Dr. Van Valkenberg rose and lifted his visitor to the seat beside him, where her short legs stuck out in uncompromising rigidity.

"I can take care of you," she said brightly. "I taked care of mamma a great deal, and I gave her her med'cin'."

"Very well," he said, with the smile women loved; "if you really are going to take care of me I must know your name. You see," he explained, "I might need you in the night to get me a glass of water or something. Just think how disappointing it would be if I should call you by the wrong name and some other little girl came!"

"You say funny things," she said contentedly. "But there isn't any other little girl in the car. I looked soon as I came in, 'cos I wanted one to play with. I like little girls. I like little boys, too," she added, with innocent expansiveness.

"Then we'll play I'm a little boy. You'd never believe it, but I used to be. You haven't told me your name."

"Hope," she said promptly. "Do you think it is a nice name?" She made the inquiry with anxious interest.

"I think Hope is the nicest name a little girl could have except one," he said. "The nicest little girl I ever knew was named Katharine. She grew to be a nice big girl, too, and has little girls of her own now, no doubt," he added, half to himself.

"Were you a little boy when she was a little girl?" asked his visitor.

"Oh, no; I was a big man, just as I am now. Her father was my friend, and she lived in a white house with an old garden where there were all kinds of flowers. She used to play there when she was a tiny baby, and I would carry her around and hold her high up, so she could pull the apples and pears off the trees. When she grew larger I gave her a horse and taught her to ride. She seemed like my very own little girl, but by and by she grew up and became a young lady, and—well, she went away from me, and I never had another little girl."

"Did she go to heaven?" asked the little girl softly.

"Oh, dear, no!" answered the doctor, with brisk cheerfulness.

"Then why didn't she keep on being your little girl always?"

The doctor hesitated a moment. He was making the discovery that after many years old wounds can reopen and throb. No one had ever been brave enough to broach to him the subject of this single love affair which he was now discussing.

"Well, you see," he explained, "other boys liked her too. And when she became a young lady other men liked her. So finally—one of them took her away from me."

He uttered the last words wearily, and the sensitive atom at his side seemed to understand why. Her little hand slipped into his.

"Why didn't you ask her to please stay with you?" she persisted pityingly.

"I did," he told her. "But, you see, she liked the other man better."

"Oh-h-h!" The word came out long drawn and breathless. "I don't see how she possibly could."

There were such sorrow for the victim and scorn for the offender in the tone that, combined with the none too subtle compliment, it was too much for Dr. Van Valkenberg's self control. He threw back his gray head and burst into an almost boyish shout of laughter, which effectually cleared the atmosphere of sentimental memories.

DRAGGING CARTS AND WOOLLY LAMBS.

"Where are you going to hang up your stockings tonight?" he asked.

"I can't hang them up," she answered soberly. "Santa Claus doesn't travel on trains, Nana says."

"Nana is always right," said the doctor oracularly, "and of course you must do exactly as she says. But I heard that Santa Claus was going to get on the train tonight at Buffalo, and I believe that if he found a pair of small black stockings hanging from that section he'd fill them."

Her eyes sparkled.

"Then I'll ask Nana," she said. "And if she says I may hang them I will. But one," she added conscientiously, "has a teeny, weeny hole in the toe. Do you think he would mind that?"

He reassured her on this point and turned to the nurse.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I've taken a great fancy to your little charge, and I want your help to carry out a plan of mine. I have suggested to Hope that she hang up her stockings tonight. I have every reason to believe that Santa Claus will get on this train at Buffalo. In fact," he added, "I mean to telegraph him."

The nurse hesitated a moment. He drew his cardcase from his pocket and handed her one of the bits of pasteboard it contained.

"I have no evil designs," he added cheerfully. "If you are a New Yorker, you may possibly know who I am."

The woman's face lit up as she read the name. She turned toward him impulsively, with a very pleasant smile.

"Indeed I do, doctor," she said. "Who does not? Dr. Abbey sent for you last week," she added, "for a consultation over the last case I had—this child's mother. But you were out of town. We were all so disappointed."

"Patient died?" asked the physician, with professional brevity.

"Yes, doctor."

He rose from his seat.

"Now that you have my credentials," he said cordially, "I want you and Hope to dine with me. You will, won't you?"

Later, in the feverish excitement of hanging up her stockings, going to bed and peeping through the curtains to catch Santa Claus, a part of Hope's extraordinary repose of manner deserted her, but she fell asleep at last, with great reluctance.

"I'LL BE YOUR OWN LITTLE GIRL."

When the curtains round her berth had ceased trembling a most unusual procession wended its silent way toward Dr. Van Valkenberg's section. In some occult manner the news had gone from one end to the other of the "limited" that a little girl in section 9, car Florodora, had hung up her stockings for Santa Claus. The hearts of fathers, mothers and doting uncles responded at once. Dressing cases were unlocked, great valises were opened, mysterious bundles were unwrapped, and from all these sources came gifts of surprising fitness.

A succession of long drawn, ecstatic breaths and happy gurgles awoke the passengers on the car Florodora at an unseemly hour Christmas morning, and a small white figure, clad informally in a single garment, danced up and down the aisle, dragging carts and woolly lambs behind it. Occasionally there was the squeak of a talking doll, and always there were the patter of small feet and soft cooing of a child's laughter. Dawn was just approaching, and the lamps, still burning, flared pale in the gray light. But in the length of that car there was no soul so base as to long for silence and the pillow. Crabbed old faces looked out between the curtains and smiled. Eyes long unused to tears felt a sudden, strange moisture.

Throughout the day the snow still fell, and the outside world seemed far away and dreamlike to Dr. Van Valkenberg. The real things were this train, cutting its way through the snow, and this little child, growing deeper into his heart with each moment that passed. The situation was unique, but easy enough to understand, he told himself. He had merely gone back twenty-five years to that other child whom he had petted in infancy and loved and lost in womanhood. He had been very lonely—how lonely he had only recently begun to realize—and he was becoming an old man whose life lay behind him. He crossed the aisle suddenly and sat down beside the nurse, leaving Hope singing her doll to sleep in his section.

"Will you tell me all you know about the child?" he asked. "She appeals to me very strongly, probably because she's so much like some one I used to know."

The nurse closed her book and looked at him curiously. She had heard much of him, but nothing would explain this interest in a strange child. He himself could not have explained it. He knew only that he felt it powerfully and compellingly.

"Her name is Hope Armitage," she said. "Her mother, who has just died, was a widow, Mrs. Katharine Armitage. They were poor, and Mrs. Armitage seemed to have no relatives. She had saved a little, enough to pay most of her expenses at the hospital. We all loved the woman. She was very unusual and patient and charming. All the nurses who had anything to do with her cried when she died. We felt that she might have been saved if she had come in time, but she was worked out. She had earned her living by sewing after her husband's death three years ago, and she kept at it day and night. She was so sweet, so brave, yet so desperately miserable over leaving her little girl alone in the world."

Dr. Van Valkenberg sat silent. It was true, then. This was Katharine's child. He had not known of the death of Armitage nor of the subsequent poverty of his widow, but he had known Katharine's baby, he now told himself, the moment he saw her.

"Well," the nurse resumed, "after she died we raised a small fund to buy some clothes for Hope and take her to Chicago to her new home. Mrs. Armitage has a cousin there who has agreed to take her in. None of the relatives came to the funeral. There are not many of them, and the Chicago people haven't much money, I fancy."

Dr. Van Valkenberg was hardly surprised. Life was full of extraordinary situations, and his profession had brought him face to face with many of them. Nevertheless a deep solemnity filled him, and a strange peace settled over him.

"I want her," he said briefly. "Her mother and father were old friends of mine, and this thing looks like fate. Will they give her to me—these Chicago people—do you think?"

Tears filled the woman's eyes.

"Indeed they will," she said, "and gladly. There was"—she hesitated—"there was even some talk of sending her to an institution before they finally decided to take her. Dear little Hope! How happy she will be with you!"

He left her and went back to the seat where Hope sat crooning to the doll. Sitting down, he gathered them both up in his arms, and a thrill shot through him as he looked at the yellow curls resting against his breast. Her child—her little, helpless baby—now his child to love and care for! He was not a religious man. Nevertheless a prayer rose spontaneously in his heart.

"Hope," he said gently, "once long ago I asked a little girl to come and live with me, and she would not come. Now I want to ask you to come and stay with me always and be my own little girl and let me take care of you and make you happy. Will you come?"

The radiance of June sunshine broke out upon her face and shone in the brown eyes upturned to his. How well he knew that look! Hope did not turn toward Nana, and that significant omission touched him deeply. She seemed to feel that here was a question she alone must decide. She drew a long breath as she looked up at him.

"Really, truly?" she asked. Then, as he nodded without speaking, she saw something in his face that was new to her. It was nothing to frighten a little girl, for it was very sweet and tender, but for one second she thought her new friend was going to cry. She put both arms around his neck and replied softly, with the exquisite maternal cadences her voice had taken on in her first words to him when she entered the car:

"I'll be your own little girl, and I'll take care of you too. You know, you said I could."

Dr. Van Valkenberg turned to the nurse.

"I shall go with you to her cousin's from the train," he announced. "I'm ready to give them all the proofs they need that I'm a suitable guardian for the child, but," he added, with a touch of the boyishness that had never left him, "I want this matter settled now."

The long train pounded its way into the station at Chicago, and Dr. Van Valkenberg summoned a porter.

"Take care of these things," he said, indicating both sets of possessions with a sweep of his arm. "I shall have my hands full with my little daughter."

SHE NESTLED AGAINST HIS BROAD CHEST.

He gathered her into his arms as he spoke, and she nestled against his broad chest with a child's unconscious satisfaction in the strength and firmness of his clasp.

"Merry Christmas!" sounded on every side. Everybody was absorbed and excited, yet there were few who did not find time to turn a last look on a singularly attractive little child held above the crowd in the arms of a tall man. She was laughing triumphantly as he bore her through the throng, and his heart was in his eyes as he smiled back at her.

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"I have traveled for thirty years continually. I lost a great deal of sleep, which together with constant worry left me in such a nervous state that finally, after having two collapses of nervous prostration, I was obliged to give up traveling altogether. I doctored continually but with no relief. Dr. Miles' Nervine came to my rescue—I cannot describe the suffering which this Nervine saved me. Whenever I am particularly nervous a few doses relieve me." A. G. C. LIBBY, Wells, Me.

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The New Year of the Hoboes.

In the Grotto of Modern Miracles.

NOWHERE in New York city at midnight on New Year's eve is there a busier throng of hurrying humanity than at the junction of Park row and the Bowery. Intermingled with the throng are merry panhandlers, as happy as the richest, for New Year's eve is their harvest time.

Few of the panhandlers who frequent the downtown districts are plying their vocation as old Trinity toils out the midnight hour in the chimes. The belated ones are hurrying to a dive at Chatham square, there to meet brother mendicants and joyfully celebrate with the money begged from New Year shoppers.

Here one may witness nightly transformations more wonderful than in the famous "Court of Miracles" in old Paris which Victor Hugo describes in "Notre Dame." The blind see, the dumb talk, the hunchback loses all traces of his deformity, the deaf hear, missing limbs are grown in a twinkling, and the lame discard their crutches and dance in glee.

Of all the nights in the year the gladdest in this dive in the Bowery is New Year's eve. Not until long after the late dawn does the drunken revelry cease, and then only when the merrymakers have spent all of their ill gotten gains and are unconscious to their surroundings.

"GREAT GRAF!" HE CRIES.

The grotto of modern miracles is in the rear of a saloon, a room 40 by 25 feet. Around are scattered tables and chairs of the cheapest kind. Thick fumes of smoke from bad pipe tobacco, the cheapest cigars made and nauseating cigarettes permeate the atmosphere.

The stranger can hardly breathe. Through the sickening atmosphere can be detected the odor of vile beer and still worse whisky that here is sold for 5 cents a goblet.

From behind the partition a bartender, with half a nose and but a small portion of his right ear to tell the tale of his battles, dispenses liquor through an opening to a hurrying waiter.

At the tables sit the motley group of hoboes, panhandlers and jailbirds. Fortunate beggars who have had a prosperous day are spending money freely, small change for the most part. Whisky and beer flow as they have never flowed before in the year.

Nearly all the mendicants have arrived. The last two, known as "Pedestrian Patrick" and "Silent James," are greeted with an uproar.

Hanging from the neck of Silent James is the sign that reads:

DEAF AND DUMB.

The sign he casts aside, and, with a yell, he dances and laughs and calls upon all present to drink at his expense. Above his head he waves a five dollar bill.

"Great graf!" he cries. "I touch er bloke fer de long green dead easy!"

Pedestrian Patrick discards a pair of well worn crutches and stands up straight on what before appeared to be helpless limbs. "I told his nobs dat we'd pray fer 'im!" he yells.

At this point Blind Phil throws down his sign and peers intently at the five dollar bill to make sure it is genuine.

"I didn't t[illegible] that much all day!" he says [illegible]

Asleep [illegible] with his head bowed on the [illegible] Bill, the humpback. No one ever [illegible] a more pronounced deformity of the spine.

"Bill," cries Blind Phil—"Bill, look at de long green Pedestrian and Silent copped! Bill!" And then as Bill does not awake from the slumber of five cent [illegible] the "blind beggar" hits the hump and, [illegible] with the motion of his hand, sliding down from the shoulders to the middle of the back.

Bill awakes with a yawn and slowly adjusts his stock in trade to its proper resting place between his shoulders while giving his order to the waiter.

As the waiter sets out the drinks the hoboes pass around the bill. The blind examine it closely, the lame dance with it in their hands, and the aimless feel of the paper with the air of one who is used to it. The bill is passed around the merry crowd and greeted with enthusiasm until taken by Greer Goods Ike.

"It's a fake," he cries—"a bad imitation!" And the drinks are on Pedestrian Patrick and Silent James, for it is a counterfeit.—New York World.

How Time Travels.

When St. Paul's strikes noon on Jan. 1, 1909, the new year will come into being somewhere in the Pacific ocean, on a line following longitude 180 east, which is exactly opposite Greenwich meridian on the other side of the globe. Geographers draw the line to avoid passing through any of the Pacific islands, for if it did the times and days of the inhabitants would be hopelessly muddled. Vanua, one of the Fiji islands, for instance, would be otherwise divided by the line where the days and years begin and end, so that while it would be Jan. 1 on the western side it would be Dec. 31 a few paces away on the east of the line. One could thus walk into yesterday and a moment later return tomorrow!

How the new year travels is curiously illustrated by its passage across Great Britain. It reaches Greenwich, as the time center, at midnight, exactly twelve hours after it started. Seventeen minutes later it gets to Glasgow, and another six minutes pass before the new year has captured Penzance. These are the true times for these places, though Greenwich time is the one accepted. But Ireland is proud in possession of her own chronology, and it will be 12:25 at night in London before 1909 reaches Dublin.—London Chronicle.

New Year Superstitions.

It is considered a sure sign of death to see one's own shadow in the moonlight on New Year's eve.

You court misfortune by leaving the house on New Year before some one has entered it. You must hope for the luck, moreover, of having the first to enter a dark haired man.

Seeking to know what good or evil the New Year would bring, superstitious people in the long ago girt themselves with swords and sat on the roof of their houses on New Year's eve. They also knelt at the crossroads (on a cowhide) for the same purpose. The first thing brought, one might think, would be pneumonia.

It is bad luck to carry anything out of the house on the New Year before something has been brought in.

But the best luck of all, which even those most scornful of portents may not despise, is to begin the New Year owing no man a cent.—Philadelphia Press.

A NEW LEAF.

He came to my desk with a quivering lip—
The lesson was done.
"Dear teacher, I want a new leaf," he said,
"I have spoiled this one."
In place of the leaf so stained and blotted
I gave him a new one all unspotted
And into his eyes
"Do better now, my child."
I went to the throne with a quivering soul—
The old year was done.
"Dear Father, hast thou a new leaf for me?
I have spoiled this one."
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one all unspotted
And from my sad heart smiled,
"Do better now, my child."

"DO BETTER NOW."

—Forward.

1905 1909

Tompkins & Norris

Our Yuletide Greeting

THE PEOPLE'S GREATEST BARGAIN HOUSE

Lemons, Figs, Dates Oysters

To the People who need Holiday Goods

We cannot enumerate very many articles but specify a few and generalize all the balance OUR STOCK IS CHOCK FULL.

Grape Fruit, Oranges

Churches Supplied with Candies and Nuts at Wholesale Prices.

The Store that Studies its Customers.

For the Ladies

Handkerchiefs from 5c to 50c each.
The finest assortment in Cameron County.

For the Children

Dolls,
Toys,
Candy,
Chairs and
Tabl s

For the Men

Sweaters,
Cigars,
Clothing,
Gloves,
Cuffs and Collars

Leave Orders Early for Turkeys, Geese Chickens and other Poultry

FOR the pepsle of Cameron and adjoining counties---Dry Goods, Blankets, Comforters, Shoes and Rubbers. Fresh and Salt Meats and Groceries in case lots at wholesale prices. We defy competition.

Wishing all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, as well as unbounded prosperity, we remain, yours for business.

TOMPKINS & NORRIS,

EAST EMPORIUM, PA

Phone *Free Delivery*

No New Leaf Was Needed

By Wright A. Patterson

Said Mrs. A to Mr. A on Dec. 31:—

To-morrow another year begins. To-night is the time of all times to plan for the future. To resolve; to forswear our petty vices; to lay aside the evils in our lives. Have you, John, considered what to-night means to you, and to me? Have you thought of the things I have gone without and might have had but for your extravagance? Have you counted the cost to you, and to me, of your so-called pleasures? You sit there smoking a vile weed, but have you thought of the gowns you have burned up within a year? I venture to say no. Let's talk it over, John, just you and I, and as the old year dies plan for better and more noble things in the year to come.

Said Mr. A to Mrs. A on Dec. 31:—

Your sentiments, my dear, are noble ones, and meet with my approval. We will plan to-night for the year that is to come. Yes, not the year alone, but years. We will study and solve the problems that mean a better and truer life for you and me. There are many little things we might improve upon. So many better ways in which to spend the small sums we now but throw away. The price of that novel you are reading would have purchased the slippers I so badly need. Now let's begin by my giving up cigars, which I agree are but vile weeds, and you your novels, which are but the cheapest kind of trash and twaddle.

Said Mrs. A to Mr. A on Dec. 31:—

With all the many vices with which you indulge yourself, it seems that you might overlook the one small pleasure which I have. Yes, I admit there are more elevating books than present-day novels. But am I to give up my only pleasure, the one small thing from which I get my wee mite of enjoyment? Do you, John, think it fair to ask of me this sacrifice that you might have the slippers you certainly do not need? Your vices are so great beside my small one. If you really mean all that you say about planning for the future, why not give up your club? It is but another of the many needless expenses which you incur year after year.

Said Mr. A to Mrs. A on Dec. 31:—

That's right, and I'm glad you mentioned it. I had not thought of it before. That will be money saved. Now I propose a bargain, and it's fair. My resignation from the club will go in to-night if you will join me in the good work and mail to-night your withdrawal from the bridge club or class or whatever you may call it. A good deed is always better when it's doubled, and that will be two good deeds accomplished, two savings made, instead of one. What say you, my dear; will you join me in turning over this new leaf with the opening of a new year? The question is entirely needless, for I know, of course, that you will.

Said Mrs. A to Mr. A on Dec. 31:—

You certainly can be horrid upon this one night of all nights when you should look back upon the things which you have needlessly robbed me of during the year just closing. I should think you would be ashamed to sit there and point to my few small pleasures as though they were vices from which I should escape. There is certainly little enough in life for me without being deprived of books and social intercourse. But if I must, I must, and if the sacrifice of my innocent pleasures will put a stop to your many vices I presume I must offer them on the altar of noble and obedient wifehood. But, oh, John, I did not think you would ask it. (Tears.)

Said Mr. A to Mrs. A on Dec. 31:—

Now, wife, don't cry. I am a brute and I admit it. Let's start anew and talk this over. Let's see if we have sinned against ourselves or others. Let's see if our so-called vices are not mere pleasures to which we are entitled. I think they are. I see nothing we need repent of; nothing to swear off. I'll keep my cigars and you your novels. I'll keep my club and you your bridge game. We'll let gowns and slippers go hang if need be, and enjoy ourselves. Now, that is better, isn't it, my dear? That meets with your approval, I am sure, and we will greet the coming year with joy and not with tears and lamentations.

Resolved by Mr. A and Mrs. A on Dec. 31:—

Durnig the next year and the years to follow we will live our lives as we have lived them. We will enjoy to the full our several pleasures. We will make no new resolutions which we will later regret and break. We will not ask either of us from the other that which each is not willing to give to the other, and now let the New Year come.

Dated 12 o'clock, midnight, December 31.

New Year Observances in Many Lands

Americans are too busy to take many holidays, but few of them fail to observe New Year's day in some way or other. The good old custom of making calls on one's friends fell into disrepute long ago because it was so abused by the over-convivial, but family gatherings usually mark the day, and the church folk all over the country still hold watch meetings in the religious edifices to usher in the new year. Our observances of the day, however, are not so picturesque as are those of many other countries.

In Merrie England

England and Scotland have retained many of their interesting customs of olden times. this being especially true of Scotland. Weeks before the New Year begins, the village boys, with great secrecy, meet in out-of-the-way places and rehearse their favorite ballads. As the time draws near they don improvised masks and go about from house to house singing and cutting many quaint capers.

The thirty-first of December is called "Hogmanay," and the children are told that if they go to the corner they will see a man with as many eyes as the year has days. The children of the poorer classes go from house to house in the better districts with a large pocket fastened to their dresses or a large shawl with a fold in front. Each one receives an oaten cake, a piece of cheese, or sometimes a sweet cake, and goes home at night with a good supply of homely New Year cheer for the rest of the family.

The Scottish elders celebrate the day with a supper party, and as the clock "chaps" 12, friend greets friend and wishes him "a gude New Year and mony o' them." Then, with great formality the door is unbarred to let the Old Year out and the New Year in, and all the guests sally forth into the street to "first foot" their acquaintances.

In Edinburgh a great crowd gathers around the church in Hunter square and anxiously watches the clock. There is absolute silence from the first stroke of 12 until the last.

The old folks now go to bed but the young have other business on hand. Each girl is expecting the "first foot" from her sweetheart, and there is much stratagem displayed in outwitting her occasionally, and having some serving maid or grandmother open the door to her lover.

The weather is carefully observed at this season, for it is supposed to betoken that which is to come. There is a rhyme current in Scotland which runs thus:

If New Year's eve the night wind blow-
eth south
It betokeneth warmth and growth;
If west much milk, and fish in the sea;
If east, the trees will bear much fruit;
If northeast, flee it, man and brute.

During the last century all work was laid aside on the afternoon of the thirty-first, and the men of the hamlet went to the woods and brought home loads of juniper bushes. Each household also procured a pitcher of water from the "dead and living ford," meaning the ford in a river, by which passengers and funerals crossed. This was brought in perfect silence and without being allowed to touch the ground in its progress, as contact with the earth would have destroyed the charm.

The rites next morning were supposed to protect the household against witchcraft, the "evil eye," and other devilments. The father rose first, and taking the charmed water and a brush, treated the rest of the family to a vigorous baptism, which was generally acknowledged with anything but gratitude.

Coming back, the thrifty Scotchman closed all the doors and windows and put the juniper bough on the fire. When the smoke reached the suffocating point, the fresh air was readmitted. Then the cattle were fumigated in the same manner, and the painful solemnities of the morning were over.

On New Year's day a superstitious Scotchman will neither lend nor give anything whatever out of his house, for he fears that his luck may go too, and for the same reason, the floor must not be swept. If the fire goes out it is a sign of death.

In the Czar's Domain

Russians have a very pretty ceremony. On each New Year's day a pile of sheaves is heaped up over a large pile, and the father, after seating himself behind the pile, asks the children if they can see him. Upon their replying that they cannot, he says he hopes the crops will be so fine the coming year that he will be hidden in the fields.

The Russian New Year is 12 days later than ours, and is a gala occasion for all. There is a grand celebration of mass in the morning, and the rest of the day is devoted to congratulatory visits. Good wishes that cannot be carried in this way are inserted in the newspapers. In military and official circles ceremonial visits are paid.

The Russians are great at fortune telling, and on New Year's eve the unmarried ladies and gentlemen send servants into the street, or go out themselves, to ask the names of persons they meet. These will be the names of persons they will severally marry, and many a bashful Russian lover has speeded himself in his suit by taking care to be the first man his lady's servant met.

When midnight is reached, each member of the family salutes the other with a kiss, beginning with the head of the house, and then retire, after wishing each other a Happy New Year.

With the Norwegians

The hospitable Norwegians and Swedes spread their tables heavily for all who may come in, and in Stockholm there is a grand banquet in the Exchange, given to the king and his family. On this occasion the monarch throws aside "the divinity which doth hedge a king," and mingles with his people as citizen to citizen, in true democratic fashion.

Danes greet the New Year with a tremendous volley of cannon, and old Copenhagen is shaken to its foundations at midnight. It is also considered a delicate compliment to fire off a gun or a pistol under the bedroom window of one's friends at a very early hour.

Dwellers in Cape Town, South Africa, are an exception to the general run of English colonists. After the custom of the early Dutch settlers, they celebrate New Year for an entire week. Every house is full of visitors, every man, woman and child is dressed in his best, and no one has any business except to seek amusement, which he does frantically. There are picnics to Table mountain and pleasure excursions in boats. There is a dance every evening. At the end of the week everybody settles down to business, and the settlement is as calm and well ordered as if it had never heard of New Year.

The Celestial Empire

As EVERY one who has seen a Chinese quarter in a large city knows, "the heathen Chinee" celebrates the New Year in a right royal fashion. In the mother country the rejoicings absorb fully a month, during the first part of which there is not an empty mouth in the empire.

But the refreshments are of a light kind—peanuts, watermelon seeds, sweetmeats, oranges, tea and typically Chinese cakes. Presents of cakes are given to the poor, and "brilliant cakes," supposed to help the children along with their studies, are distributed from the temples.

At an early hour on the second of February—their New Year's day—they propitiate heaven and earth with offerings of rice, vegetables, tea, wine, oranges, and imitation paper money, which they burn with incense, joss sticks, and candles. Afterward they worship their household gods and deceased ancestors and living relatives. All this is carried out in the most solemn manner, and offerings are made to everybody except the living.

Images of gods are carried in procession to the beating of a deafening gong, and mandarins go by hundreds with congratulatory addresses to the emperor. Their robes are gorgeously embroidered and are heavy with gold. Numerous amusements are provided for the public, the chief of which are acting, illuminations, and fireworks.

The Flowery Kingdom

Japan's New Year's day is the twenty-ninth of January. By this time all accounts have been adjusted and all disputes settled. Everybody puts on the regulation dress—a sort of light blue cotton—and starts out to visit relatives and friends. The visiting lasts for three days, and they send letters of congratulation, in stiff, set phrases, to those in distant places.

They go to their favorite tea gardens, and there is a grand procession in which all trades are represented. Drums and stringed instruments are played by numerous bands, and wax figures are sold by the thousand. They amuse themselves with top spinning, kite flying, jugglers, actors and fireworks, and the "ladies of quality" please themselves with the "butterfly dance."

Presents are offered of cooked rice, roasted peas, oranges, and figs. The peas are scattered about the houses to frighten away evil spirits, and on the fourth day of the New Year, the decorations of lobster which signify reproduction, cabbages which mean riches, and oranges which mean good luck, are taken down and replaced with boughs of fruit trees and flowers. This is to signify the near approach of spring, when the "winter garment of repentance" shall be thrown aside.

Near the North Pole

As PREVIOUSLY arranged, the Esquimaux go forth from their snow huts or ice caves in pairs, one of each pair being dressed in women's clothes. They gain entrance to every igloo in the village, moving silently and mysteriously. At last there is not a light left in the whole place, and having extinguished every spark of fire they can find, they kindle a fresh one, going through mysterious ceremonies meanwhile. From this one source all lamps and fires in the district are lighted anew.

In the Indian empire, the day which corresponds to other New Year celebrations, is called Hooly, and is a feast in honor of Krishna. Caste temporarily loses caste and the prevailing hue is red. Every one who can afford it wears red garments. They throw red powder at one another, and mix it with water and squirt it from syringes on passers-by. This is taken in as good part as snow-balling is in northern climes.

Complimentary visits between the merest acquaintances are exchanged in Germany, and New Year's gifts are made to the servants. The eve of the New Year is called "der Sylvester Abend," and while it is deemed not unbecoming for the young and thoughtless to while away the evening by dancing, the day in more serious households takes on a semi-religious aspect. During the evening there is prayer at the family altar, and at midnight the watchman on the church tower blows his horn to announce the birth of the New Year.

The "Jour de l'An" is a great period almost all over France, and many of the customs common with us at Christmastide are transferred to New Year. In many parts of that country masquerading by children continues for three days, the youngsters going from house to house, singing and begging for small presents.

Death of the Old Year.

By CHARLOTTE BEAUMONT JARVIS.

Miserere! toll the bell,
Let the earth send forth a knell,
For a great soul takes his flight,
None knows whither, in the night—
Miserere!

Stretched upon his snowy bier,
Dying lies the good Old Year;
And upon the midnight gale
All may hear his parting wail—
Miserere!

In the old king's chequered reign
There were mingled joy and pain;
Friends proved false, while foes were true,
Sinners many, saints—a few—
Miserere!

There were hearts that suffered wrong,
Bore it bravely, and were strong;
Hearts there were, so black within,
Satan wondered at their sin—
Miserere!

Garners full of fruitful store,
Measures pressed, and running o'er;
Famine in the streets at night,
Doing deeds too dark for light—
Miserere!

Rang the church bells for the wed,
Tolled they also for the dead;
In one home a joy was born,
From another joy was torn—
Miserere!

Such earth's sorrow, such its sin,
All must end where they begin;
Snow which wraps the New Year's feet
Is the Old Year's winding sheet—
Miserere!

Now his spirit goeth fast,
Midnight hour will be his last;
To your knees, earth's worn and weary—
Miserere! Miserere!

The New Engineer

By DANIEL W. GALLAGHER

UNDER the old earth's outer crust—
'Mid bed-rock fragments and lava dust;
Watching the axis turning slow,
The Old Year stood at his dynamo
In the power plant which time maintains,
And numbered losses and figured gains.

"I've done quite well," said the aged seer—
"My record's good as an engineer,
I've kept things humming, above—below.
Folks can't complain that I've been slow,
And now I'm off when midnight calls—"
Then he started doffing his overalls.

He washed his face and brushed his hair—
Then leaned far back in his arm-chair
In pensive mood till a sturdy chap
Clambered up to the old man's lap.
And said: "Old Year—they tell me you
Are sorter thinking of getting through."

"Right you are," cried the aged man.
"Your task awaits you, little Jan.
Get into your duds and start right in,
I will wait right here until you begin,
For I wish to see if I rightly guess,
Which of the levers you first will press."

Then Jan marched up to the dynamo.
He passed the levers of "Want" and "Woe"—
Nor touched the levers of "War" or "Fame"—
Stopping the while to read each name:
Then a handle grasped—as he turned to go,
The Old Year's face seemed all aglow.

So when the dawn of that day began
Man thought of his stricken brother man.
With ready help and an honest tear.
For them that knew no glad New Year.
'Twas the lever of Love in the midst of gloom—
That Jan had gripped in the engine-room.

Thoughts for the New Year

★ ★

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops, and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up in the morning.—*H. W. Beecher.*

We are not in this world to do what we wish, but to be willing to do that which it is our duty to do.—*Gounod.*

It is the every days that count. They must be made to tell, or the years have failed.—*W. C. Gannett.*

Soberly and with clear eyes believe in your own time and place. There is not, there never has been, a better time or a better place to live in. Only with this belief can you believe in hope. — *Phillips Brooks.*

We may make the best of life, or we may make the worst of it, and it depends very much upon ourselves whether we extract joy or misery from it.—*Smiles.*

The darkest shadows of life are those which a man himself makes when he stands in his own light.—*Lord Avebury.*

Our life is short, but to expand that span to vast eternity is virtue's work.—*Shakespeare.*

The hour that is gone I cannot recall, but to-morrow I will do better than yesterday; and all to-morrows shall be better than the yesterdays. Let us "leave behind our low-vaulted past."—*Dyer.*

Life is fruitful in the ratio in which it is laid out in noble action or patient perseverance. —*Liddon.*

The New Year's Choice

It is Well to Choose Wisely for the Time That Is to Come.

Once, long ago, the Lord appeared in a vision of the night to a young man with the offer, "Ask what I shall give thee." And a decisive moment was that in which the young king weighed against all others the thing which he most desired.

Centuries lie between us and the young king, Solomon, but still—and especially on each recurring New Year's—God appears to each of us with practically the same offer, "Ask what I shall give thee." And, as with Solomon, so with every heart, there lies the choice of the gift. Were the question an audible one, what would your answer be?

Each recurring New Year's, in effect, says: "Ask what I shall give thee." And the choice for the coming year may be our choice for all the years of life. It is by choice that men seek wealth and learning and by influence. And it is not a question of this and that, but of this or that. To choose is to decide between, to leave as well as to take. Therefore, what will be our choice for the year before us? God Himself asks the question, makes the offer.

Christmas Fairies.

An old English tradition has it that at Christmas-tide, elves and fairies may mingle with humankind in the festivities, and the holly, bay and ivy are hung that the fays may find hiding places. They are also hung to afford a refuge to the woodland sprites who, at this season, are half-frozen in the forests

When Washington Keeps Open House

by EDWARD B. CLARK

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NEW YEAR'S DAY AT THE WHITE HOUSE
YOUNG ARMY OFFICERS AT THE NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION
SOUTH DOOR OF THE WHITE HOUSE WHERE THE CHIEF NOTABLES ENTER ON NEW YEAR'S DAY
THE GRAND STAIRWAY AT THE WHITE HOUSE DECORATED FOR THE NEW YEAR RECEPTION
PHOTO COPYRIGHT BY NELSON HARVEY WASHINGTON, D.C.
THE BLUE PARLOR WHERE GUESTS ARE RECEIVED ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

THIS is one of the few cities in the country where the old-fashioned custom of keeping open house on New Year's day holds unchanged. The men who are fond of digging into matters historical say that the New Year's calling practice originated among the Dutch on Manhattan island. Washington began the practice in the year that the city was founded, and it has kept it up with all its social formalities from that day to this.

The greatest New Year's reception that the world knows is held every year in the White House with the president and his wife and the cabinet officers and their wives in the receiving line. The guests are a multitude, and they come dressed in all sorts of raiment from the blue and gold trappings of the ambassadors and army officers of all nations, to the toil-stained clothing of the laborer and the calico gowns and bandannas of the old-time plantation negress.

The White House, of necessity, must be democratic, for this is a democracy, and the same greeting is given the workmen that is given to the ambassador of all the Russias. There is no more picturesque affair in the country than the White House reception on New Year's. Long before the gates are thrown open the avenues leading to the executive mansion and Lafayette square, which outlies the president's grounds, are jammed with people, and it is the duty of the police to get the immense crowd in line and to maintain order.

President Roosevelt came into office in the month of September, and because of the assassination of President McKinley while holding a public reception in the Music hall at Buffalo, it was urged that the New Year's receptions at the White House should be given over. It was feared that some half-crazed person might succeed in getting to the president's person and repeat the awful crime of Buffalo. Mr. Roosevelt, however, would not listen to the arguments of the fearful ones, and the reception was held as it always had been held, and Mr. Taft will keep up the custom. There have been no interruptions to the New Year's day receptions during the history of the republic.

Precedence of necessity has to be considered to some extent at the president's receptions. When the officials of Washington life have passed in front of the president and his wife and have exchanged the greetings of the New Year, the plain civilians and their wives, daughters and sons, follow in whatever order they may have happened to reach their place in line. If the millionaire does not want to be preceded by the poverty-stricken he can stay at home unless he chooses to get up early enough to make sure that he can get a first place. If any discrimination were shown the president would hear of it, and there would be no end of a row.

Out of courtesy to the men who in a sense are guests of the nation, the ambassadors and ministers and the attaches of legations are received first. The ambassador who has been longest in the Washington service heads the line and it makes no difference whether he comes from a great power or from a weak power, for the length of his Washington residence alone decides the matter. The master of ceremonies at the White House takes the diplomatic list and the American official list and studies them for a week prior to the reception. If he should give place to some official which by precedence right belonged to another, there would be sulking, indignation and very likely loud complaint. It is one of the most delicate tasks in the world to arrange the official guests at a New Year's reception so that there will be no friction and no heart-burnings.

Following the ambassadors and ministers of foreign countries come the members of the supreme court of the United States. In their trail come the senators and representatives in congress, and then come the officers of the army and of the navy. Then the bureau chiefs and the higher officials of the various departments of government greet the president, and after them the ordinary citizen has his place in line.

On New Year's day President Taft shakes hands with something like 8,000 of his fellow citizens and citizenesses. Mrs. Taft does not shake hands, for if the president's wife should attempt it she could not hold the pen for a good many days thereafter. Shaking hands is a more trying occupation than most people may imagine. Grover Cleveland had to give over the practice for some time because he actually lamed his right hand and right arm until he could not lift them without pain. Mr. Roosevelt had a handshake which enabled him to give a seemingly hearty grip to everybody and yet to spare his own hand the slightest muscular strain. Mr. Taft must have had the Roosevelt secret imparted to him, for he gives the same kind of a hand greeting that was given by his predecessor.

At the White House reception on New Year's day affairs move forward as smoothly as the proverbial clock work. The guests enter at the main doorway which opens toward Pennsylvania avenue. Their course toward the president is lined with watchful men in civilian dress. The line moves quickly and it is accelerated in its course by the politely worded requests of the ushers, requests by the way which have the force of orders, although the words are spoken in such a way that the guest has no thought that he is being unduly hurried. When consideration is given to the fact that thousands upon thousands of people must greet the president within a limited time, there is every excuse for the championship by the ushers of what may be called the "forward movement."

President Taft has said that he will carry out the Roosevelt policies. He does not consider it necessary, however, in order to keep his pledge to say: "delighted" to everyone whom he greets. "Glad to see you," is the president's stock phrase of welcome and as his intonation is as heartily sincere as is his smile, he leaves a pleasant impression. Once in a while in the course of a New Year's reception, the president will "hold up the line" long enough to chat for a moment with some one whom he knows well personally, or with some official who has come from a distance to pay his respects. Mr. Roosevelt had a habit of holding the line up quite frequently, and as a result his receptions were likely to be rather long drawn out. If Mr. Roosevelt ever had seen a man before, no matter how many years back, nor in what kind of an out-of-the-way place, he was sure to remember him, and as a result his acquaintance was very wide. He never liked to let a man whom he had once known pass by with merely a prefunctory handshake.

Receiving with the President and Mrs. Taft on New Year's day are the vice-president's wife and women of the cabinet who range themselves to the right in order of the cabinet rank of their husbands. Mrs. Sherman has the first place and then comes Mrs. Knox, the wife of the secretary of state.

Then comes Mrs. MacVeagh, the wife of the secretary of the treasury, and so on in order of cabinet precedence, until the wife of Mr. Nagel is reached who holds the last place in line as the wife of the head of the department most recently created by act of congress.

A few other women in official life are invited by the president's wife to assist her in her duties as hostess, and it is not at all an unusual thing to invite some of the older residents of Washington whose families have no government connection. The cabinet officers and their wives remain with the receiving party until the reception is about two-thirds ended, and then they go to their homes where they hold semi-public receptions of their own.

The vice-president and Mrs. Sherman receive on New Year's day, and anyone who will, may call. At the White House no refreshments are served because it would be a physical impossibility to care for the wants of the enormous crowds that are present. At the houses of the vice-president and the cabinet officials, however, great tables covered with good things to eat, and in some houses, with good things to drink, are prepared for the visitors. The women of official life in Washington in the main, are just as good politicians as are their husbands. The humblest caller on New Year's day is treated with all the consideration which is shown the most prominent people. The inconspicuous one of to-day is likely to be the conspicuous one of to-morrow, and no one appreciates this better than the trained wives of officialdom.

It is probably true in some measure at least, that more ambitions have been killed by the mistakes of the wives of persons newly appointed to high office than by the mistakes of the officials themselves. Washington is full of stories of resentment caused by the failure of the wives of new cabinet members to recognize persons who supposed that all the world knew them. These mistakes are confined largely to the officials and their wives who are new to Washington society and new to the political life generally. Men are appointed to cabinet positions frequently who never before held office. The congressman who finds himself promoted to higher office knows what is called the social game as well as he knows politics, and his wife by association knows it as well as he does.

So it is that at the great receptions on New Year's and other days, the hosts and hostesses who are accustomed to the ways of Washington, manage to get through the trying hours of crowded receptions without giving offense to anybody.

It is the bounden duty of every subordinate official in Washington to call on his chief on New Year's day. After all the officials have paid their respects to the president, they go at once to the home of the chief of the department in which they serve. From the ranking major general of the army to the youngest second lieutenant on duty at the capital, all the officers call upon the secretary of war. The naval officers from Admiral Dewey down to the stripling ensign, make their way to the house of Secretary of the Navy Meyer, and there, in order of rank, pay their respects.

The New Year's day reception at the White House is the only formal reception of the year that is open to all citizens. There are other receptions given by the president and his wife during the winter which are semi-public in their nature, but to which admission is by card only. The first of these receptions is given on the second Thursday after New Year's day, in the evening. It is called "the diplomatic reception," and the guests are invited to meet the ambassadors and ministers who are accredited by foregin governments, to the United States.

Another reception is given two weeks later and the guests of honor whom the other guests are invited to meet are the justices of the supreme court of the United States. The third reception is for the senators and representatives in congress, and the fourth and last, is for the officers of the army and navy.

Nearly every day of the year the president greets visitors in the offices of the White House at noon, and so it is possible for the American citizen to exchange greetings with the chief executive even though circumstances prevent his saying "Happy New Year," on January 1st, at the great White House holiday gathering.

Thought Much of Pet Dogs

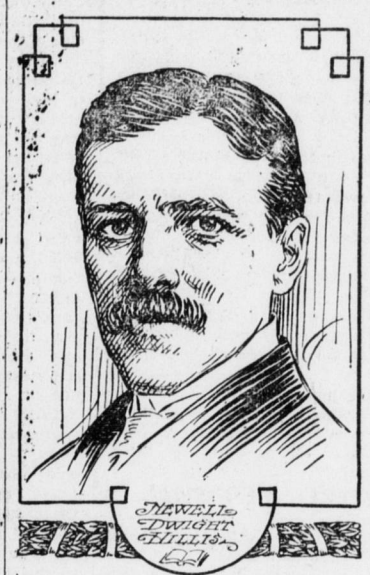
Four metrical epitaphs reveal to us a pleasing and unexpected side of the Roman character. They are epitaphs on pet dogs. One was a great white hunting dog named Margarito, who coursed through the trackless forests, as she tells us on her tombstone. Another "never barked without reason, but now he is silent." Myria, the little Gallic dog, barked fiercely if she found a rival lying in her mistress' lap. The stone of Patricus, an Italian dog, at Salernum contains this tribute from his mistress: "My eyes were wet with tears, our dear little dog, when I bore thee (to the grave), a service which I should have rendered thee with less grief three lustrums ago. So, Patricus, never again shalt thou give me a thousand kisses. Never canst thou lie contentedly in my lap. In sadness have I buried thee, as thou deservest, in a resting place of marble, and I have put thee for all time by the side of my shade. In thy qualities, sagacious thou wert like a human being. Ah, me! what a loved companion have we lost!"—From "Society and Politics in Ancient Rome."

MEN TO LIVE 120 YEARS

Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis in Chicago Lecture, Foresees Human Longevity—Advocates Suffrage.

Chicago.—That man may by his own methods of living sustain life until he reaches the age of 100, or even 120 years, is the contention of Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. Hillis arrived in Chicago in the course of a lecture tour which carried him through the middle west, bringing with him the excellent good news that the time is near at hand when we will "all be ashamed to show our faces in heaven before we are 100 years old." Dr. Hillis is convinced that present day conditions are such as to make for the longevity of the



race. He believes that in a thousand years women will own all the property.

He was talking about "The America of To-day and To-morrow" before the Cook County Teachers' association when he expressed the opinion that the span of life is to be lengthened.

"It has been proved," he said, "that the men of to-day are on an average four inches taller than the men of 500 years ago and that the women are five inches taller than the women of 1789.

"The women are getting the most of the education of to-day, and before long, if the men continue to go into business and get their recreation in the evening playing billiards, while the women follow intellectual pursuits, the latter will be the only educated persons of the country.

"I don't know why the women should not vote. I am tired listening to these false statements about the women to the effect that they were made inferior to man and should be kept subject to his authority and should have no say in politics or in religion. We are having too much trouble over that statement of Paul's that women should not talk in the church."

OLEO MAN FOR CONGRESS

Sixth Illinois District Voters Choose Moxley to Fill Lorimer's Place.

Chicago.—Unless the plans of one of defeated opponents succeed an oleomargarine manufacturer will represent the Sixth Chicago district in congress. This manufacturer of a substitute for butter is William J. Moxley and he was elected after a hard campaign. So far as the records show he is the only oleo maker in congress. The government has had considerable trouble with men in Mr. Moxley's business and a Chicago paper which opposed his election called attention to the fact that Mr. Moxley had not been without his own clash with Uncle Sam.

Mr. Moxley was elected to succeed William Lorimer who was elevated to

William J. Moxley.

the rank of senator last spring. He is wealthy and his friends are certain that he will give the people of the Sixth district satisfactory service.

"Touch Wood."

While we are on the subject of evil spirits let us listen to a correspondent who informs us that he has lately noticed a curious superstition among the children of his village. "When a motor appears the children within sight all run to touch something made of wood, retaining hold of it until the motor is out of sight. When asked to give a reason for this they say that it brings good luck I wonder if any of your correspondents in other places have noticed this." We think it not unlikely. And except where the road is paved with wood, we should judge the incantation very effective.

THE GUARD WAS ANGRY.

But the Pretty Girl Didn't Need His Protection.

Passengers on a subway car bound from Brooklyn to New York on Sunday afternoon had an experience that first caused frowns and then a laugh.

The car was crowded, but all the women had seats. On the platform was a middle aged man, apparently respectable. On a side seat was a girl in old rose, with cheeks to match.

The man on the platform caught her eye for a moment and threw a frantic kiss. The girl first smiled, then blushed furiously.

He threw another, and she turned away a crimsoned face.

"That will about do for you," said the big, rawboned guard. "Go home to your wife."

This didn't seem to worry the apparently respectable man, and, catching a glint from the girl's eyes, he threw another kiss. She turned her face to study carefully a pretty hat across the car.

At the Manhattan end of the bridge the girl rose to leave the car. The man who was trying to flirt with her also faced the sliding door. By that time all eyes were on the pair, the guard was mad all through, and a couple of passengers edged dangerously close.

The girl in old rose took the arm of the apparently respectable man and said in a silvery voice that all could hear:

"Oh, papa, how could you?"

Then everybody laughed at a joking father and a lovely daughter.—New York Press.

CONQUERED HER RIVAL.

Pretty and Pathetic Story of Jenny Lind and Grisi.

Jenny Lind and Grisi were both rivals for popular favor in London. Both were invited to sing the same night at a court concert before the queen. Jenny Lind, being the younger, sang first and was so disturbed by the fierce, scornful look of Grisi that she was at the point of failure when suddenly an inspiration came to her.

The accompanist was striking the final chords. She asked him to rise and took the vacant seat. Her fingers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, and then she sang a little prayer which she had loved as a child. She hadn't sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to loving friends in her fatherland.

Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment. The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into that weird, thrilling, plaintive "prayer." Gradually the song died away and ended in a sob. There was a silence—the silence of admiring wonder.

The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted her sweet eyes to look into the scornful face that had so disconcerted her. There was no fierce expression now. Instead a teardrop glistened on the long, black lashes, and after a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her and kissed her, uttering regardless of the audience.

Revised the Bill.

A young solicitor got a verdict for a client of considerable riches, but little beauty. Shortly afterward, in due course of business, he sent her a somewhat formidable account. On the following day his client called on him and asked him if he had been serious in his proposal.

"Proposal? But I have not proposed," replied the solicitor, somewhat aghast.

"What!" replied the fair client calmly. "You have asked for my fortune! I should have supposed that you would at least have had the politeness to take me along with it."

The next day she received a revised account as follows:

"Miss B., debtor to Mr. C. for legal business performed."

Then in place of "t. s. d." was "Total amount, Miss B."—London Telegraph.

What She Imagined.

"Don't imagine," he said after she had refused him, "that I am going away to blow my brains out or drink myself to death."

"No," she replied. "I have no idea that you will do anything of that kind. You are going away to do some wonderful thing which will bring you wealth and fame and make me regret all the rest of my life that I didn't believe you when you intimated that you were one of the greatest little men that had ever come over the asphalt."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Never Forgets 'Em.

"Maud is continually gigging. She seems to have an ever present sense of humor."

"Not at all. What she has is simply an ever present consciousness of dimples."—Boston Transcript.

Fashion Note.

"Isn't your hat rather curious in shape?" asked the uninformed man.

"Certainly," answered his wife. "It has to be. Any hat that wasn't curious in shape would look queer."—Washington Star.

A Linen Shower.

Helen—The friends of the bride elect are going to give her a linen shower. Harold—What's a linen shower? Helen—It's a shower in which the rain comes down in sheets.—Exchange.

The Lesson.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, Tommy, what does the story of the prodigal son teach? Tommy—It teaches us how to get fresh veal.—Chicago News.

OUR CHRISTMAS ON THE PLAINS

I NEVER shall forget our Christmas dinner in a construction camp in the year 1800, said a former Coloradoan. We were building a reservoir out on the plains about ten miles east of Pueblo. We had 150 men on the job, all white men.

We had a poor cook on the job and couldn't seem to find any other. As a result there had been men leaving every day and constant grumbling all the fall, and it came to a head Christmas day.

It was a beautiful, bright Colorado Christmas. The men were to work in the morning, have a turkey dinner at noon and lay off in the afternoon. The old man had bought three pounds of turkey per man—450 pounds. The birds had come out the day before.

About ten minutes after noon I heard a kind of an angry roar outside. I never heard anything like it before, and it made me jump. It meant trouble of some kind. I hurried out and saw a surging mob at the door of the cook tent. The men were all shaking their fists in the air and yelling with one steady, hoarse, prolonged yell. I went around behind the tent and slipped in. There stood the cook raging, fighting drunk, brandishing a meat ax and emitting a steady stream of profanity. In front of him surged the mob, just out of reach of the meat ax, crazy mad. I didn't blame them. They had come off work with their mouths all made up for turkey, and not a table was set, not a spark of fire in the stove and 450 pounds of turkey scattered over the section of alkali plain which formed the floor.

The battle was short. The men ran in behind the cook, tripped him and the minute he was down had a rope around him.

"Hang him, hang him!" they roared and started off with him to the meat pole.

In all my life I never was so scared as I was that day. I didn't care in the least whether the man was hanged, drowned or died in his bed. Yet civilization rose up in me, and I knew I had to save him. I ran like a deer to get around the crowd and reach the meat pole first, and all the while I

BRANDISHING A MEAT AX.

ran I was cursing the cook. When they got to the meat pole they found me on a box facing them with a gun.

"What do you want?" they roared.

"Get quiet," said I.

Those in front called out, "Shut up!" When they were still I said: "Boys, I'm sorry this thing has happened. It's my fault for not watching this fool closer. But we can wash those turkeys and have a good dinner yet if some of you'll turn in and help me. They aren't hurt any. As for this scum of a cook, I don't care any more about him than you do. But I'm in charge here and I can't let him be hanged. You can go ahead and hang him if you want to, but you'll have to kill me first. Now go ahead."

I waited, but no one stirred. There were plenty of guns in the crowd, but no one was ready to undertake the job of killing me. I gave them only a minute to think. Then I said to the man that held the rope, "Untie him." He did it. "Get out of here," I said to the cook. The fellow got up, white as death with fear.

Then I turned to the men and asked if there were any who had ever done any cooking, who would help me. Half a dozen volunteered. We washed the turkeys and put them on to boil. I never worked over anything in my life as I did that Christmas dinner. The men were still silent and sullen, and I didn't know but they'd hang me if the dinner didn't suit them. I tried desperately to remember all the cooking I'd ever seen my mother do, and thanked God when I found that one of the men could make pies and another soda biscuit. About 5 o'clock we had the best dinner the camp could turn out, boiled turkey, boiled potatoes, canned squash, canned corn, canned peaches, dried apple pie, hot biscuit and coffee.—New York Press.

Depressed.

"I am afraid Bliggins has met with reverses."

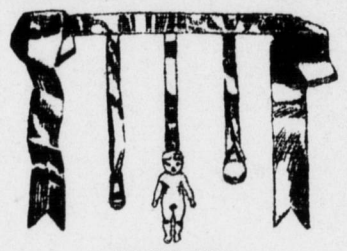
"What makes you think so?"

"He goes about with a gloomy look saying there is no such a thing as disinterested friendship. That is almost a sure sign that a man has been trying to borrow money."—Exchange.

There are more than 600 proverbs in the English language which relate to dogs.

Christmas Presents

At first glance the Christmas gift for King Baby, impregnable as he is in his pink and white well fed contentment, seems the hardest problem of the holiday season. He has no wants that are obvious and patent, and it is evidently quite hopeless to ask him to follow his

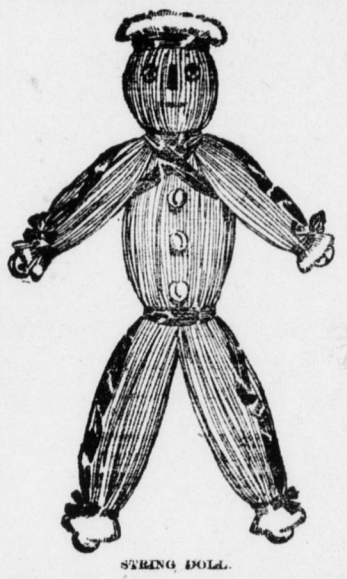


THE TOY BELT.

big brothers and sisters' example and write out a list of the desires of his heart for Santa to gratify. On a venture just try how his highness will like a toy belt. It is made of a piece of two inch satin ribbon long enough to fit about the waist comfortably and to tie in an attractive bow in the back with long ends. The portion that is supposed to go around the waist of the infant is doubled over to form a belt, from which hang pendent from satin streamers a whistle—silver if money is not a consideration—a rubber doll and, on the third end, a small play ball. The belt is then completed.

String Doll.

Easier to make than the rag doll and much more hygienic, for babies have the bad habit of putting things in their mouths and the paint on rag dolls is often poisonous, is the string doll. It is evolved from quantities of heavy



STRING DOLL.

white soft string cut into lengths for the body and arms. The head is stuffed out with wadding, also the body, and the shapes formed by tying about neck and waist pieces of baby ribbon of some bright color. Beads are stuck in for eyes, and a mouth is made with colored thread worked in with a needle. About the wrist is a ribbon outlining the pudgy hand.

Baby's Bonnet Box.

The baby has his bonnet box as well as his mamma, but it is a cunning little round affair covered with flowered paper in a pretty babyish design of forgetmenots. This is one of the prettiest new ideas in connection with the infant's layette and makes a charming Christmas gift. Inside the box is fit

BOX FOR HIS LORDSHIP'S BONNETS.

ted with a round, scented lining of silk, and the top of the lid is finished in the same way. Gathering the silk in rosette fashion and catching up the ends in the center of the lid with a rosette of baby ribbon is a dainty touch to the box.

Baby Bibs.

A baby cannot have too many bibs, and there is nothing a mother appreciates more than gift bibs for her baby.

A pretty bib is made of sheer lawn, embroidered with the transparent embroidery which consists of eyelets done on the wrong side of the material for the flowers and simple outline stitch for the stems and scrolls. Set the embroidered lawn on to a heavy linen back. Trim the bib with an edging of valenciennes lace. With this can be given one of the silver fasteners, which are new and useful.

Two Pretty Presents.

An acceptable present for a baby is the sets of silver safety pins that come on three rings tied together with a ribbon. Each ring contains a dozen of the pins, and all the dozens differ in size.

For the rubber blanket used on the crib there are slips the exact size made with small buttons and holes so that a fresh one may be put on with little trouble. These must bear the embroidered initials of the new arrival.

SOME EARNEST HOLIDAY DON'TS

DON'T think that you are too poor to keep Christmas. You can't be so poor as all that.

Don't spend so much on Christmas that you can't get even with the butcher and grocer until March.

Don't give presents that are a pleasure for ten minutes and a burden and a worry for ten years.

Don't, young women, buy neckties for your men folk; don't encourage them in being bigger guys than necessary.

Don't give a drum to the children of your enemy who works nights. A watchman's rattle is just as good, and it is cheaper.

Don't give your wife something she doesn't care for just because you want it yourself. This "don't" works the other way just as well.

Don't forget that a basket of fruit or a box of flowers is just as nice a present in many cases as something that will last a good deal longer.

Don't try to find the price marks on the gifts you receive. If the gifts are worth having they mean something above dollars and cents.

Don't forget the Bob Cratchits and the Tiny Tims—that is, unless you are unregenerate Old Scrooge, in which case forgetfulness can be explained.

Don't put off everything to the last, because you had better for the joy of your friends give nothing than wear yourself out and be as cross as two sticks when the blessed day comes.

Don't waste any of your pity on the long haired youths who lie at the bottom of the heap in football scrimmages. You will need all your pity for yourself in the rush at the holiday counter.

Don't check off each gift you receive against each present that you gave and calculate whether you made or lost. Christmas is not the time to be any smaller or meaner than you can help.

Don't oppress children who are satiated to sadness with toys already by giving them more. There are other ways of making them happy, or if there are not it is because they are spoiled with many pleasures and are the most pitiful beings alive. In that case let them try doing something for poor children, who are blessed in powers of enjoyment, and see if the capacity won't prove catching.

Don't neglect, if you are a woman, to lay in a stock of some simple things like handkerchiefs and sachet bags for unexpected emergencies if you like to meet various people with a reasonable token.

Don't set your own happiness up as the chief thing to be looked out for at Christmas time. Try to make other people happy and forget yourself, then you will be surprised to see how really happy you are.

Don't give a book to a man with a big library or a picture to the man who makes a specialty of the fine arts unless you know pretty well what he wants. Ten to one he'd rather do the buying of such things for himself.

Don't write your name or anybody else's on cards if you send them. No one can keep a lot of such truck, and it is often highly convenient just to send them on their travels to carry Christmas greeting to other people. And why not?—Buffalo Express.

Hawaiian Christmas.

Birds are singing everywhere,
Happy, merry Christmas!
Flowers are showing beauties rare,
Merry, happy Christmas!
Here in ocean girdled home,
Here in pleasant tropic zone,
'Neath a glorious summer sun
Cometh merry Christmas.

Day which giveth joy to all,
Happy, merry Christmas!
Poor and rich and great or small
Merry, happy Christmas!
Day when angel voices call
Praise to him, the Lord of all,
And peace, good will, to mankind fall
On every merry Christmas.

Santa Claus comes here alway
Every merry Christmas,
Sans the reindeer, sans the sleigh
Of the lang syne Christmas.
Here is neither frost nor snow,
Here but pleasant trade winds blow,
Here is paradise below
And a merry Christmas.

Hawaii's homes send forth today
"A merry, happy Christmas!"
To the loved ones far away,
"A happy, merry Christmas!"
May the God child's natal day
Be a happy one alway,
From sorrow free and every way
A merry, merry Christmas!
—Paradise of the Pacific.

For the Iconoclast.

Don't let your little ones into the secret that Santa Claus is an impostor. Let them figure out for themselves how a fat man with a big pack can get into the parlor grate through the chimney of a modern house heated by steam. Imagination is a quality desirable to cultivate.

The Quest of the Auto.

Mrs. Newlywed—I am hoping and praying that my hubby will give me an auto for Christmas.

Her Friend—How long are you married?

Mrs. Newlywed—Six months.

Her Friend—Well, hoping and praying may fetch it this year, but next year it will have to be sobbing and jawing.—Judge.

Xmas Display AT MEISEL'S

Our store is virtually filled with a line of beautiful imported and domestic baskets, all sizes and shapes filled with Candy, Fruit, Nuts or sold empty, from which you can choose a suitable gift for friend or relative.

These baskets were purchased direct from manufacturer for cash and are selling at about ONE-HALF REGULAR PRICE.

Here are a few of the many shapes:

Autos, Airships, Swans, Wagons, Wheelbarrows, Jewel, Handkerchief, Necktie and Glove baskets and boxes, beautifully padded and satin lined work baskets, etc. Our unusual line of candy boxes in Japanese wood, Leather, Glass, etc., and our magnificent display of Xmas sweets gives our store that Xmas air of good cheer. Basket and Boxes range in price from 15c to $4.00. Candies 10c per lb and up.

Xmas Post Cards, Candles, Cigars in fancy boxes, holly and mistletoe. Make selections early

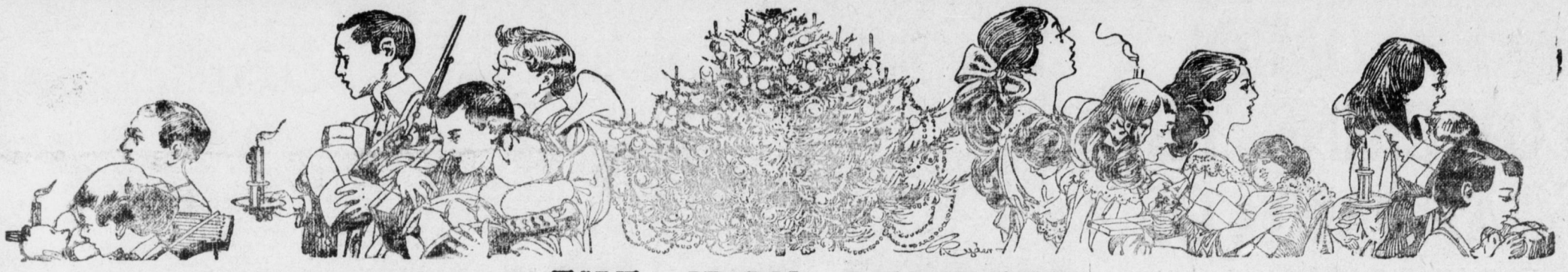
THE FAMOUS UTOPIAN CHOCOLATES CAN BE BOUGHT ONLY at OUR STORE

"MEISEL'S CANDY KITCHEN"

SENSIBLE PRESENTS ARE GOOD THINGS FOR SENSIBLE PEOPLE TO GIVE. BOTH MEN AND WOMEN LOVE TO GET THINGS TO WEAR AND CAN YOU NOT GET GOOD PRESENTS FOR MEN AT OUR STORE? AND THEN IN WHAT WAY YOU CAN MAKE YOUR CHILDREN AND YOUR WOMEN FRIENDS HAPPIER THAN BY GIVING THEM SOMETHING TO WEAR. YOU WISH TO SEE THESE THINGS BEFORE YOU BUY THEM. SO COME AND LOOK AT THEM AND GET OUR PRICES. COME TO THE "QUALITY STORE." SPECIAL PRICES ON ALL SUITS, COATS, MILLINERY AND SHIRT WAISTS.

RESPECTFULLY,

MRS. E. S. COPPERSMITH.



Pimples, Blackheads, Eczema, Etc.

QUICKLY CURED.

"It is astonishing" remarked a well known authority on diseases of the skin, how such a large number of people, especially ladies are by attractively written advertisements, induced to purchase some one of the many beauty Creams now on the market, not knowing of course, that they mostly contain oily or greesy substances that clog the pores of the skin and are, for that reason, the very worst thing that they could possibly use. My treatment of Pimples, Blackheads, Blotches and all eruptions of the skin, are as follows, and has invariably proved very successful: Wash the face carefully every night before retiring with warm water and a little oat meal tied up in a small cloth bag, then, after drying well, use the following inexpensive and perfectly harmless prescription, which can be filled at at any drug store: Clearoln ½ oz., Ether 1 oz., Alcohol 7 ounces. Use this mixture on the face as often as possible during the day, but use night and morning anyway, allowing it to remain on the face at least ten minutes then the powdery film may be wiped off. Do not wash the face for some little time after using By following this simple treatment, you will soon have a clear brilliant complexion.

Business Cards.

J. C. JOHNSON. J. P. MCNARNEY
F. A. JOHNSON.
JOHNSON & MCNARNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EMPORIUM, PA.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them. 15-1y.

MICHAEL BRENNAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Collections promptly attended to. Real estate and pension claim agent,
45-1y. Emporium, Pa.

B. W. GREEN. JAY P. FELT
GREEN & FELT,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Corner Fourth and Broad streets,
Emporium, Pa.
All business relating to estate, collections, real estate, Orphan's Court and general law business will receive prompt attention. 41-25-1y.

MAY GOULD,
TEACHER OF
PIANO, HARMONY AND THEORY
Also dealer in all the Popular Sheet Music,
Emporium, Pa.
Scholars taught either at my home on Sixth street or at the homes of the pupils. Out of town scholars will be given dates at my room in this place.

LADY WANTED!

To introduce our large 1909 Spring line of beautiful dress goods and waistings. Latest up-to-date New York City patterns. Handsomest line of materials ever seen. Quick sales, large profits. Can make $20 or more weekly. Samples and full instructions packed in neat sample case shipped Express prepaid. No money required. Exclusive territory. Our prices are low. Write for particulars. Be first to apply.

Standard Dress Goods Co., Dept. G, Binghamton, N. Y.

WINDSOR HOTEL

W. T. BRUBAKER, Manager

Midway between Broad Street Station and Reading Terminal on Filbert Street.

European, $1.00 per day and up
American, $2.50 per day and up

The only moderate priced hotel of reputation and consequence in

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Popular Store

"Around the Corner"

Broad Street, Near Depot

The People's Best Friend

Our rapidly increasing business is a self-evident fact that we give our customers their money's worth. We pride ourselves on the

Quality of our Groceries

Provisions, Flour, Feed, Vegetables, Fruits, Nuts, Candies.

Christmas Candies in Abundance

You Save Money Here.

JOSEPH KINSLER

THE IRON REINDEER

I'M up to date, and, be it said,
I certainly this year
Shall break and burn the ancient sled
And cook the ancient deer.
Those things are out of date for me;
They're now a shattered dream.
Oh, I'm as happy as can be
About my brand new scheme.

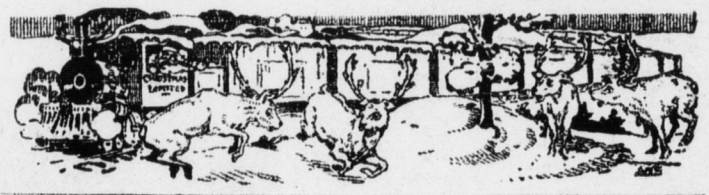
That sets all hearts aglow.
And I shall call, and not in vain,
While stockingward I head
My mile a minute flying train,
"The Christmas Limited."

FULL soon across the boundless plain,
Beneath the Christmas stars,
I'm going to travel on my train
Made up of baggage cars,
And they'll be simply stuffed with toys
And other precious things
For little girls and little boys
For whom I spread my wings.

OH, yes, in jigtime, down the track
I'll gayly glide along,
From home across the land and back
To all all hearts with song.
And to my agent at each town
I'll toss a bundle great
Each artless child with joy to crown
And make its heart elate.

THE train's made up. Already I
Am getting up the steam,
While piling in the cars sky high
The gifts of which you dream.
With joy I stand upon my head
And shout both far and near,
"Goodby unto the ancient sled—
All hail the iron deer!"
—R. K. Munkittrick in Success.

I'LL run along on schedule time,
Through wind swept drifts of snow.
My bell shall be the Christmas chime



Christmas In the Colonies.

'Twas the merry Christmas season, and the palms swung in the breeze
Of the lovely hot December in an island over seas,
And a meditative maiden of the kind called Philippine
Sat and gazed, with pensive visage, on the sultry winter scene.

Well she knew that on the morrow all her folks would celebrate,
Place a palm tree in the parlor, hang their anklets o'er the grate.
On the heaped up Christmas table, groaning with its load, there'd be
Appetizing bird's nest truffles and banana fricassee.

"Let me see," she murmured softly; "father 'll get his string of beads,
Blue and yellow. I am certain they're the very kind he needs.
For his old ones looked quite shocking, though he never seemed to care,
And his new set's quite the swellest thing a gentleman can wear.

"And for mamma there's the nose ring that I bought on Thursday week,
With the handsome whalebone stickpin for insertion in the cheek,
And little brother's boomerang! He'll be immensely pleased.
That or a bamboo jumping jack are the things for which he's teased.

"And as for me, I only hope they've got the things I need—
Just one or two nice costumes made of genuine coral bead,
A toe ring would be lovely, and a piece of copper wire
To wear around the instep make up all that I desire.

"Except, of course, some other things that every girl receives,
Such as various kinds of dresses made of nicely ripened leaves.
For surely," said the maiden as she smiled a scornful smile,
"I'm not like those American girls who always think of style."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Timely Caution.

Don't give any one bric-a-brac or pictures unless you are morally sure you know his taste. Presents that must be displayed are apt to be a great strain on the affections. No matter how the receiver may hate them, he must father them and deface his rooms with them or insult the giver. Now, a book, for instance, even if the receiver doesn't like it and doesn't want it, can be tucked away among other books and forgotten, but an ugly vase we have always with us—at least till we can smash it.

Christmas With Stevenson.

Passengers aboard the steamship Lubeck unexpectedly spent Christmas at sea in the year 1890, but the fact that Robert Louis Stevenson, the famous story writer, was among them made that a most memorable holiday. The Lubeck was en route from Australia to Samoa. She broke a shaft and limped along several days under sail. "Mr. Stevenson," says the captain in relating the incident, "cheered everybody up by telling funny stories that were better, coming offhand from his lips, than most literary men could write if they worked over them for weeks. He knew, too, that it was only a question of a short time before he would die of consumption and that he could never again go home for more than a brief visit. It was simply wonderful what a difference that one man made among the passengers, and I guess almost all of us would gladly spend the time to make port under sail, with machinery disabled, if we could have a Stevenson aboard."

A Polish Custom.

Peasant lads in the villages of Poland have a pretty Christmas custom which affords great delight not only to themselves, but to the other villagers. This is called the procession of the star. At Christmas time the boys make a large hollow star, two or three feet between points, lighted from the interior. This is carried aloft at the end of a pole or staff. It symbolizes the star of Bethlehem. The three wise men of the East—Gaspar, Melchior and Balthazar—are impersonated by boys. Others in the party bear a little puppet show cabinet, in which are performed the drama of the Nativity and other Scripture incidents appropriate to the occasion. From house to house around the village this procession trudges in the snow at night singing carols, and the villagers present the boys with small coins as Christmas gifts.

Mistletoe on Apple Trees.

The growth of the mistletoe on oak is now of very rare occurrence, but it flourishes luxuriantly in many parts of England on the apple trees.

What Thousands of Women Can Tell You

Thousands of women can give you hundreds of reasons for serving Beardsley's Shredded Codfish.

They know its convenience. They know its economy. They know the delicious meals it makes.

They know how it delights their families. Every time they serve it, they add to their fame as good cooks.

And they know the pleasing variety it means in their meals. They serve it a new way every week. And each time they bring out a new taste.

BEARDSLEY'S TRADE MARK SHREDDED CODFISH

See The Advantages

All these women who serve Beardsley's Shredded Codfish enjoy countless advantages over the women who don't.

They are never worried about what to have for a new and tempting meal.

They serve Shredded Codfish Balls. Or they have it Creamed. Or with Macaroni. Or they make a Shredded Codfish Omelet or Souffle. Or Chops—Croquettes—Kedgeree. Or they prepare it in other ways.

And they don't go to any bother or trouble.

Any way that they serve it, they have it ready for the table in less time than it takes to make coffee.

For this delicious fish food is ready to cook the instant they open the package.

THE PACKAGE WITH THE RED BAND

Lined with wax-paper. No preservative whatever, save the purest and finest sea-salt. Also packed in tin and glass.

What They Save

And see what these women save by serving Beardsley's Shredded Codfish.

One package makes a full meal for five Yet the cost is only ten cents.

Anything else half so good for breakfast or lunch would cost three or four times as much.

Just To Please Your Family

We have told you what thousands of women know.

You will thank us for telling you, when you try Beardsley's Shredded Codfish. You will find that all we have told you is true.

And your folks will thank you if you serve this fine food tomorrow. They will be more than delighted with this new kind of meal.

But please see that you get Beardsley's—the package with the red band. For Beardsley's is the only Shredded Codfish. Our wonderful Shredding process is patented. Beardsley's is the kind all people like.

Ask Grocer for Free Book

Ask your grocer for our book of tempting new recipes.

Or write us—we will send you the book and with it a generous sample of Beardsley's Shredded Codfish.

J. W. Beardsley's Sons
474-478 Greenwich St., New York

Some of Our Other Pure Food Products:
Acme Sliced Bacon; Acme Sliced Dried Beef; Acme Peanut Butter.

F. E. ROWLEY,

THIRD STREET, EMPORIUM, PA.

Retail Dealer in

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES

Lumber Hemlock, Bill Stuff, rough and planed, Yellow Pine, White Pide, Hardwoods.

Flooring White Pine, Yellow Pine, Hemlock, Maple.

Siding White Pine, Basswood, Poplar.

Ceilings White Pine, Yellow Pine, Basswood.

Mouldings Yellow Pine, White Pine.

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames.

Porch Turned Columns, Colonial Columns, Balusters, Brackets, Spindles, Rail.

Shingles and Lath

Finishing Lumber White Pine, Yellow Pine, Moulding Casings, Moulded Base.

YARD and OFFICE, Third Street.

Place an Ad in this paper and watch Results

We do Job Printing of every description.

ARE WOMEN LOWERING THE STANDARD OF CONDUCT?

SEVERE JUDGMENT OF REV. DR. HAYWOOD.

I SAY without hesitation that the New York woman of to-day is dragging down moral standards, not only for the next generation of her own sex, but for the men among whom she moves and whom she endeavors to attract by means to which her mother and her grandmother would never have stooped. If her influence did not extend beyond the confines of Manhattan Island the situation would be less appalling; but, alas! she is selected as a model by women all over the country—women who see her in her own environment or as a guest in their home towns or who read of her eccentricities, her attractiveness, her daring in the public press and periodicals of all sorts. Indirectly, as well as directly, she thus becomes a source of contamination.

ONCE more the New York woman is arraigned at the bar of social opinion. And all because in a recent sermon Rev. Oscar Haywood, pastor of the Collegiate Baptist Church of the Covenant in West Thirty-third street laid the downtown tendency of New York city's morals at her door, says the New York World.

Following this sermon with a direct statement to the Sunday World, Dr. Haywood says:

"I say without hesitation that the New York woman of to-day is dragging down moral standards, not only for the next generation of her own sex, but for the men among whom she moves and whom she endeavors to attract by means to which her mother and her grandmother would never have stooped. If her influence did not extend beyond the confines of Manhattan Island the situation would be less appalling, but, alas, she is selected as a model by women all over the country, women who see her in her environment or as a guest in their home towns or who read of her eccentricities, her attractiveness, her daring, in the public press and periodicals of all sorts. Indirectly as well as directly she thus becomes a source of contamination.

"New York may well be termed a Babylon. It is poisoning the very foundation of our national social health by drawing women of other cities to itself—and away from the wholesome standards, forms and habits of generations past.

"The women of the household are responsible for the moral slough of New York. Take the single question of where the family of the typical New Yorker shall live. For the sake of his children the husband and father would be quite willing to live in the suburbs, enduring all the inconveniences of commuting. But his wife will not bury herself in the "deadly dullness" of a quiet suburb. She wants to be where she can see and be seen. She demands excitement, the social life and the night life peculiar to this city. She insists, in fact, on being in the swim, and being in the swim in New York she imagines means indulging in all sorts of dissipation, not only in private, but in public, so that all who come may see that she knows just what "smart" women are doing.

"Concerning the modern habits of women, let us first consider smoking. I hold that smoking, especially cigarets, leads women to a far lower point of degradation than drinking. Many a man or woman who drinks is not morally bad, but the average man or woman addicted to cigaret smoking betrays a moral standard that is appalling, strikes a criminal note that is shocking and shows a decided tendency toward degeneracy. And figures go to show that more women are smoking cigarets in New York to-day than they ever have before.

"Drinking follows cigaret smoking, and the combination is fearful. Women who indulge in these two habits can wreck a community's morals, for, remember, the old generation is disappearing, and the oncoming generation will look to the woman of to-day, not of yesterday, for its example.

"And what sort of an example does she set, in dress, for instance? In the ballroom at the theater, on the street, the New York woman leaves nothing to the imagination. The country youth, watching her pass, blushes at the vision of exposed ankles, clinging, suggestive skirts, low-cut necks beneath open furs, the hat crushed down over the eyes as if to half-veil the invitation to admire.

"Look at this woman and ask, if you can, why immorality among children is on the increase, why chivalry is on the decline, why family life is disintegrating, and why, all over America, there is a tendency to abandon the spiritual for the sensual, why marital infidelity is on the increase and lawlessness is forgiven so long as it goes undiscovered!

"The New York woman, with her loose habits, will have much to answer for, to her nation and to her Lord."

The foregoing statement was shown to many prominent New York women who agreed that many of Dr. Haywood's statements were only too true. On the causes of existing conditions they did not agree, however, and their comments as here set forth are sufficiently interesting to challenge the attention of every thinking New Yorker.

By Mrs. E. L. Fernandez.

Vice-President Professional Woman's League.

I MAY be old-fashioned, yet I am continually engaged in questions of the day. I see and hear things, and participate in affairs that interest the public. But my old-fashioned views inspire these comments on Dr. Haywood's interview:

The trouble with New York women is their lack of interest in their home surroundings. They feel no interest whatever in their homes. Home is a place to sleep, perhaps even to eat in when the bank account runs low and they cannot spend the accustomed amount in public restaurants.

In many households there is little love of family. Women do not wish to have children. This condition in itself is enough to wreck the morals of a country, for no matter how bad the woman if she has a child the spark of goodness and womanliness still burns. On the other hand, the woman who deliberately shuns the motherly duty becomes hard and bad at heart.

This lack of home ties leads to dissipation. The idle wife must be amused. Once she begins to drink she is forever restless. The world holds not enough to divert her. She must go out every night and then to supper and to drink some more. She must lunch and dine here, there and everywhere and liquor accompanies every meal.

Her home bores her. She escapes from it as every opportunity. She is off with other men because they interest her for the moment and furnish excitement. She begins to regard her husband as a human bank account, and resents the situation when she finds she has overdrawn her account.

This condition nine times out of ten will end with divorce. To-day, even, divorce in the eys of some women is a diversion. It gives them something to do. It furnishes excitement to jaded sensibilities.

Smoking represents exaggerated stimulation of minds and bodies. Vulgarity in dress is the natural result of the woman's deadened sense of decency.

When a woman drinks she turns reckless. Her first recklessness may hardly be apparent even to herself, but gradually it becomes more marked. As a result she will say anything she desires; she will do anything, no matter how disgusting, that she wishes to do, and she will wear the most outrageous clothes imaginable.

Analyze the nervous, high-strung woman of to-day, the woman who flaunts her petty vices in the face of society, and you will find that the word "home" means nothing to her.

By Mrs. Harriet Johnston Wood.

Vice-President of the Woman's Equal Suffrage League.

WHAT is the matter with the New York woman? Her husband!

If she has no husband, then her men friends. For New York men are directly responsible for what New York women are to-day.

Does a woman smoke? Then it is because her husband demands her companionship even in smoking. He may have traveled in countries where women smoke. He has become accustomed to this, and misses it if his wife does not join him in a cigaret after the salad, or with their coffee. His selfishness leads her into the habit.

Does she drink? Then her husband, or her men friends, have asked her to do so. They go out to dinner together. The first question asked by the man is: "What sort of a cocktail?" Or if he has learned her preference the cocktail is ordered before she has drawn off her gloves. She drinks at first not because she likes the taste of the cocktail, but because the man expects her to be his "good pal." When she finally learns to crave the liquor he taught her to drink the man condemns her.

Does she wear low-cut gowns or indulge in any extremes of dress? Be sure he has admired them on other women. Men of to-day demand that their women folk shall be in style, regardless that styles may be shameless. A New Yorker will not have a dowdy for a wife. And when the women have tried putting on all the finery they can they begin to strip it off again. Just at present it seems to me that they have taken off about all they dare—to satisfy man's desire to parade about with a marvelously-dressed doll!

Why are ballet girls clad in daring fashion? To please male theatergoers! Women at home know this, and sacrifice all womanly dignity to compete with women of the stage whom their husbands may admire.

A woman of leisure must lie, cajole, pet, pamper and please men in order to obtain what she wants or even needs. Marriage as a trade has made women what they are. Some day they will wake up. They will cease to pamper and pander to men.

By Miss Leonora Macadam.

Teacher of Deportment.

WHEN you ask me what is the matter with New York women, their manners and their habits, I see opened up before me a large and painful subject. In sorrow I must admit that women are helping to lower morals in New York.

First, too much liberty is given to the young woman. I do not mean that she should be immured in a convent until she comes out socially, but I believe that she should be taught how to conduct herself properly in public and in private before she goes forth into the world. To-day this is done only in rare cases.

The modern mother therefore is to blame for the conduct of the new generation of young women. She is not content with the sweet manners of a modest girl. She demands that worldly dash in her daughter which causes comment, yes, but which is so often the hallmark of vulgarity. The mother does not recognize this as such. To her it is style, fashion, something sparkling and altogether to be desired in her daughter.

From this scorn of sweetness and modesty in young girls spring looseness and carelessness among women in public. The young woman of to-day thinks nothing of drinking in public; in fact, she awaits eagerly the time when she may go into a restaurant and order her cocktail.

Smoking in public is becoming too common. To see a woman, beautifully gowned, smoking in her motor is most offensive, yet walk down Broadway or Fifth avenue any evening and you will see that very thing.

This all comes from familiarity with the life of the woman in the half-world. It is a difficult thing to-day to tell one class from the other. In dress, in habit, in manner, they are the same. Their walk is filled with suggestiveness. Their clothes are designed to attract the attention of men.

Here is the great trouble with women of all classes in New York. They think only of attracting men. They do not consider that gentleness of manner and dignity will interest the desirable class of men.

Until maternal censorship is exercised over the dress and the habits of the girls who have the wrong standard of manners and dress the moral tone of the city through women will gradually decline.

By Mrs. Belle de Rivera.

President of the City Federation of Women's Clubs.

THERE is a vast difference between lowering morals and offending good taste. Many women in New York do both, but, on the other hand, there are thousands of other women in this same city who remain untainted, delightful and charming.

When it comes to smoking in public I do not believe in it. I do not smoke, but I do not object to other women smoking if they choose, so long as they do not indulge the habit in public, where it offends the more conservative element and defies the customs of our nation. It is decidedly bad taste, but not immoral.

I must say right here that I cannot see how a woman's smoking would have any specific or direct effect on the moral drift of a community unless she carried the habit to excess and through that excess became irresponsible.

Drinking is an entirely different matter, and I must condemn it without reservation. I have seen a great deal of drinking among women, and when you ask me what is the matter with them, why do they do it, I would again say that it is a matter of custom, and custom is the New York woman's greatest foe.

Before drinking in restaurants became a custom among women you saw little of it. No wthat it is customary you see a great deal. The New York woman is a slave of custom, and when she breaks from this taskmaster and does some independent thinking she will gain much.

I do not believe that the older New York woman is leading the younger woman into bad habits. The younger woman now leads her elders. For instance, a middle-aged woman goes into a restaurant; she has never drunk anything in such a place; she sees it going on about her among the young women; it seems to be the custom; she follows the custom because she does not want to appear behind the times.

The dashing young woman in search of new sensations sets the daring example and warns her elders that they must follow or be counted as "has-beens."

Women Explain the Tendencies Deplored by Dr. Haywood

Radical and Careless Mothers Are to Blame.

Lack of Home-Making Is to Blame.

Husbands Are to Blame.

Rich Women, by Bad Example, Are to Blame.

KEEPING SHEEP AND CHICKENS IN SAME PEN

Practical House that Shelters Both—How the Structure Is Arranged—Favors Winter Eggs as Money Getters.

If I were asked to name the two things most neglected on the average farm, I should name the two things that pay the best for the amount of capital invested, sheep and chickens, writes R. C. Thomas in American Agriculturist. And with a little more care or a little different care they can be made to pay much better and together make the best combination I know.

As a rule, when you are busy with one you have very little to do with the other; and the sheep are certainly a great help to the hens in winter, where they are housed together, as the animal heat from the sheep keeps the hens warm at night.

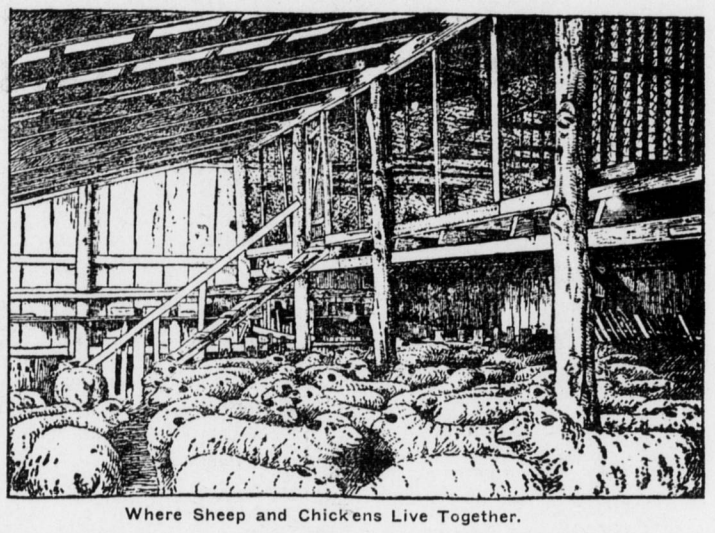
The house we have is built on the lean-to plan, against the haymow. The back of the haymow forms the back of the house and makes it tight and warm. The front faces south. We cut the logs on the farm and had them sawed and only had the roof to buy, which is of galvanized iron. The house is 50 feet long by 30 feet deep, the back is 16 feet high and the front 8 feet. There are four posts set in the center to support the roof, and running from these posts to the back we have a floor 7 feet from the ground and running the entire length of the building. This gives a floor space upstairs 50x15 feet, which is inclosed by wire netting, with a door at each end.

One end of this room is cut off for a feeding and laying room; that is, I keep my hoppers in there. I use the dry method of feeding.

The ground floor furnishes scratching room. The other end is the roosting room. I keep from 300 to 400 Leghorns in this house, and make a specialty of winter eggs. I could not keep that many healthy and vigorous in that space only for the fact that they have free range all the year.

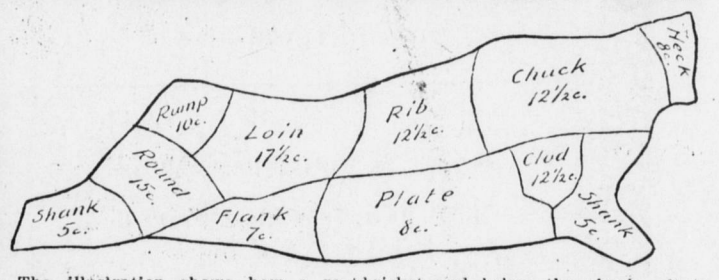
The arrangement on the ground floor for the sheep and lambs is as follows: Along the front, running from the double doors to the end, we have small pens for ewes that we want to keep to themselves for any reason, and across the end, running from these pens to the back, we have a portion slatted off as a feeding space for the lambs, the slats wide enough to admit the lambs, but to keep out the ewes. Along the back, one end and part of the front we have the hay racks; and on the ground, under the hay racks and close to the wall, are troughs for feeding grain, silage, etc., to the sheep. On the floor we always keep plenty of straw.

The house is not very tight, and there is a space over each window of about 3 inches that is always open, and we never close the doors only on the coldest nights. We keep about 75 sheep in there, never have a lamb freeze to death, and have no trouble to get eggs in winter. It is a surprise to anyone to go in there on a cold night and find how comfortable it is.



Where Sheep and Chickens Live Together.

ONE METHOD OF CUTTING BEEF



The illustration shows how a retailer usually cuts beef, the average market price of the cuts, and their uses.

The Loin.—This cut includes short steaks, porterhouse, sirloin, and tenderloin. The tenderloin is a long muscle that may be stripped from beneath the loin, but when it is removed it destroys the value of the porterhouse and tenderloin steaks. The first four cuts from the small end of the loin are called club steaks because they contain no tenderloin. The next are the porterhouse; the next and up to the beginning of the hook bone are the tenderloin and are the highest priced cuts in the beef. The remaining cuts of the loin are the sirloin.

The tenderloin when sold separately is deficient in fat, hence must be larded when roasted or broiled. The loin is cut into steaks and broiled; occasionally it is sold as roasts, but is more expensive and no better than are the ribs or chuck.

The Round.—This cut consists of very juicy, lean muscles, and but little bone. It is sold as steaks, roasts, and for beef tea, and beef juice. It is excellent for pot-roasts, braizing, for beef loaf, or for casserole of beef.

The Rib.—This cut consists of seven ribs, called prime ribs; the cut is made close to the shoulder blade and separates it from the chuck. It is sold as roasts, being cut into one, two or three rib pieces according to the size of the beef and the wants of the family. The ribs may be removed and the piece rolled. If the ribs are left, it is called a standing rib-roast. Dealers sometimes remove the ribs and cut and sell this piece as steak, calling it New York porterhouse.

The Chuck.—This cut is next to the prime rib cut and similar to it, but contains more bone and gristle, and is not so fine grained and tender; the portion near the point of the shoulder blade is excellent for steak, and the remainder is fine for roasts, mince meat, etc.

The Rump.—This cut contains the end of the hip bone and joint. There is considerable bone, but the meat makes excellent roasts or pot-roasts.

The Clod.—This cut is back of the brisket and below the chuck. It is sold for boiling, stews, braizing, mince meat, etc.

The Flank.—This cut comes from below the loin. It is boneless and coarse, but of good flavor. There is a small lean muscle embedded on the inside of the flank which is pulled out, scored across the grain and sold as steak; sometimes this steak is split, made into a "pocket" trussed and roasted. The flank is a good boiling piece, or it may be rolled and braized or corned.

The Neck.—This cut comes from below the ribs. It has layers of fat and lean, and is the end of the ribs. It is used for boiling and corning.

The Shank.—These cuts are the fore and hind legs. They are tough and contain large bones and tendons. They are used for soup, cheap stews and chop meats of various kinds.

Cement Floors in Winter.

An excellent suggestion is made by a practical swine breeder to those having cement floors in their pens.

He advises a movable wooden floor for the winter. He makes his own floors of one inch boards and lays them flat on the cement, in sections small enough to be easily removed at any time.

In this way he combines the advantages of both the cement and the wood. He can remove the board floor, scrub out the pen and also thoroughly clean and disinfect the false floor outside.

Cement is the cheapest material in the end for the floor of the hog pen. The floor of the outdoor apartment should be a few inches lower than the house floor, so as to insure drainage and dry sleeping quarters.

Buying Feed.

When much food is to be bought the aim should be to grow so much coarse fodder that whatever is bought will be bought in the shape of fertilizer. The wisdom of doing this arises from the less cost in transporting concentrates because of the less bulk which they contain in proportion to their nutrients. The fertilizer obtained may be very profitably used in growing the coarse fodders needed.

World Fireside

Each Mother to Have Her Art or Trade

By ADA MAY KRECKER

THE FASHIONS are coming in with revolutionary changes, but they are not more revolutionary than the changes that are overtaking fashions in business and education and home customs. A few years ago it was most outre for a girl to go to college. Now it is entirely correct. The tables are turned. Last June over a thousand more young women were graduated from college than young men.

A few years ago it was distinctly bad form for young women to go into business. Now there are over six millions of American women and girls in trade and industry and more are following them constantly.

There was a time not many years ago when shoes and candles and soap were all made in the individual houses. Now they are prepared each in its own factory. When cookery follows suit the home will be left as a place to rest and chat and play or work in. Each mother will have her profession or art or trade to engage part of her day. And the children will have a chance to grow up with many other children, meeting them every day in big playrooms and playgrounds and kindergartens.

Expert educated women will take charge of the children as their profession. They will be women who love children. Women who are not fond of children will choose other professions. The mothers, meantime, will have no more to do than has the usual housewife, but they will be able to perform their chosen work as specialized experts who learn one thing well, not as amateurs, jacks of all trades, who know a little of each of the "tangled industries" that go to make up the business of housekeeping.

They will have just as much genuine leisure and playtime with the children as now, perhaps more than now. But it will not be spoiled by the children "being in the way" while mother tends the holy cookstove.

Platonic friendships are thought amusing, if not impossible nowadays. But they will be perfectly possible and natural when there will be a thousand other common interests between men and women besides love making.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, an apostle of tomorrow, predicts that as the women share in the larger life of the larger world there will spring up big common reading rooms and playrooms and sitting rooms where men and women will meet each other in the same delightful, friendly natural way. Otherwise put, the big world itself will grow homelike, cozy, sociable, companionable. There will be no "cold, hard outside world." Every place will be home, sweet home.

Secret Societies in Our High Schools

By PAUL H. SMART

No organizations of the American high school have been so universally criticised—some people would say abused—as the secret societies. Students, teachers, masters and outsiders have attacked them, not through ignorance, but because of characteristics and conditions in these societies themselves.

The ordinary pupil, constantly thrown, as he is, into close connection with the societies and their members, can easily see the rivalry and strife that exist, both between the different societies and between them and the whole school. The struggle for offices and the part played by the fraternities in this struggle are perfectly evident to all. The secret societies' desire for offices, control and power is endless. Their ambitions are advanced to the great detriment of their morals and principles. It is an open question whether they have any.

But, granting they are possessed of them, can these morals and principles stand against such conditions as exist in the secret societies and as their policy dictates? This high-handed, overbearing policy meets with opposition and illegal means are employed to overcome such opposition. Ballot boxes are "stuffed," graft of every description exists, as any one who has had to deal with high-school politics will admit. This graft is exercised chiefly by the secret societies. Being in the minority, they must find some way to elect their candidate and what way is easier than by graft and ballot-box "stuffing?"

The secret societies' desire for control is not limited to class offices. The managerships of the various teams afford excellent opportunities for this desired control. In one school, where there are five managerships, all filled by appointment, these five positions are held solely by secret-society men. This is accomplished through a well-known process. The manager is a member of one society and he appoints an assistant from the same society. This assistant is the logical choice for manager the next year, and by this system all managerships are filled by secret-society men.

These societies are oftentimes the only obstacles in the way of absolute democracy, preventing the union and mutual trust of the scholars. Through this feeling of trust the best interests of the school are to be advanced. The secret society also causes factions and develops friction in the student body.

Paul H. Smart

Texas Great State for Broom-corn

By E. R. HANBY
Of San Antonio

The present rush of homeseekers from the middle west to Texas is something extraordinary.

Sturdy farmers from Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska and Michigan are pouring into Texas by the trainload and it is safe to say that 75 per cent. of them will buy land, with a view of locating permanently in the southwest.

Only the other day I met a party of 25 of these immigrants from Illinois who had already picked out their location and were going to make final arrangements before moving their families.

Naturally I supposed they would start to raising cotton and grain, but I was surprised when they explained that their reason for choosing Texas was that it had all the rest of the United States beaten to a frazzle as a producer of broom corn.

This plant is one that brings good profits and there will always be a strong demand for it, since brooms and brushes are items of domestic necessity.

OLD LONDON STONE

Visitors Attracted to Relic of Homer's Days.

Legend Around Piece of Masonry Says British Capital Will Last as Long as Rock Is Preserved.

London.—Visitors to the world's metropolis usually take great interest in a curious piece of stone, let into the side of a wall in Cannon street, just around the corner from the Bank of England. It is an unpretentious morsel, and above it is the brief legend, "London Stone." The two words signify a great deal. In the first place, this is the oldest piece of famous masonry in England, if not in Europe.

As for its ancient history, it is said to have figured in the Trojan war, for the exact date of which kindly refer to Mr. Homer, who has written extensively on the subject.

Carefully screened behind an iron grating fixed to the south wall of St. Swithin's church is the blackened and crumbling old relic, which is not only supposed to date back to the very foundation of London, but to act as its palladium, or safeguard.

Tradition declares that the stone was brought from Troy by Brutus, and laid by his own hand as the altar stone of the Temple to Diana.

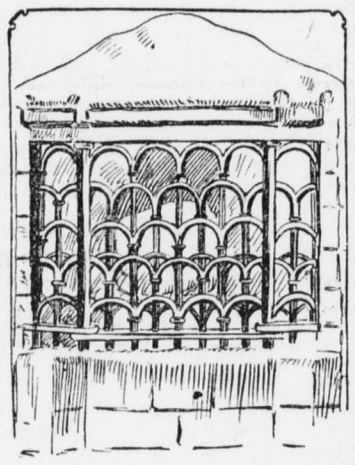
"So long as the stone of Brutus is safe, so long will London flourish," says the legend.

Possibly it has been largely owing to this superstitious belief that the stone has been so jealously guarded through the centuries.

Many and various have been the suppositions put forward as to the origin and use of this landmark, but the one now most generally accepted is that it was the old Roman "millarium," or milestone, from which, like the one in the Forum at Rome, all distances were measured.

Watling street, of which Cannon street is a continuation, is supposed to have been the principal street of Roman London, and, according to Maitland, the historian, the stone was placed at the conjunction of the military roads.

Stow, the ancient London historian, states that in his day the stone was on the south side of the street. "It was fixed in the ground very deep, fastened with bars of iron, and otherwise so strongly set that if carts do



London's Curious Landmark.

run against it through negligence, the wheels are broken and the stone itself unshaken."

Some of the public uses to which it was put were as follows: (1) A mark in the middle of the city within the wall; (2) a place for the payment by debtors to their creditors at appointed days and times (afterwards made at the font in St. Paul's and then at the Royal Exchange); (3) a testimony to the city's devotion to Christ, the stone typifying its divine foundation.

It was likely that upon this stone all public proclamations were made to the people; in support of which Stow quotes the fact that the rebel Jack Cade, who said he was Mortimer, earl of March, rode up to London Stone, upon which he struck his sword, saying: "Now is Mortimer lord of this city."

This was probably in accordance with the tradition that the old British kings took their oaths of accession upon London Stone, and until they did so were only kings presumptive.

Before the fire of London the stone was "much worn away, and, as it were, but a stump remaining." It was then cased over by Sir Christopher Wren, builder of St. Paul's cathedral, with a new stone, handsomesly wrought, and hollowed so as to contain the ancient relic.

In 1742 the stone was removed to the north side near the curb, on account of its proving an obstruction in its old position. Fifty-six years later, when St. Swithin's church was about to be repaired, the old landmark was doomed to destruction, but happily, owing to the intervention of Thomas Maiden, a printer of Sherbourne lane, the parish officers consented to place it against the south wall of the church.

An inscription let in the wall records that "for more careful protection and transmission to future ages, it was better secured by the church wardens in the year 1869."

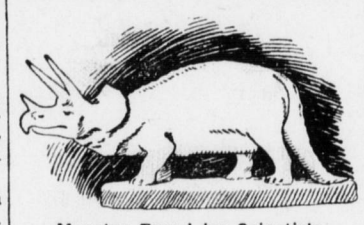
The harmful effects of the London atmosphere, greatly increased in recent years, have left their mark upon the old stone; but there is still enough of it left to insure London for many years from entering on the downward path, which is predicted to be its fate "when the stone of Brutus shall disappear."

FIND PREHISTORIC MONSTER

Fossil Coryphodon and Remains of Member of Predentata Family Discovered in Montana.

New York.—Two dinosaurs have been discovered in the fossil beds of Montana by an expedition of the American Museum of Natural History led by Barnum Brown of the department of vertebrate paleontology. This discovery gives to the museum the distinction of naming two prehistoric monsters the finding of which adds to the already high scientific standing of the institution.

Two expeditions were sent out early last summer under the direction of the head of the department, Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, who is also president of the museum. The first, which was



Monster Found by Scientists.

under the charge of Mr. Walter Granger, went to the Wind River basin, in Wyoming, where its most important find was a skull of the coryphodon, a creature which somewhat resembles the hippototamus of the present day. This expedition also found some five hundred smaller specimens which are of great value in filling in connecting links in the chain of evolution.

The expedition of Mr. Brown, which went to the Lamarie formation, resulted in the unearthing of the fossil skeletons of a new reptile of the ceratopsia variety, and of one of the predentata family hitherto unknown to scienfists.

The ceratopsian specimen, whose classic name translated means "horn face," is a dinosaur, and is closely allied to the triceratops, of which there is a complete skeleton in the museum. The body measured 23 feet in length and seven in height, while it was fully four and a half feet across the back. The skull was missing, and some other expedition will have to get him a head. The frame of the reptile is lighter than that of the triceratops.

The accession from the predentata race is a lizard which walked about like a kangaroo. Three skeletons were found, but no head, and it is now for another expedition to see that he does not remain acephalus.

The new reptile measures seven feet from tip to tip, and when he stood up he was probably five feet high. The preparation of the specimens which have been gathered by these two expeditions will require a year's work and research.

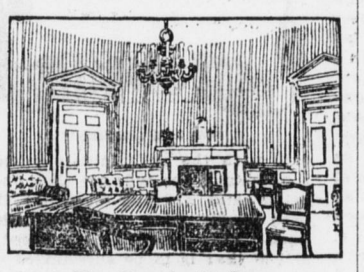
PRESIDENT'S NEW OFFICES

Taft Will Handle Affairs of State over Spot Where Roosevelt Played Tennis.

Washington.—President Taft's first love, the Philippines, has ousted former President Roosevelt's hobby, tennis, and where once the strenuous president battled with the opponents in his tennis cabinet Mr. Taft will sit at his desk in a new room which will constantly remind him of the Philippine archipelago.

The new executive offices have been finished and they are works of art, pronounced in Washington as the most sumptuously furnished of any of the host of magnificent offices in the capital. Mrs. Taft has inspected the new offices and she is well pleased with the decorative scheme.

Two large offices in the rear will be devoted to President Taft and Sec-

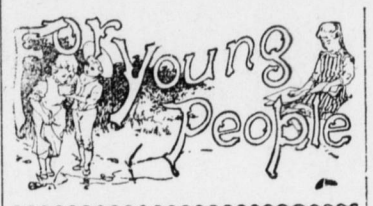


The President's Room.

retary Carpenter. The president's is a large room, oval in shape and decorated in green and white. The walls are to be coated with burlap. The furniture will consist of new chairs and settees covered with a Philippine product, carabao or water buffalo leather. The floors will be parquet of callae wood and other lumber imported from the Philippines. Mr. Taft will use the desk of mahogany which was turned over to him by Mr. Roosevelt. President's Secretary Carpenter's room will be smaller in size, but furnished similarly, Philippine woods also furnishing the flooring.

A new feature of the executive offices will be a congressional waiting room. Heretofore representatives used the same rooms as the senators to wait on the president. This room was also used as a cabinet room. The new scheme provides a cabinet room in which the senators will wait, a congressional waiting room and the same old room, renovated and repainted, for the general run of visitors at the White House. The press room has been fixed up to look like new and more commodious and comfortable quarters for the assistant secretaries, clerks, messengers and telegraphers have been provided.

A girl may be angry at a man for trying to kiss her, but just the same she admires his good taste.



WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

What Indian woman was called Lady Rebecca?"—Pocahontas.

Who wrote "Snow-Bound?"—J. G. Whittier.

Who was "The Poet Painter?"—Thomas Buchanan Read.

Who was the most celebrated American poet?—Longfellow.

Who is the "Hoosier Poet?"—James Whitcomb Riley.

What father and son were presidents?—John and John Quincy Adams.

What Indian gave land in Rhode Island to Roger Williams?—Canonicus.

Who was the author of "Home, Sweet Home?"—John Howard Payne.

Who was the "Sage of Concord?"—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

What Indian chief was the grandfather of Thomas Rolfe?—Powhatan.

What writer was known as "H. H.?"—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Who was the "Bachelor Poet?"—John G. Whittier.

What state is known as the "Prairie state?"—Illinois.

Who invented the thermometer?—Fahrenheit.

Who was Jenny Lind?—A famous singer of Sweden.

What is remarkable about the site of Fort Sumter?—It is built on an artificial island.

What is the meaning of Costa Rica?—The rich coast.

What author was known as "Boz?"—Charles Dickens.

TWO AFTER-DINNER TRICKS

Picking Up Glasses in Order and Carrying Another Five Feet Full of Water Without Spilling.

Glasses numbered 1, 2, 3, 4 in the illustration are empty; those numbered 5, 6, 7, 8 are partly filled. The trick is to pick up two adjacent glasses at a time and in four moves change the positions so that each alternate glass will be an empty one, says People's Home Journal. First move 2 and 3 to the extreme end; then fill the gap with 5 and 6. Fill gap with 8 and 2; then finish with 1 and 5.

Another trick is to state that you do not believe many of those present can lift a glass full of water and carry it five feet in five seconds without spilling most of it. Of course several will at once claim the ability to perform the feat, and the time for your trick has come.

Fill a tumbler with water and completely cover the top with a stout sheet of writing paper. By pressing the paper firmly against the top of the glass you may safely turn the

Trick with Glasses.

whole thing "upside down," or invert it. Rest it on a table, and the top of the table will press the paper so firmly against the edges of the glass that not a drop of water will come out.

Now you carefully withdraw the paper, and the water is still kept in the glass, this time by the table-top alone. When anyone tries to lift the glass the water will at once come out.

A Corn Game.

The following corn game may be played, but for this cards will have to be distributed, the cards having spaces after each question where the answers may be written:

1—What corn is used by a musician? (Cornet.)

2—What corn is used by carpenters? (Cornice.)

3—A corn that children hail with delight? (Popcorn.)

4—The chief corn of a building? (Cornerstone.)

5—A language? (Cornish.)

6—A corn in which florists delight? (Cornflower.)

7—An ornamental corn? (Cornucopia.)

8—A corn dear to the heart of the southerner. (Corncake.)

9—A corn that flies? (Corncrake.)

10—A corn in which rodents delight to reside? (Corn crib.)

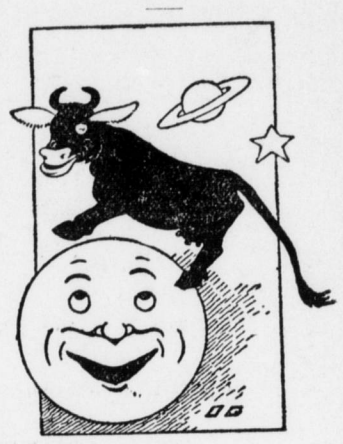
11—A corn used by the cook? (Cornstarch.)

Weighing Smoke.

Did you ever hear the story of how Sir Walter Raleigh made a wager with Queen Elizabeth that he could weigh the smoke that came from a pipe full of tobacco? How do you suppose he did it? If you can guess you are more clever than Queen Elizabeth, and yet the solution is simple.

He weighed the tobacco carefully on some scales before he put it in his pipe, and after he had smoked it he knocked out the ashes and weighed those. The difference, of course, was the weight of the smoke.

QUESTION.



Hey-diddle-de-diddle!
There runs an old riddle
That a cow jumped over the moon;
But if she did so
We would much like to know
How she ever got down so soon.

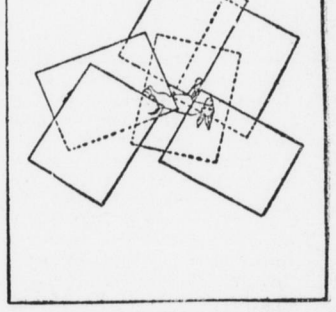
And in that same riddle
A cat's in a fiddle;
But how did she ever get there?
For no door has a fiddle
At end or at middle;
So that is most strange, I declare!

And that riddle does say
That on that same day
A dish ran away with a spoon!
But alas and alack!
As they never came back
They must have gone up to the moon.

JIGSAW PUZZLE WITH CARDS

Part of Animal on Each Pasteboard and Object Is to Assemble Them to Make One Complete.

A variation on the jigsaw or ordinary cut-up puzzle has been designed by a New York man. In this new



Variation of Jigsaw Puzzle.

game the object is the same as in the old type—that of assembling the various parts to make a whole animal or birds, as the case may be—but it is in some respects more difficult. The cards can be printed either with a part of only one object on one corner or with parts of various objects on all the corners or along the edges. In playing the game the idea is to see who can make up the greatest number of these objects, either in a given time or in an unlimited time. Though it may not appear so, this type of puzzle is unusually difficult, as there are no curiously cut edges by which the various pieces may be identified by neighbors. The animals, or whatever the objects may be, are formed by the matching of lines entirely, and a knowledge of the appearance of the objects in question aids greatly in forming them.

MANY TOYS ARE IMPORTED

Millions of Dollars' Worth Come into United States, Mostly from Sonneberg, Germany.

Over $50,000,000 worth of toys have been imported into the United States during the last ten years. During the same period something like $5,000,000 worth of toys were exported.

During the last fiscal year the high-water mark has been reached in so far as export trade in toys is concerned. The total value of exported toys during that time has for the first time exceeded $1,000,000.

The value of toys imported has fallen somewhat since 1908, when the total value of imported toys was $7,250,000. This year, according to the Independent, the figures were $5,000,000 in round numbers.

Toy manufacturers in the United States had investments in plants and in stock of less than $1,000,000 in 1880. In 1905 such investments had grown to $4,750,000. The value of importations of toy merchandise has in the meantime shown a constantly increasing trend. Trade in toys has largely been developed during the last ten or a dozen years.

Toys are very largely "made in Germany." That is to say, Germany is by far the largest source of supply in the United States. The little German town of Sonneberg, in the duchy of Saxe-Meiningen on the Rothen, is perhaps the largest toy manufacturing center. In addition to its summer resort business it has been credited with the annual production of some 24,000,000 toy units, having an aggregate value of $4,000,000.

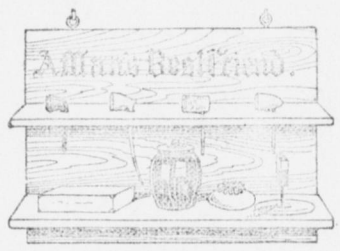
Nuremberg and certain other sister cities are also to be reckoned with as toy makers. The value of toys imported into the United States from Germany in 1908 was $6,500,000, out of a total of $7,250,000 imported that year.

A Lady.

So far, the best definition of a lady seems to be that of Charles Dana Gibson: "A lady is a woman who always remembers others and never forgets herself."

Christmas Presents FOR FATHER

"Why aren't there more Christmas gifts that are appropriate for men?" and "Are there any novel presents to the stereotyped collar box, hat brush or stickpin will not have to be given this Christmas?" are questions often heard at this season of the year, particularly by women who do fancy work. And for once the answer may be that there is at least one attractive



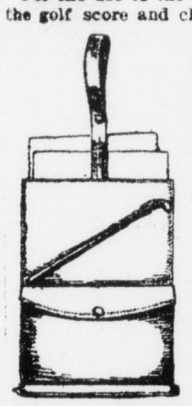
PIPE RACK

gift that an ingenious woman who is clever with carpenter's tools can make. This present is a novel pipe rack. To make the rack procure four boards from a carpenter—two eighteen inches long by six inches wide and two eighteen inches long by five inches wide. In one of the latter pieces get a carpenter to bore four holes three-eighths of an inch in diameter and running lengthwise in the board. The two end holes are four inches from the ends of the board, and all of the holes are two and a half inches apart. The two larger boards are joined together by means of braces, which screw on the backs with very small screws. Five inches from the top of the longer side is fastened the board with the holes in it, so that it makes a shelf on the first piece. Then, five inches below this, is fastened the other board in the same manner as the first—by means of screws from the back. The rack is finished as far as the carpentering goes. The upper shelf is for the pipes, the holes being made for them to rest in, while the lower shelf is for tobacco boxes, matches, etc.

The next thing is to stain it the popular mission color. Then get screw eyes and put them on the back, and through these put picture wire to hang it by. The hardest thing is to print above the first shelf, "A Man's Best Friend." Paint the letters with gold paint, which sets off the dark color of the wood and gives the rack a finished, decorative appearance.

Gift For the Golfer.

For the use of the up to date father the golf score and change purse combined makes a desirable present. This is fashioned of dark brown suede kid, the back being stiffened by means of a piece of cardboard. Either buttons and buttonholes or the snappers that are used for gloves can be utilized for the clasps. A loop at the top is useful to pass over the belt, while the miniature golf stick is a toy fastened on by silk cord.



GOLF SCORE AND CHANGE PURSE.

A Tobacco Pouch.

When wife or daughter makes a tobacco pouch for the pater he's always delighted. A pretty pouch in rich brown or dark green, lined with a maroon silk, would be attractive when the edges are pinked and a drawstring of heavy silk with long tassels run in near the top. It's not the kid, the lining or the cord that makes these bags so unusual, for without the monogram or crest done in gilt thread or in bright colored silks the pouches, aside from being handmade, would be quite the same as those bought in the shops. But with an attractive emblem or two or three initials prettily embroidered in one corner the pouches are presents any man, no matter how surfeited with gifts, would be glad to receive at Christmas.

Not New but Well Liked Present.

Knitted or crocheted ties, though not novelties, will be desirable gifts, for they are serviceable and, being made by hand, are valuable accessories to any wardrobe. In plain green, dark cardinal or made of a combination of two tone effects or of two strongly contrasting colors, such as black and red or orange and blue, they are striking contrasts as neckwear.

The Ever Useful Shaving Case.

An attractive gift for a man is a shaving case. This is composed of white tissue paper cut to the proper size, while the outside case of blue linen, with the seams outlined in white silk, is in the shape of a football. The top is fastened with inch wide satin ribbon of any color.

A Christmas Present.

It is not often that one can find a suitable gift for an elderly man whose eyes are weak. A reading glass of the new kind, with a handle and a leather case, would be acceptable. The person in doubt should experiment with this as a Christmas gift this year.

Christmas Presents FOR MOTHER

The searcher after Christmas novelties will find nothing more charming than the doll workbags and dainty little gifts made from silks and old world brocades. These novelties unmistakably proclaim their Parisian origin, and, like most importations from the French capital, they are expensive. But from a description of some of these charming trifles their home manufacture is not difficult. Most attractive is a doll workbag. The head of a pretty wax doll, the size of which depends, of course, upon the size of the workbag you wish to make, is purchased. A quaint coal scuttle bonnet of flowered silk is fashioned for the doll's head, which ties in a full bow under the chin. Pieces of buckram standing out to form shoulders is next arranged about the doll's neck, and over this is fitted an old fashioned fichu of silk edged with puffings of the same. This dressed up head forms the top of the bag, the bag itself being a scanty skirt of silk trimmed with

DOLL WORKBAG.

flounces in 1830 style. At the top of the skirt is the usual drawstring, which is run through the top of the doll's head and forms a sliding scale in which the bag is opened or closed.

A New Laundry Bag.

Here is a laundry bag that cannot elusively conceal in its depths any small article. This new bag is very simple in construction. It is a square of a yard or more of any material that is strong enough for the purpose. Bright cretonne is very good. This square is hemmed and each corner turned back half an inch. On each of the blunted corners thus made is sewed a loop of tape four inches long. Smaller bags can be made in the same way.

Silk Flower Vase.

Vases covered with brocaded silk are the newest things out for holding flowers, and the idea is to have three of these holders arranged together. These vases are constructed from testing tubes that are used for chemical experiments, and in the present instance the large ones about twelve inches high are pressed into service. About the three tubes is pasted handsome brocaded silk, or plain fabric may be used, studded with sequins and embroidered with tiny designs in ribbon flowers. The fabric is applied with photographer's paste and finished top and bottom with dull gold braid. The illustration shows how the tubes are arranged. A gold cord is put around them in such a way as to make a good balance, and an extra quantity is reserved for hanging the vases.

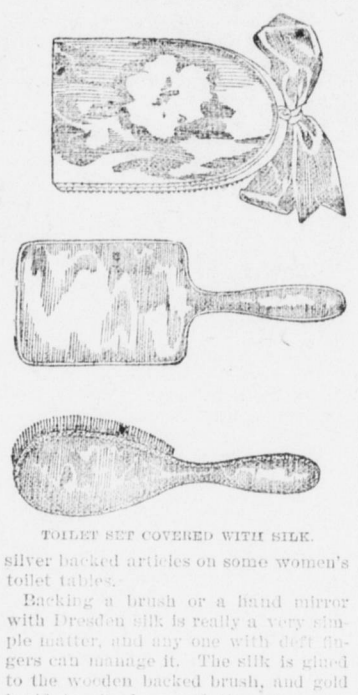
SILK FLOWER HOLDER.

The Doll Blotter.

Reminiscent of days long ago is a little "lady" fashioned from cardboard whose prosaic mission is to serve as a blotter. The face and figure are painted in water colors, the pannier-like drapery being made of purple blotting paper fastened with tiny brass headed tacks. This decorative desk adjunct costs $1.50.

Christmas Presents FOR SISTER

Dresden silk is so much liked nowadays that it is even used to cover the backs of hairbrushes. Hand mirrors and hairbrushes with Dresden silk backs are beginning to supersede the



TOILET SET COVERED WITH SILK.

silver backed articles on some women's toilet tables.

Backing a brush or a hand mirror with Dresden silk is really a very simple matter, and any one with deft fingers can manage it. The silk is glued to the wooden backed brush, and gold braid is glued around the edges. A comb and brush tray and a powder box can be covered in the same manner, and the set makes a dainty present for a woman. The Dresden silk pincushion is shaped a little like a pair of bellows. The sides are of silk covered cardboard, and the cushioned edge holds the pins.

A Pin Case For the Schoolgirl.

A dainty present for the room of a schoolgirl is the ever useful pin case in a form that appeals to her love of decoration.

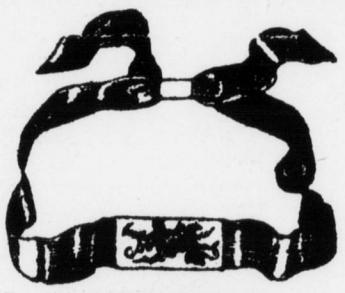
A small bisque doll head has fastened around its neck two pieces of satin ribbon three inches wide and ten inches long. This is gathered in such a way around the neck of the doll that it appears to be dressed in a long, straight slip of silk.

Between the ribbons are shorter pieces of flannel, as many as are desired. Each piece is featherstitched in the same color as the ribbon, or it may be pinked. Through the flannel is stuck white and black pins, safety pins, colored pins of all sizes, such as are so useful in the adjustment of stocks and belts.

If one knows the color of the room decorations of the girl for whom the pin case is intended it should be made of a harmonizing color.

For the Trousseau.

Engaged girls will appreciate several of the ribbon holders that are made for keeping in place certain sets of lingerie or table linen. The gift is simple enough, being merely a length of ribbon which in the center has a square of linen covered cardboard embroid-



FOR THE TROUSSEAU.

ered with the girl's initials sewed to the ribbon. The ends are then put together and a round slide like those used on directoire sashes is made of linen. This slide is drawn about the article that is to be surrounded with the ribbon band.

Cover Hatpins For Christmas.

The latest fad is to cover hatpins. Does that sound strange? It is not, however, for if you possess a plain and unattractive pin and wish to give it the cachet of originality all you have to do is to embroider a tiny disk of black satin or any shade that you prefer with gold thread, put the disk over the head of the pin, tie it tight, and the deed is done. If you had a jeweled pin and the real diamond, or whatever it was, has disappeared, cover a small button in any way you like and paste it into the empty space left by the lost bit of glass. If a hatpin is too small, make a little rosette of gold tissue and run the pin through the middle.

The ways of decorating such pins are really too numerous to mention in detail, but any one may do it and get the best results with the least effort and expense. Indeed, it is not difficult to make.

A Laundry Book.

For the college girl a laundry book is fine. Select a neat rice paper for the leaves and cut the double cover from red paper of a heavy variety, then tie the leaves together with red baby ribbon. Between the leaves of white paper are blue carbon paper slips, so that a duplicate copy is made when one marks off her laundry.

Uncle Ezra Says:

"Big thoughts may come to you while you are lyin' abed in the mornin', but big results won't come onless you jump out an' hustle for 'em."—Boston Herald.

PILES A cure guaranteed if you use RUDY'S PILE Suppository
D. Matt. Thompson, Esq., Graded Schools, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I will say they do all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Davis, Kevin Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give unbounded satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksburg, Texas, writes: "I am a physician of 16 years, I have found no remedy equal yours." Piece, 50 Cents. Sample Free. For sale by Druggists. MARTIN RUDY, LANCASTER, PA.

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DIAMOND BRAND
Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.
LADIES! Ask your Druggist for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in RED and GOLD metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE
TIME TRIED WORTH TESTED

Force of Wind Movement.

Tests show that the wind movement of 15 miles an hour against the side of a building will force 185 cubic feet of air through a one-sixteenth-inch crevice in an hour.

Diarrhea
Quickly Cured.
Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy
Can always be depended upon.

During the summer months children are subject to bowel disorders and should receive the most careful attention. As soon as any unnatural looseness of the bowels is noticed Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy should be given. Costs but 25 cents a bottle, and it is economy to always keep a bottle handy. You do not know when it may be needed, but when you do want it you want it badly. Get a bottle today.

Pride and the Love of Praise.

Pride is essential to a noble character, and the love of praise is one of the civilizing elements.—Henry Ward Beecher.

DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS.
Numbers which are Table Non Longueyes.
English, German, Spanish, Portuguese and French

NO.	DOS	Price
1.	Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations	.25
2.	Worms, Worm Fever, or Worm Disease	.25
3.	Colic, Crying and Wakefulness of Infants	.25
4.	Diarrhea, of Children and Adults	.25
5.	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	.25
7.	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis	.25
8.	Toothache, Faceache, Neuralgia	.25
9.	Headache, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10.	Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weak Stomach	.25
11.	Croup, Hoarse Cough, Laryngitis	.25
12.	Salt Rheum, Eruptions, Erysipelas	.25
13.	Rheumatism, or Rheumatic Pains	.25
14.	Fever and Ague, Malaria	.25
17.	Piles, Blind or Bleeding, External, Internal	.25
18.	Ophthalmia, Weak or Inflamed Eyes	.25
19.	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in Head	.25
20.	Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Cough	.25
21.	Asthma, Oppressed, Difficult Breathing	.25
22.	Kidney Disease, Gravel, Calculi	.25
25.	Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness	1.00
29.	Sore Mouth, Fever Sores or Canker	.25
30.	Urinary Incontinence, Wetting Bed	.25
34.	Sore Throat, Quinsy and Diphtheria	.25
35.	Chronic Congestions, Headaches	.25
77.	Grippe, Hay Fever and Summer Colds	.25

A small bottle of Pleasant Pellets, fits the vest pocket. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price.
Medical Book sent free.
HUMPHREYS' HOMEO. MEDICINE CO., Corner William and 29 Streets, New York.

Tomorrow's Breakfast—
Have it Shot from Guns

Surprise your folks tomorrow morning with a dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

Then let them pass judgment.

Go back to the old foods if your folks think them better. But we know that you won't go back.

These are curious foods, but not made to be curious. The object was to make them digestible.

They are exploded by steam for the simple purpose of blasting the starch granules to pieces.

But the result is crisp, gigantic grains, made four times as porous as bread.

The result is unbroken, nut-like grains, ready to melt in the mouth. Foods that the children like.

They are liked so well that seventeen million dishes were consumed last month. Now it is your turn to try them.

Puffed Wheat—10c Puffed Rice—15c

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and this is his curious process:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Then the guns are unsealed, and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have simply the magnified grain.

One package will tell you why people delight in them. Order it now.

[8]

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.
"Buffalo's Leading Store" Buffalo, N. Y. Established 1867

Come or Send For These Christmas Handkerchiefs

Placing large orders with manufacturers almost a year in advance—and importing direct—has brought over a million Handkerchiefs for this Christmas Sale at prices, we dare say, that are rarely if ever equaled in all America. You have only to visit the Handkerchief Store any day next week to be convinced.

6 in a Box for 50c

Thousands of dozens of Women's all pure (extra quality) linen hemstitched handkerchiefs—6 in pretty Christmas box for 50c—there is no better value in all the world.

6 in a Box for 75c

Men's pure linen (extra quality) hemstitched handkerchiefs, 1/4 or 1/2-inch hems, grass bleached and washed ready for use—6 in Christmas box for 75c.

Women's all pure linen (extra quality) hemstitched handkerchiefs, full 1800 count and grass bleached—6 in pretty Christmas box 75c.

6 in a Box for $1.38

Women's (extra quality) hand embroidered pure linen handkerchiefs—6 different patterns in pretty Christmas box for $1.38.

Men's (superior quality) 1800 count pure linen handkerchiefs, 1/8 and 1/4-inch hems, grass bleached and washed ready for use—6 in Christmas box for $1.38.

Railroad Fares Refunded and Free Delivery within 100 miles of Buffalo as usual

Merry Xmas

On Friday, Dec. 17th

We will commence our Reduction Sale on all Millinery.

We are showing the finest and largest assortment of Handkerchiefs we have ever had. Price ranging from 5c to $1.75 each.

Fancy Scarfs in Crepe de Chine and Grenadines. The finest assortment to be found any place in town.

Our stock of Millinery is in good condition. We have lots of hats for both old and young.

If we do not have what you want we are prepared to make it for you.

Trimming and remodeling at remarkable low prices.

We keep in touch with all the newest things in Millinery.

LUDLAMS

The Passing of 1909

Means the commencement of another New Year, rich in promises for the Nation's welfare and happiness. For a supply of Men's, Young Men's and Boy's Clothing, Furnishings, Hats, Caps and Shoes there is no better place than Jasper Harris'. There promises made are always kept, and we promise a finer and richer stock of merchandise and our line for the coming years, which will entirely surpass the best we did last year.

Home of Hart, Shaffner & Marx Clothes

Jasper Harris,

The People's Clothing House

Opposite Post Office, EMPORIUM, PA.

AN UP TO DATE SANTA CLAUS

By SUSAN BROWN ROBBINS.

PAUL FLETCHER was in the drawing room waiting for Lida to come. Lida lived with her brother, and every time Fletcher called to see her either the brother's wife or his children were in the room, so there was never a chance to say anything to her alone.

At last, however, his opportunity had come. It was the day before Christmas, and Mrs. Safford and the children had gone to her mother's for several days.

Now, with Lida left at home with the two servants and her brother not coming till evening, Fletcher could say to her those things he had been longing to say, but which he could not bring himself to write in a letter nor to declare before the assembled family.

At length, after what seemed a very long waiting, some one was coming. He stood up and looked eagerly toward the doorway. The portiere was thrust aside, and in walked Teddy—Teddy, who, in Fletcher's opinion, was the worst pill in the whole box as far as staying power and keen observation were concerned.

"Hello, Teddy," he said, not very cordially. "I thought you had gone to spend Christmas with your grandma."

"I didn't go," said Teddy.

"Do you expect a visit from Santa Claus tonight?"

"Oh, I s'pose so," wearily. "I'd just like to see him, though!" His manner grew more animated.

"Why, what would you do?"

"I'd tell him what I think of him."

"And what is that?"

"Oh, that I think he's a fraud! Pretending he comes in a sleigh when the ground has been bare for a month! And reindeers too! Who does he think is going to believe that? Why doesn't he come on a bicycle?"

"His fur overcoat would be rather in the way," said Fletcher gravely. "And he's pretty old, too, and maybe does not know how to ride, and, besides, how would he bring the presents?"

SANTA CLAUS STOOD BEFORE HIM.

"What's the use of presents, anyway? I never have anything that's any good."

"I think you have the blues today," said Fletcher, and then he did not speak again, though Teddy tried to draw him out.

He seemed to be in a brown study, and nothing roused him till Lida came in, and even then he did not say much and stayed only a short time.

It was in the evening that a card was brought to Teddy. On it was written "Santa Claus." Teddy's eyes sparkled. "Tell him to come in," he said grandly.

A moment later Santa Claus stood before him, a tall, fur clad figure with flowing hair and beard. Teddy shook hands and introduced the guest to his aunt.

"Did you find it good sleighing?" Teddy asked. "And how are the reindeers?"

"I did not come on runners, young man," said Santa Claus. "Perhaps you did not know that there is no snow on the ground."

"Bicycle?" asked Teddy.

"No; I came in a motor carriage."

"A motor carriage!" cried Teddy incredulously. Then he ran to the window and looked out. "It is, Aunt Lida," he said excitedly, coming back. "You can see it just as plain out under the electric light."

"I did not bring you any presents," said Santa Claus, "as I heard you did not care for them, but I would like to take you for a little ride, if your aunt will go too. I came early," glancing at the clock, "so that I can get back and attend to the boys and girls who like to have presents."

"Of course we will go," said Teddy promptly. "I have never been in a motor carriage."

In a few moments the three were on their way, well protected from the cold, braving air by an abundance of furs and wraps. There was no moon, but after the lighted streets of the town were past the stars shone down on them brightly.

Teddy was wild with delight, and his tongue ran on rapidly. At length there were occasional pauses, then longer ones interrupted by disjointed remarks. Finally there was total silence. Fletcher bent over so that he could see the child's face; then he looked at Lida and smiled.

They went on for a little in silence. Fletcher was trying to compose his speech.

"I don't know how to say it," he burst out desperately at length. "I keep forgetting how I look, and if I say it the way I want to it will be perfectly ridiculous. And yet I must say it, for I may never have another chance."

She was looking at him, her startled eyes dark and luminous in the starlight.

"Perhaps you do not need to say it," she said gently.

"Do you mean that you understand without my telling you?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," she answered very low.

When they reached the house Fletcher took Teddy in his arms and carried him in. He laid him gently on the couch in the hall and turned away, thinking the child still slept.

"I can stop only a moment," Fletcher said. "Is it late?"

At that instant Teddy sat bolt upright, staring about him wildly. He caught sight of his father in an adjoining room.

"Oh, papa!" he cried, his voice ringing out clear and shrill. "Oh, papa, Santa Claus is kissing Aunt Lida!"—Boston Herald.

THAT CHRISTMAS PIE.

Confession of the Sinner Who Doctored the Mincemeat.

It had been our family custom to put brandy in all the mince pies and to put in at Christmas time a sufficient amount to enable the partakers thereof to detect that there was really something in it. It often went so far as to deserve the remark of my grandfather that we put mince pie in our brandy. With this as the family precedent, imagine the consternation when it was learned that Rev. Jeremiah Scroggins, our new minister and an avowed teetotaler, had accepted mother's invitation to Christmas dinner. A vote was taken at the family table (we were a democratic household, and it was decided that out of respect to our guest the brandy would be omitted from the big mince pie.

Now, each of us in his heart of hearts felt that the pie would be improved if just a wee bit of brandy were added. So I, for one, resolved to do the deed. Accordingly I sought out the big stone crock in which reposed the mincemeat and poured in what I thought was a moderate quantity of brandy.

It's wonderful how true is the adage about great minds running in similar channels, for every other member of the family, including my father, surreptitiously did the same thing. Later we figured that the mincemeat must have been treated to nigh unto a quart. Mother reserved her brandy until Christmas day, when, before the pie was baked, she added a generous amount of the strong stuff.

With hearts as high as the flaky pie crust itself we all watched mother carve that pie and serve it.

The Rev. Jeremiah Scroggins, because of an expressed fondness for pie, was given a big portion.

No sooner had we tasted of the one dish than we discovered that that pie was nothing short of a small sized distillery. It was brandied as no other pie had been since the birth of time. You can imagine the cold chills which went round that festal board as we watched the Rev. Jeremiah begin to eat. I believe I actually shivered as the first forkful went mouthward.

The first mouthful was followed by a second and the second by a third. Finally he had finished the whole portion, and he settled back in his chair. We saw he was a bit embarrassed and expected a real old fashioned temperance lecture right then and there.

The Rev. Jeremiah Scroggins cleared his throat, and, turning to mother, said: "Ah—er—my good sister, permit me to compliment you upon the excellence of this pie. It has a most delicious flavor. I confess I never tasted anything like it. Would you think me overbold if I asked for another piece?"—New York Mail and Express.

Bear Up Gracefully.

Don't take the tone that you are "cut up" if some one for whom you have nothing gives you a present. The thing is not supposed to be a matter of bargaining. Preserve a decent semblance of a Christmas spirit and repay the obligation, not by a tardy responding gift, but in some other way at some other time, if you want to.

A Cockney.

Minshen, a dictionary maker of London, in 1617 issued a work which gave the following amusing account of the origin of the word "cockney:" "A cockney, or cockny, applied only to one born within the sound of the Bow bells—that is, within the city of London—whiche terme came first out of the following tale:

"A citizen's sonne, riding with his father out of London into the country and being a novice and merely ignorant of how corne and eatel do increase, asked when he heard a horse neigh what the horse dide. His father answered, 'The horse dothe neigh.' Riding further, he heard a cock crow and said, 'Dothe the cock neigh too? And therefore cockney, or cockneigh by inversion thus: Incoctus—i. e., raw or unripe in countrey-mens affaires.'"

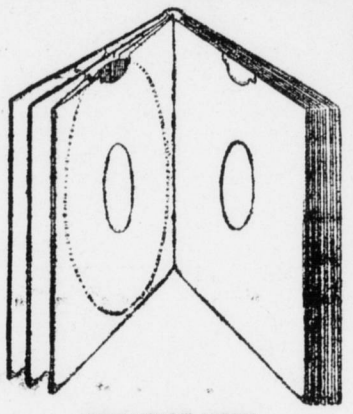
Italian Brigandage in 1648.

One summer evening in the crowded theater an impatient house demanded the drawing of the curtain preliminary to the first act. When at last it was upraised Il Passatore and his armed band occupied the stage, with muskets aimed at the affrighted audience. The chief stated that he should levy a tax per head, which he then and there collected. The gang made off with their booty unmolested.—Lady Frestun's "Essays."

Christmas Presents

For reasons of sentiment and economy it is often preferable to fashion Christmas presents for brothers at home. A few suggestions are given for articles that combine the three qualities of attractiveness, usefulness and inexpensiveness.

There are lots of brothers who own phonographs who will be happy Christmas morning if they find that some member of the family has made them a holder for phonograph disks. This album is made slightly larger than a square that would box a disk. Its pages are of heavy cardboard, and around each page is folded a sheet of heavy paper with a circular opening in the center of each fold. This provides a pocket on each side of the page in which a record disk can be kept.



PHONOGRAPH ALBUM.

Its name visible through a circular opening. If the disks are kept in the album in alphabetical order and the pages indexed the finding of any record desired is a matter of seconds, and the risk of breakage is eliminated.

Soldier Suit For Small Boys.

Boys from six to twelve years of age always love to play at soldiering, so why not make one of them a sure enough rough rider suit in which to indulge his warlike proclivities? There are patterns on the market that make such a suit a simple garment to manufacture. The material used is khaki with brown trimmings. The suit consists of jacket and regulation long trousers. The jacket has a number of pockets with pointed overlaps. The same pattern trimmed with red and yellow cotton strips cut up into fringe could easily be transformed into an Indian suit, and with a feathered headdress the costume would be complete.

Something Clever In Penknives.

The question of a really attractive gift for a man is solved to some extent by a novelty in the way of a penknife. The new idea is a silver knife of the finest quality, with an emblem worked out in colored French enamels inserted in the case.

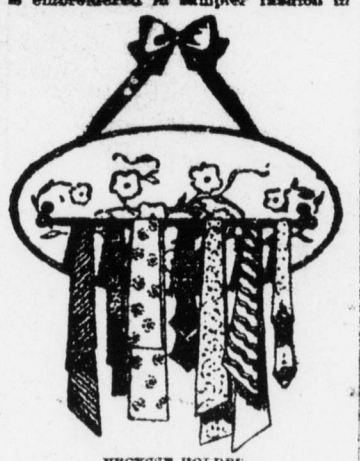
The insignia of his college society or his crest is attractively wrought in colors, making the little keepsake something quite out of the usual run. Girls who are adept at making arts and crafts jewelry would find no difficulty in working the emblems into the silver penknife.

A Novelty In Leather.

One of the new leather triple cases for bills and all manner of memoranda would be a fine Christmas present. The top case holds a thin, shallow watch which has a white surface and black lettering. It is large and distinct and is readily seen and so thin that it does not make a bulge in the case.

Necktie Holder.

Necktie holders are not new things in the way of gifts, but they have the advantage of being useful and always acceptable. Two or three such affairs are not too many for the collection of ties the college boy or up to date man has among his numerous belongings. The newest necktie holder that has been brought out for Christmas is oval in shape and about a foot or more in length. It is made of a stout piece of cardboard, which may be purchased already cut in the shops or cut by the maker of the offering, as desired. This oval is covered with a piece of grayish heavy crash which is embroidered in sampler fashion in



NECKTIE HOLDER.

odd old time colorings. The wooden frame from which the ties are hung is also to be bought and is fastened through the cardboard and held in place with carpenter's nuts. To make the gift more personal the monogram of the recipient may be embroidered on the crash.

Fall colds are quickly cured by Foley's Honey and Tar, the great throat and

Latest Popular Music.

Miss May Gould, teacher of piano forte has received a full line of the latest and most popular sheet music. All the popular airs. Popular and classical music. Prices reasonable.

44-tf.

For Chapped Skin.

Chapped skin whether on the hands or face may be cured in one night by applying Chamberlain's Salve. It is also unequaled for sore nipples, burns and scalds. For sale by G. C. Taggart.

SHAW'S MALT.

"Tonic and Beverage"

A REAL MALT

BOTTLED BY THE DISTILLERS.

Sold by LEADING DEALERS

REDUCTION SALE

10 qt Berry Pails 10c.
24ft Folding Clothes Bars 15c.
Screen Doors 90c.
Select Brooms 25c.
20 galvanized Wash Tubs 75c
22 " " 80c
24 " " 90c
Mantles all kinds and prices.

Plumbing, Tinning and Heating.

DININNY, BURNSIDE & Co

Broad St, Emporium, Pa.

Geo. J. LaBar

Furniture

Tabourettes.

The Set to Set Before You

Is waiting for you in the shape of a nice set of crockery. We are now showing a splendid stock of good sound Crockery, every single piece warranted free from fault or blemish. The finest assortment in the county at reasonable prices.

Undertaking

Geo. J. LaBar

The Rhyme for Rachel

By Clifford Howard

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

Seated in a street car, Miss Marjorie Hollis was absorbed in the latest issue of the Literary Post. It contained this week a most unusual announcement, and it was this which now occupied her attention to the exclusion of all else. The announcement read as follows:

We, the undersigned, executors under the will of a person whose name we withhold for the present, desire to announce that, in accordance with the terms of said will, the sum of $250,000 will be paid to the first person who will submit to us a rhyme for the name Rachel. This bequest is based on the following conditions, viz.: 1. The rhyme must be a legitimate one. Dialect, foreign or invented words will not be considered. 2. This offer is limited to one year, dating from December 31, 190—.

In explanation of the foregoing offer it is deemed proper to state the following facts: Among the effects of the testator above referred to is an unfinished poem addressed to a lady whose full Christian name was Fedora Lilian Grace Lorain Hildegarde Louise Rachel. The said poem was written by the testator for the purpose of bringing into rhyme each one of the names aforementioned. He succeeded in writing six stanzas, in which the first six names were respectively introduced in accordance with his aforesaid purpose; but he was unable to complete the poem because of his failure to find a rhyme for the last name—Rachel. For certain personal reasons he provided in his will that an attempt be made, in the manner above set forth, to discover such a rhyme.

As full conditions and all necessary information are contained in the foregoing announcement, the undersigned must decline to consider any inquiries for further explanation.

DUNDURY & BORDEAU,
Attorneys-at-Law, Washington, D. C.

Circumstances compelled Marjorie Hollis to earn her living, and against these circumstances her aristocratic and artistic soul waged constant rebellion. Her family and her acquaintances generally regarded her as a spoiled child, troubled with extravagant tastes and a lack of practical sense. On her side, she felt that she was not understood nor properly appreciated—until she met Carter Dillington.

Like herself, Mr. Dillington was poor and had literary aspirations, and Marjorie felt that in him she had at last found a sympathetic fellow-mortal.

He accepted special invitations to the house, but rarely called of his own accord, appearing content to ride home with her in the evening. He was excessively reserved—that was one of his peculiarities—so that notwithstanding the increasing familiarity of the acquaintanceship, Marjorie knew no more of his personal affairs at the end of nine months than she did during the first week.

There was one other subject on which he was equally reticent, and that was the discussion regarding the rhyme for "Rachel." The remarkable offer in connection with this matter was a subject of unending curiosity and discussion in literary circles; but Carter Dillington pointedly avoided every allusion to it. To Marjorie, on the contrary, it was one of alluring interest.

She hesitated a long time before venturing to speak to Mr. Dillington about it. His peculiar aversion to the whole matter embarrassed her. The mere mention of the name "Rachel" disturbed him, and her occasional efforts to lead the conversation around to the subject were promptly frustrated.

Finally, however, she decided to appeal to him for help. Only one more week remained, and she beheld her dreams of wealth fading into the dull reality of drudgery. So, as he was about to take his departure after a short call on Christmas eve, she said suddenly: "If a person were to find a rhyme for 'Rachel' it would make him famous, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose it would," he answered dryly.

"And it would make him rich?"

"Oh, yes." Then in the same breath he abruptly changed the conversation. "Perhaps, Miss Hollis, it may interest you to know that I expect in the next week or two to come into possession of a small fortune, and I hope then to be married;" and holding out his hand he bade Marjorie good night.

"Good night," she responded mechanically; and as the door closed she staggered into the parlor, and, throwing herself upon the sofa, burst into a torrent of passionate tears.

Suddenly her sobbings ceased. She sat up, bewildered, startled. In the midst of the turmoil of her troubled spirit there had burst upon her—without warning, without thought—a rhyme for "Rachel!"

Two days later Marjorie Hollis was in Washington; and on the morning of December 27 she walked into the office of Dunbury & Bordeau and quietly announced to those two gentlemen that she had come to claim the $250,000 for a rhyme for "Rachel."

For a moment the two men stared at her without uttering a sound.

Mr. Dunbury was the first to find his voice. "Impossible!" he ejaculated. Then noticing the sudden flush upon the girl's face he checked himself. "Pardon me, my dear young lady! I did not mean to doubt your word; but you have astonished us beyond measure. Let me explain," and he placed his chair beside hers.

"The extraordinary offer to which you have responded was made in compliance with the will of our late client, Mr. Benjamin F. Morton. He was a trifle eccentric, and one of his hobbies was writing poetry. He took a great fancy to a nephew of his and spared no money to have the boy well educated. The old gentleman himself had a very limited education, and he was determined that his nephew should not be handicapped as he had been. Well, just about the time the boy got through college the old gentleman struck a snag in this poem of his about Fedora Lilian Hildegarde et al.," and he called upon his nephew to help him out with a rhyme for 'Rachel.' The young man informed him that there was no such rhyme, but his uncle refused to believe it. He insisted that as the lad had had a college education he could find a rhyme if he chose. Well, the upshot of it was that the old gentleman took it into his head that his nephew was obstinate and ungrateful, and he cast him off. A short time before he died, however, he finally concluded that perhaps there really was no rhyme for 'Rachel,' and he decided to reinstate his nephew in his will; but with this proviso: That a rhyme should first be advertised for and that should any person produce such a rhyme within a year, then the money should go to such person, instead of the nephew.

"As the executors, we, of course, followed the provisions of the will, but we were definitely satisfied there was no such rhyme. And yet you say you have found one. I am free to say it seems incredible, incredible. Still, at the same time, the offer is a bona fide one and will be carried out to the letter if your rhyme proves to be a legiti-

"Impossible!" He Ejaculated.

mate one. It will certainly prove a most astonishing revelation to us and—to the nephew, Carter Dillington."

Marjorie felt that she was about to faint.

"May I have just a moment to think?" she asked faintly.

"Certainly, certainly! I did not mean to hurry you. Of course, I understand, you feel a trifle agitated; but take your time, and you'll recall the rhyme in a minute or two."

Several moments passed in silence. Then Marjorie arose. She faced the two lawyers, and with a tremor in her voice that she struggled bravely to subdue, she said slowly: "I have not forgotten the rhyme; but—but I have decided not to submit it."

It was New Year's day when Marjorie again saw Carter Dillington. He called late in the afternoon. Why had he come? she asked herself. Was it to torment her? To cause her wounded heart to bleed afresh? He appeared not to heed her constrained manner, nor the quick flushes that reddened her cheeks.

"Marjorie," he said suddenly, with an impulsiveness and a familiarity he had never before manifested; "you have wished me a happy New Year. Do you know that it is you alone who can make the year happy for me—supremely happy? I did not dare express my feelings before I was absolutely sure that I could offer you the comforts and the pleasures you deserve. Now, I am independent—wealthy; and you, Marjorie, will you share my fortune with me?"

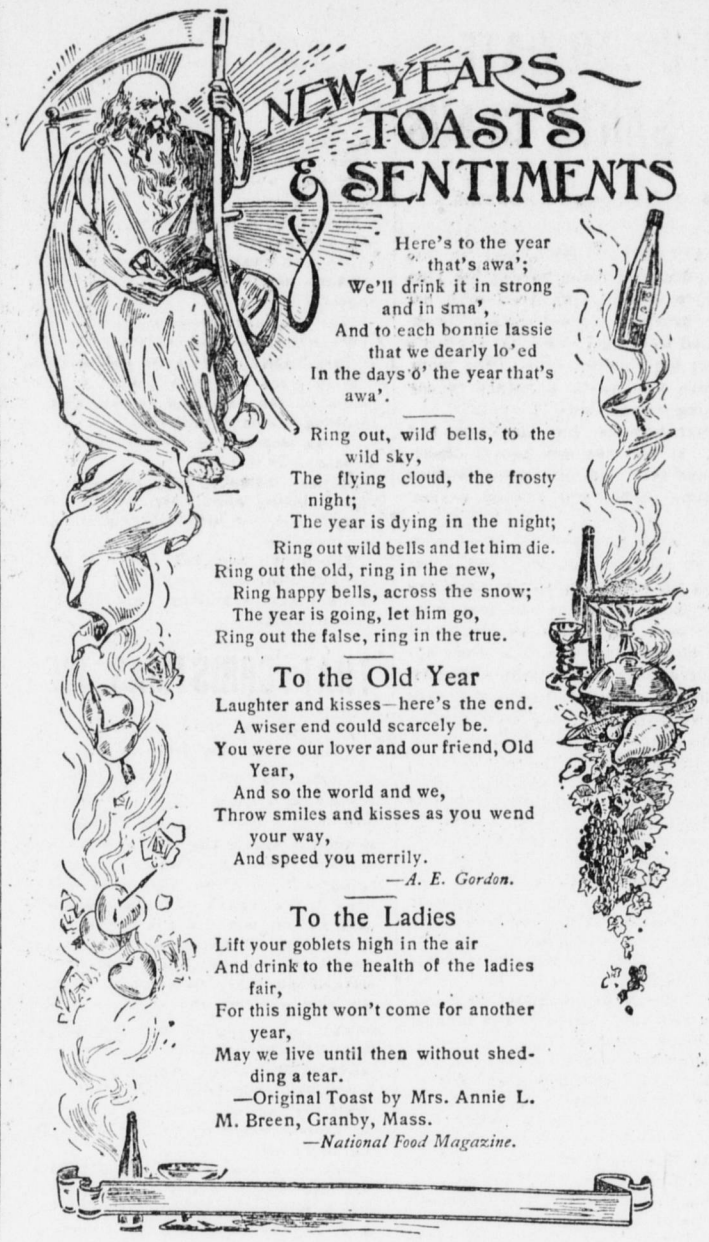
It was late ere the lovers were ready to part. "Is it any wonder," he was saying, as he lingeringly prepared to leave, "that I avoided the subject of my uncle's outlandish offer? Supposing that by some possibility there had been a rhyme for 'Rachel;' supposing some one had succeeded in finding it! But thank fortune, dear, there is none!"

"Yes, but there is a rhyme for 'Rachel,'" she answered softly, casting down her eyes to hide her sudden emotion. "Would you like to hear it? Let us sit down here—on the sofa, and I will tell it to you."

She waited a moment after they were seated, and then in a half tremulous whisper she recited the following lines:

"A fitting rhyme has long been found
For each and all of these—
Fedora, Lilian, Grace, Lorain
And Hildegarde, Louise;
And in these names themselves we find
The hidden rhyme for Rachel;
For, lo, the letters of these names
Are F. L., G. L., H. L."

Then in the quiet glow of the midnight firelight she told him her little story.



Here's to the year
that's awa';
We'll drink it in strong
and in sma',
And to each bonnie lassie
that we dearly lo'ed
In the days o' the year that's
awa'.

Ring out, wild bells, to the
wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty
night;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out wild bells and let him die.
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

To the Old Year

Laughter and kisses—here's the end.
A wiser end could scarcely be.
You were our lover and our friend, Old
Year,
And so the world and we,
Throw smiles and kisses as you wend
your way,
And speed you merrily.
—*A. E. Gordon.*

To the Ladies

Lift your goblets high in the air
And drink to the health of the ladies
fair,
For this night won't come for another
year,
May we live until then without shedding a tear.
—Original Toast by Mrs. Annie L.
M. Breen, Granby, Mass.
—*National Food Magazine.*

Some Historic Happenings of January

The first month in the year has always been a fateful one in English history, but it began most specially to be recognized as such during the reign of Charles I. It was on January 4, 1642, that the attempt was made to arrest the five members. On the tenth of the month, three years later, Archbishop Laud, was beheaded, and January 30, 1649, saw the king's own head laid upon the block.

There is probably no act of parliament which has ever been the cause of such amazing dissensions and discord as that which brought about the union between Great Britain and Ireland. This came into force upon January 1, 1801. It was in the same month that Richard Trevithick, the Cornish inventor, perfected the first steam locomotive which ever moved upon an English road.

The great William Pitt, the most able prime minister who ever controlled the destinies of the kingdom, came into office at Christmas, 1783, and died in January, 1806. His great rival, Charles James Fox, born in January, 1749, only survived Pitt six months.

One of the greatest boons that a nation ever received from its government was conferred upon Great Britain on January 1, 1840—namely, penny postage. Adhesive stamps had been invented by Mr. James Chalmers of Dundee, six years previously, and these superseded Mulready's envelope later in the same year.

January has for a long time past been a very notable month in the history of the British royal family. On January 25, 1858, the Princess Royal was married to Prince Frederick William of Prussia. The German kaiser was born in January, 1859.

Prince Henry of Battenberg's death occurred on January 20, 1896, and the duke of Teck's life came to an end on the twenty-first of the month, 1900.

One year later, on January 22, 1901, came the end of the most famous reign in English or any other history. Queen Victoria died at 6:30 on the fateful evening.

In northern latitudes no nation fights in winter if it can possibly be avoided, and yet January has seen some of the toughest struggles of modern war. January, 1871, holds the record for fierce fighting. During that month there were no fewer than six terrific battles between the French and the Germans. The last was Gen. Trochu's grand sortie from Paris, which ended in his defeat and in the extinction of the last hopes of Paris and her citizens.

A Resolution for New Year's

The noblest resolution that any citizen could make for the new year would be the resolution to live more faithfully by the golden rule, that sublime principle of conduct for this world and for all worlds. Failure to live by this law causes the chief sorrows and collisions among men, says Edwin Markham in Success.

Let each earnest man search into his words and ways, determined to find the special manner in which he breaks the golden law—his special habit that works injustice or unhappiness in his shop, his office, his home, his city. He will find, perhaps, that in the shop he is in the habit of misplacing tools, and this hinders the work of his comrades; that in the office he is in the habit of being late in keeping appointments, and thus steals other people's time; that in the club he is in the habit of belittling worthy competitors, and thus joins the gang of thieves who steal reputations; that in the home he is in the habit of monopolizing the conversation, and thus fails to draw out the powers of others; that in the city he is in the habit of spitting on the sidewalk, and thus spoils the comfort of his townsmen; that in business he is in the habit of misrepresenting his goods, and thus robs under the cover of custom.

The Child of the Year

Said the Child to the youthful Year:
"What hast thou in store for me,
O giver of beautiful gifts, what cheer,
What joy dost thou bring with thee?"

"My seasons four shall bring
Their treasures—the winter's snows,
The autumn's store and the flowers of spring,
And the summer's perfect rose.

"All these and more shall be thine,
Dear Child—but the last and best
Thyself must earn by a strife divine,
If thou wouldst be truly blest.

"Wouldst know this last, best gift?
'Tis a conscience clear and bright,
A peace of mind which the soul can lift
To an infinite delight.

—Celia Thaxter.

SAYS 1909 TO 1910

The Old Person—I wish you all kinds of prosperity during your term of office, bub, but I want to warn you this year's job is a fast life. In just 12 months or in about 8,760 hours, you will be wearing a long gray beard, spectacles on your nose, a seven-dollar black suit badly wrinkled, weigh about sixty-five pounds, and carry around one of those glass thingumbobs they have in the kitchen to time the egg boiling.

And some will be sorry, others glad, that you are then ready to be succeeded by another fat little infant labeled "1911."

The Old Year and the New

"Seven—eight—nine! Do you hear that?" asked the old clock in the corner. "Here it is a full hour after your bedtime, and yet you sit there staring into the fire!"

In front of the fire sat an old woman—gray haired, wrinkled, feeble. The voice of the clock did not disturb her, but as she watched the fitful flames, one could have read her thoughts.

"But it's excusable on this night," continued the clock, in soft tones. "Heigho! but it's the last night of the old year! Three hours more and we are done with 1909. You and I are going to watch the old year out together. Let's see? How many years have I seen come and go? Forty—exactly forty with this one. That's a long time, long time."

The woman rocked gently to and fro, and by and by the clock suddenly called out:

"What, tears in your eyes! Come, now, but that's no way to end the year. We are thinking of the same thing. Yes, he was a good and loving husband, and I'll say this for both of you, that I never heard an unpleasant word between you. It is 12 years since he died. I could only look into his face as he lay on his dying bed, and if ever heaven sent its light to lead a soul across the dark valley it was given to him. I remember your tears and moans and sobs, and you prayed that death might come to you as well."

The woman wiped her tears, and there was a feeling of suffocation as she let memory bring up the events.

"Eight—nine—ten!" called the clock after a while. "How time does fly! I distinctly remember striking the last hour of 1903. Let me see! 'Some one then wept with you at that bedside. There was a son and a daughter. Ah! now I recall their faces—their gentle ways—their loving words. Two years latter there was another death-bed, more wails and sobs, and I saw the pall-bearers as they carried the daughter's body out of the house. It seems as if the last blow must crush you, and I well remember saying to myself that it wouldn't be long before you were called to go."

The woman choked back her sobs, and her lips moved as if she were speaking the names of her dead ones. For many minutes her reverie was unbroken, and she heard not the tick-tack! tick-tack! of the steady old clock.

"Nine — ten — eleven!" suddenly called the clock. "The son? Ah! how absentminded I have become! Well do I remember the day a woman with a pale face and frightened eyes opened the door and handed you a letter, which bore the insignia of death. You opened it with trembling fingers, and next moment you were like one dead. There were days and days when you hovered between life and death, and I, for my part gave up all hopes. Died in a foreign land; buried among strangers over the sea. It was a blow aimed at a heart twice broken."

The woman covered her face and moaned in anguish, and the clock continued:

"Don't grieve so, the dead are at rest forevermore. Life's mistakes may need to be washed away with tears, but the dead reaped their reward. You are old and poor and broken, but who can tell what new friends the new year may raise up for you? I cannot tell you to forget the past, for a mother's heart ever goes out for her dead, but the new year may have more sunshine. Come, now I am about to strike the old year out and the new year in. Let us greet the new with a smile of welcome as I count—ten—eleven—twelve—a happy New Year!"

The woman did not move.

"Heigho!" called the clock: "We have left the old behind!"

Her hands had dropped beside her, and her head had fallen.

"Dead!" clicked the clock, as the last faint echoes of his bell died away.

Being and Doing.

It is said, "To be good is the way to be happy," but to be good and to do good is the way to be happy. What a happy world this would be if all would do the best thing for themselves, if all realized that the only way to get out of life is to put into it, that the way to receive is to give, and the only way to be helped is to be helpful, and the way to gain life is to lose it for others, and the way to go up is to go down, for "The meek shall inherit the earth." "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." It is petty to live for self, it is grand to live for friends, but 'tis glorious to live for mankind, and, as one has said, "The only way to work for God is to work for man."

A Pleasant Prospect.

All over the land,
With their wish-
bones in hand.
The children are
Wishing for
Joys old and new.
And it's easy to see
Just how gay life
Will be
When all of those
Millions of wishes
Come true.

—*Hannah G. Fernold*

Furnishings for the Home

We have collected the largest line of House Furnishings that we have ever had

In this the largest furniture store in Cameron county and we urgently invite the public to call and inspect our lines. We are sure we can help you solve the troublesome question:

What Shall I Get for Father, Mother, Sister or Brother

How would a nice easy chair suit father or mother, at from $2.50 to $45.00.

A nice lady's desk, $4.50 to $20.00.

Or a Princess dresser, $12.oo to $2o.oo.

Or a shirt waist box, $2.5o to $3.oo.

A Mission table or chair for brother's den, or costumer for his bed room.

Substantial rocking and high chairs for the little folks.

An endless variety of carpets and rugs; all sizes and prices.

Above are only a very few hints to guide you.

We have trimmed every corner and propose giving our customers the benefit.

Lower Prices in Furniture than ever Known in this County

Call and take a look, whether you buy or not. Courteous attention to your many wants. Fair prices and everything guaranteed as represented, or money refunded.

Store open until 9:30 every evening until Xmas.

GEO. J. LABAR,

EMPORIUM, PA.

KILLED THE COBRA.

Methods of a Mongoose In Attacking the Big Snake.

I had the good fortune to witness a fight between a four foot cobra de capello and a mongoose.

On first catching sight of the cobra, rikki tik (as Rudyard Kipling calls the Indian mongoose) quietly smelled its tail and then hung around awaiting events with curiosity, but he had not long to wait, for the cobra spread its hood, hissed out its death sentence and prepared to dart from its coil at its natural and hated enemy.

Now commenced a most interesting and deadly battle of feint and counter feint by the mongoose and strike and lightning-like recovery by his adversary, who was also on the defensive, all the time watching for the opportunity to get in his properly aimed bite.

Time after time rikki tik squirmed slowly up to within reach of those terrible fangs, belly on ground, with every gray hair of his body erect with anger and excitement, his eyes glaring from his head, which, by the way, he invariably held sideways during this approach and attack, but the moment the cobra struck in a flash back sprang master mongoose, and, although often it appeared as if impossible that he could have escaped the dreaded fangs, ne'er a scratch harmed him, and there he would be again wearing the cobra out and pressing his advantage inch by inch. At last, with a growl and sharp rikki cry, the plucky little beast flew in, avoided the strike and seized the snake behind the head, never for moment getting under his mouth, but right at the nape of the neck and head, which he scrunched with a loud cracking sound despite the struggles and twisting and turning of the cobra. Again and again rikki returned to the now writhing reptile and bit its head and body until it lay dying.

Finally he ate three or four inches of his mortal foe, but carefully avoided eating the fangs and poison glands, which I picked up by a stick and found them broken, but with the venom sacks attached.

Contrary to popular belief, I am of opinion the mongoose is not immune from snake poison, else why should he so particularly and carefully avoid being bitten? It is only by his marvelous activity that he escapes the spring and darting strike of his deadly enemy, the cobra de capello.—Ceylon Times.

DESTROYED BY CHEMICALS.

Weapons Used by Assassins Against Royal Personages.

Very few people are aware that as soon as the trial of an assassin of royalty is concluded the weapon with which he accomplished his crime is carefully destroyed so that no trace of it remains.

The reason of this is twofold—first of all, the possibility exists that at some time or other the weapons used in a royal tragedy may be exhibited to the public in some museum or show, and, second, there is a strange superstitious dread existing among reigning houses that the existence of the innocent but unhallowed weapons by which rulers have been dispatched to eternity is fraught with peril to their descendants.

The method of destroying these weapons is a curious one. The wooden portions, such as the stocks of pistols or the handles of poinards, are burned, and the metal portions are eaten away in a bath of nitric acid.

This has been the custom ever since the attempted assassination of Queen Isabella of Spain in 1852 by Merius. Prior to that date the metal work of firearms or knives was ground or filed away, but the blade of the dagger with which Merius sought to execute his dastardly crime proved to be of such exquisite temper and hardness that it resisted both file and grindstone.

This became known to the populace, and the superstitious Spaniards believed that Merius had invested his weapon with magical qualities. To divest them of this absurd belief the authorities had the weapon destroyed by immersing it in chemicals, a rule that has been followed ever since.

High Class Suicide.

In China suicide has been a fine art for several centuries. If a mandarin is guilty of misconduct he is requested to put himself out of the land of the living. There is a distinction, too, in the manner in which the oriental may die. If he is of exalted rank and entitled to wear the peacock feather he is privileged to choke himself to death with gold leaf. This is regarded as a distinguished manner of ending life. If the mandarin is only of the rank that is entitled to wear the red button he must be content with strangling himself with a silken cord. Such are the distinctions of caste.

Financial Information.

"So you at last yielded to that man's importunities and gave him some tips on the market?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax.

"What happened?"

"Well, they turned out so badly that I'm mighty glad I didn't invest any money on 'em myself."—Washington Star.

Consoling.

"That was tough meat you gave me last night," said the customer.

"Oh, run along!" said the dealer. "You will forget it by the time you pay for it."—Buffalo Express.

Fame.

Little Willie—What is fame, pa?

Pa—Fame, my son, is a ladder with grease on each rung.—Chicago News.

The Abyssinian wife is the head of the house.

Xmas Display AT MEISEL'S

Our store is virtually filled with a line of beautiful imported and domestic baskets, all sizes and shapes filled with Candy, Fruit, Nuts or sold empty, from which you can choose a suitable gift for friend or relative.

These baskets were purchased direct from manufacturer for cash and are selling at about ONE-HALF REGULAR PRICE.

Here are a few of the many shapes:

Autos, Airships, Swans, Wagons, Wheelbarrows, Jewel, Handkerchief, Necktie and Glove baskets and boxes, beautifully padded and satin lined work baskets, etc. Our unusual line of candy boxes in Japanese wood, Leather, Glass, etc., and our magnificent display of Xmas sweets gives our store that Xmas air of good cheer. Basket and Boxes range in price from 15c to $4.00. Candies 10c per lb and up.

Xmas Post Cards, Candles, Cigars in fancy boxes, holly and mistletoe. Make selections early

THE FAMOUS UTOPIAN CHOCOLATES CAN BE BOUGHT ONLY at OUR STORE

"MEISEL'S CANDY KITCHEN"

BIG DISPLAY AT

C.B. Howard & Co's

and they have Xmas Goods

Hosiery and and Hkerchiefs

We have a complete stock to select from at prices and grades to suit purchaser. Hosiery in silk, lisle, wool and fleece lined for children and ladies.

Full line of plain linen and embroidered handkerchiefs and other novelties too numerous to mention.

Candies, Nuts, Etc.

If you desire something fresh and nice, we have it, viz: English Walnuts, Soft Shelled Almonds, Mixed Nuts, all kinds, Mixed Candies, Clear Toys and Cream Chocolates.

Fruits and Groceries

Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Malaga Grapes, Raisins and Figs, which are fresh and nice.

Our grocers in all lines is complete for Xmas.

All orders will receive prompt attention, by mail or phone.

Yours truly,

C. B. HOWARD & CO.

We are now Ready for Santa Claus

H. S. LLOYD

In Masonic Block, Opposite Warner House,

BOOKS for everyone, for old or young, for men, women or child: for persons of all tastes and all callings.

LLO YD'SBOOK STORE provides an abundance of the choicest books at lower prices, than they can be bought anywhere else. If saving money is worth while then you can't afford to overlook LLOYD'S HOLIDAY BOOK STORE. We know you can't find a better selection of Gift Books anywhere. We can supply any book we happen to be out of and we know you can't begin to match our low prices. Among our books for Girls are Mead Alcott, Carey; for Boys, Alger, Henty, Optic, Otis, Young, Motor Boys, Rover Boys, Auto Boys and Reid. All the late copywrights from 50c to $1.25. Padded Poets in full leather bindings. Childrens Hygenic Cloth Books. We have an espically fine assortment of Bibles and Prayer Books.

Visit Our Toyland

There are many and various Toys and Games to be found in our store. The greatest gathering of them you ever saw, and many of them are to be found only here. 'Tis also a fact that our prices are so low that you'll find it really economy to buy here.

Bring the youngsters and let them enjoy seeing these wonders in our TOYLAND. Here they will find China Tea Sets, Mechanical Toys, Children's Tables, Mission Desks and Chairs, Acrobats, Clowns, Locomotives, Automobiles, Paints in Boxes, Musical Toys, Horses and Wagons, Loaded Trucks and Milk Wagons, Hook and Ladder Trucks, Trains, Teddy Lions, Taft Possums. In games Jack Straws, Lotto, Authors, Geographical Games, Quoits, Ten Pins, Messenger Boy, and in fact. Toys and Games too numerous to mention.

Dolls

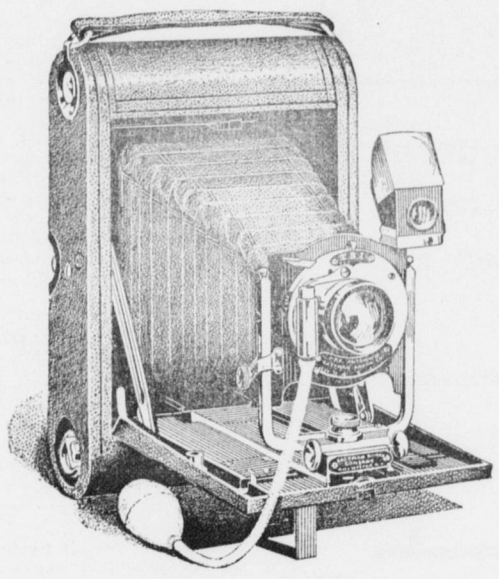
The little Girls Xmas is not complete without a Doll. Our Doll Corner is a great attraction. Many kinds and sizes help make up this bright display of dolls. We have many handsome dressed dolls from 35c to $6.00. In Undressed Dolls. Kid Bodied, Jointed, Bisque and Cloth Dolls, also Novelties, as Hats, Slippers, Shoes, Stockings, Furs, Wigs, &c.

Billikens

Billikens for each and all. BABY BILLIKEN is supposed to bring good luck to each little girl who posesses one.

Fancy Goods

Rare gifts in Fancy Goods, Toilet Sets, Manicure Sets, Sterling Silver Novelties, Jewel Cases, Military Sets, Candle Sticks, Hat and Clothes Brushes, Book Racks—in brass and wood—Brass Fern Dishes, Picture Frames in new designs, Puff Boxes, Hair Receivers, Trays, Nut Sets and many other Novelties



Put a Kodak on That Xmas List

There is nothing unless it be the after delight in the pictures themselves that more appeals to young and old than picture taking. There are Kodaks and Brownies for all people and purposes, ranging in price from

$5.00 to $100.00

1910 Diaries now on Sale

China

We have a fine assortment of Bric-a-brac and Fancy China. Especially designed for Xmas gifts. Our assortment includes Vases, Cups and Saucers, Mayonnaise Bowls, Olive Sets, Nut Sets, Bread and Milk Sets, Fancy Plates, Celery Plates, Turkey Sets, Desert Dishes and many Novelties.

Leather Goods

There is nothing like leather, and the good looking gifts you'll find here combined with serviceableness and the lowest prices, is sure to suit every buyer. Hand Bags, Purses, Pocket Books, Cigar Cases Cigarette Cases, Portfolios, Children's Bags, Traveling Cases, Military Brush Cases, Bill Folders, Bridge and Card Cases, and Music Rolls in great variety of styles.

Pictures

What better gift than a good picture? We have them from 10c to $6.50, A great variety of styles suitable for any room. Our Den Pictures are especially good.

Razors

For his Xmas a GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR. The most useful and practical gift for a man. Something he will use every day of the year and every year of his life.

Prices from $5.00 to $11.00.

Fountain Pens

Each member of every home should have a WATERMAN IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN for his or her own use.

We have them in a variety of styles and prices from $2.50 to $6.00.

Cigars

All the leading brands of Cigars, in Xmas Boxes $1.00 per box.

A fine selection of Pipes in Merschaum and Briar.

Stationery

There is more writing paper used between Xmas and New Year's than any time during the year, and we are more ready than ever for the Xmas correspondence with paper by the pound, or in boxes. Beautiful Xmas boxes in Holly and Xmas Scenes also Xmas Seals and Cards.

Huyler's Candies

Made to Eat, Not to Keep

A box of Huyler's is a Holiday necessity. We have fancy boxes in all sizes and all prices in a variety of designs. We also have a line of FULLER and GREEN candies.

A large line of pure loose Candies, Pop Corn Balls also Stockings filled with candies for Xmas trees.

Harry S. Lloyd,

Masonic Block, **Emporium, Pa.**